



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

32101 054791866

LIBRARY
OF
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

2 & 3 wanted

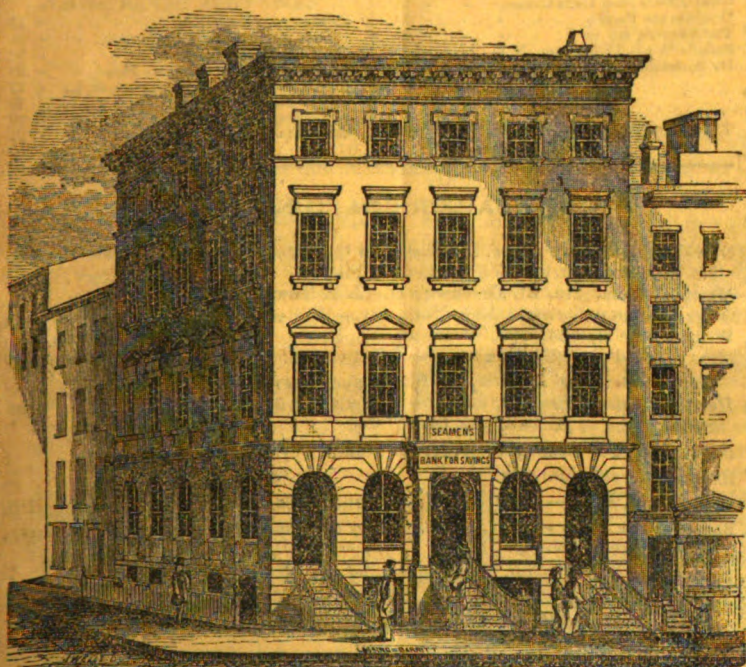
Locking nos 11, 12

Vol. 26.

SEPTEMBER, 1853.

No. 1.

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.



SEAMEN'S BANK FOR SAVINGS.

New York:

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

No. 80 WALL STREET.

\$1 Per Annum—Postage, in N. Y., in ADVANCE, 3 Cts., a Year; Elsewhere, in the U. S.,
6 Cts.; Single Number 1 Qt.

JNO. H. SCHULTZ & CO., BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS, 122 NASSAU STREET.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

	Page.
Influence of the Gulf Stream on the Trade of Charleston,	1
The Mate's Death,	4
Scenes in St. Thomas,	6
The Catastrophe at Niagara Falls,	7
A Thrilling Incident,	10
The Anchor of Hope in the storm of Affliction	11
Power of Example,	12
A Fragment,	13
The Marriage Altar,	14
Great Effects from Little Causes,	14
Deaths in the Pacific,	15
The Swearing Room,	15
Sailor's Home, Wilmington, N. C.,	16
Do Something,	15

POETRY.

The Widow's Song,	16
-----------------------------	----

NAVAL JOURNAL.

	Page.
The Congress and her Crew, &c.,	17
Disasters,	19
Notices to Mariners,	20
A narrow Escape,	21
Naval Chaplaincy,	21
Curious,	21
Choice Sentences,	21

CABIN BOY'S LOCKER.

The Dying Child's Request,	22
--------------------------------------	----

NEW YORK DEPARTMENT.

Rev. Henry Chase,	23
A Good Comment on Temperance,	25
Deaths in Seamen's Retreat,	26
Sandwich Islanders on Long Island,	26
The Sailor's Cause at Providence, R. I.,	27
Panama Chaplaincy,	29
Letter from Polynesia,	30
Account of Money,	31

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

- NEW-YORK**—*Sailor's Home*, Established by the American Seamen's Friend Society No. 190 Cherry st. between Market and Pike sts. Captain Daniel Tracy.
Mariner's Home, No. 107 Greenwich st. J. S. Towne.
 Other Boarding-Houses in New-York city.—William Sharp, 271 Water street; William Huelat, 334, 336, Pearl street; Peter Qberg, 91, Market street; Mrs. Alice Perry, 22 Oak st.; Ben. F. Buck, 322 Pearl st.; Wm. Johnson, 9 Carlisle st.; Mrs. Johnson, cor. Cherry and Rosevelt streets.
Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society kept by Albion Lyons, 64 Oliver-st.
- BUFFALO, N. Y.**—*Sailor's Home*, No. 17 Main st., by Andrew Spaulding.
- BATH**—Seamen's Mansion.
- PORTSMOUTH, N. H.**—Edward C. Myers, corner of Market and Bow st., Spring Hill.
- BOSTON**—The *Sailor's Home*, established by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society, 99 Purchase st. John O. Chany.
- BOSTON**—*Mariner's House*, North Square, by Mr. N. Hamilton.
 " North End *Sailor's Home*, No. 6 N. Square, by Mr. Roberts.
 " Richmond House, Richmond st., by Mr. Clark.
 " John Kennoly Clark-st.
 " Murdock Matherson, Fleet-st.
- SALEM**—Ebenezer Griffin, No. 16 Vine st., clothing store, corner of Liberty and Vine sts.; and Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket st. near Derby st.
- BRISTOL, R. I.**, Mrs. Ann Pearce.
- NEW-BEDFORD**—Wm. Cranston, 14 Bethel Court; A. C. Davenport, 25 Middle st.
For Colored Seamen, by Marshall L. Potts, corner Sixth and Bedford sts.
- PHILADELPHIA**—*Sailor's Home*, 204 South Front st., by J. H. Cassidy under the care of the Pa. Seamen's Friend Society.
- BALTIMORE**, New Seamen's Bethel Home and Shipping Office, Capt. J. B. Corner, 65 Thames Street.
- ALEXANDRIA, D. C.**—*Sailor's Home*, by John Robinson.
- CHARLESTON**—*Sailor's Home*, by Capt. P. H. Middleton, Market st., opposite State st., Moses Levy Tradd st. Dexter Prentiss, Tradd st.
- SAVANNAH**—Foot of Jefferson st., O. C. Parker.
- MOBILE**, *Sailor's Home*, by Lewis Lawson.
- NEW-ORLEANS**—*Sailor's Home*, Capt. S. J. Duncan, corner of New Levee and Suzettes sts.

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. 26.

SEPTEMBER, 1853.

No. 1.

**Influence of the Gulf Stream on
the Trade of Charleston.***

BY LIEUT. MAURY.

Before the Gulf Stream was known to practical navigators, the course of trade between England and America was such as to make Charleston the half-way house between the mother country and the New England States, including Pennsylvania and New York among the latter.

At that time, the usual route of vessels bound to America, was to run down on the other side of the Atlantic towards the Cape de Verdes, and until they got the N. E. trades, and with them steer for America. This was the route taken by Columbus; this route brought them upon the coast of the Southern States, where their first landfall was generally made. Then steering to the northward, they drifted along with the Gulf Stream until they made the Capes of the Delaware, or other headlands to the North.

If now, as it often happened in the winter season, they were driven off the coast by snow storms and westerly gales—instead of running off into the Gulf Stream, as vessels now

do, to thaw themselves, they stood back to Charleston, or the West Indies, where they would spend the winter, and wait until the spring, before making another attempt to enter the northern ports.

It should be borne in mind that vessels then were not the sea boats or the sailors they now are. I have in my collection, the Log-book of a West India trader in 1740. Her average rate of sailing per log, was about two miles the hour. This Log was copied in the 3d edition of Maury's Sailing Directions. It is instructive.

At that time, the instruments of navigation were rude, chronometers were unknown, and lunars were impracticable, and it was no uncommon thing for vessels in those days, when crossing the Atlantic, to be out of their reckoning 5°, 6°, and even 10°. And when it was announced that a vessel might know by consulting the water thermometer, when she crossed the eastern edge of the Gulf Stream, and again when she crossed the western edge, navigators likened the discovery to the drawing of the blue and red streaks in the water, by which, when the mariner crossed them he might know his longitude.

The merchants of Providence, R. I., Dr. FRANKLIN being in London, sent a petition to the Lords of the

*See proceedings of the American Association, at Charleston, in 1850—for a paper "On the influence arising from the discovery of the Gulf Stream on the commerce of Charleston."

(RECAP)

0901
5139

V. 26-27
(incomplete)

11853-1855
Digitized by Google

Treasury, asking that the Falmouth packets might run to Providence instead of to Boston; they maintained that though Boston and Falmouth were between Providence and London yet that practically, the two former were further apart, than the two latter, for it was shown in the memorial, that the average passage of the London traders, to Providence, was fourteen days less than the average by the packet line from Falmouth to Boston.

Dr. FRANKLIN, on being questioned as to this fact, consulted Captain Folger, an old New England Captain, who had been a whaler, and who informed the Doctor that the London traders to Providence were commanded for the most part by New England fishermen, who new how to avoid the Gulf Stream, while the Falmouth packets were commanded by Englishmen who knew nothing about it.

These two drew a chart, which was published at the Tower, and the limits of the Gulf Stream, as laid down there by that Yankee whaler, have been preserved upon our charts till within a few years.

It is yet within the recollection of most navigators, how the traders from the New England States to the West Indies used to find their way out, "by running down the latitude" as it was called; The practice was to steer South until the latitude of their port was reached, and then to steer due West until they made the land. Their track was, therefore, on the two legs, instead of a long the hypotenuse of a triangle.

The cause of this practice was in the practical difficulty of finding longitude at sea; for the general use of chronometers on board ships is an innovation which the masters of that kind of craft had not learned, 20 years ago, to tolerate.

Well might thermonetrical navigators, therefore, when the chart appeared from the Tower, giving the longitude of the inner and outer edge of the Gulf Stream, liken those two lines to blue and red streaks painted on the ocean to show mariners their longitude.

At the time that Dr. FRANKLIN made it known how navigators, simply by dipping a thermometer in the water, might know when they entered, and when they cleared the Gulf Stream, Charleston had more commerce than New York, and all the New England States put together.

This discovery* changed the route across the Atlantic, shortened the passage from sixty to thirty days coming this way, and, consequently, changed the course of trade also.

Instead of calling by Charleston as they came from England, vessels, after this, went direct to the port of their destination; instead of running down to Charleston to avoid a New England snow storm, they stood off for a few hours, until they reached the edge of the Gulf Stream, in the genial warmth of which the crew recovered their frosted energies, and as soon as the gale abated, they were ready for another attempt to make their haven.

In this way stations, were shifted; the northern ports became the half-way house, and Charleston an outside station.

This revolution in the course of trade commenced about 1795. It worked slowly at first, but in 1816—17, it received a fresh impulse from JEREMIAH THOMPSON, ISAAC WRIGHT and others, who conceived the idea of establishing a line of packets between New York and Liverpool. This was at a period when the scales of commercial ascendancy, were vibrating between New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other places. The packet ship of the staid New York Quaker turned the balance. Though only of 300 or 400 tons burden, and sailing but once a month, they had their regular day of departure, and the merchants of Charleston, Philadelphia, etc., found it convenient to avail themselves of this regular and stated channel, for communicating with their agents in England, ordering goods,

*Though it was Dr. Franklin and Captain Folger, who first turned the Gulf Stream to nautical account, the discovery that there was a Gulf Stream cannot be said to belong to either of them, for its existence was known to Anghiera, and to Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in the sixteenth century.

etc. Those packets went on increasing in numbers and size until now, at the present day, we have them measuring 2000 tons, sailing every day, and running between New York and every fifth-rate sea-port town in the United States, and to many foreign ports.

Thus an impulse was given to the prosperity of New York; one enterprise begat another, until that city became the great commercial emporium and centre of exchange of the new world. All these results are traceable to the use of the water thermometer at sea.

Other causes, doubtless, have operated to take away from Charleston her relative commercial importance—but the primary cause was that discovery which removed Charleston from the way-side of commerce with Europe, and which placed her on the outskirts of the great commercial thoroughfares, and away from the commanding position which she had before occupied.

In consequence of the improvements since made in navigation, ship building, etc., a ship can now go from New York to England, and back, in less time, than, when Charleston was the half-way house, she could get to Charleston from London.

I therefore submit, whether this fact be not sufficient to turn the scales of commerce, and I claim the result as one that is due to the influence of the Gulf Stream upon the course of trade, and the use of the water-thermometer by mariners is the key to it all.

I have now in the process of construction at the National Observatory, a series of charts relating to the thermal state of the ocean, that, when completed, will give us more information with regard to the temperature of that sea, than we now possess with regard to the temperature of any district on shore for one tenth-part of the extent.

I have quoted in the third edition of this work, but think it unnecessary to repeat it here, "*the first Log-book of the 'Celia,' on the voyage from Jamaica to Bristol, in Great Britain, 1748.*" From it the mariner, the merchant, and the statesman, the

political economist and the philosopher may all draw instruction.

If this Log-book be a fair sample of the Log-books of that day, and there is no reason to suppose it otherwise, the wonder is, not that the philosopher in arranging the different avocations of mankind, should have been doubtful whether to class the mariner at sea with the living or the dead; but that man should have been found rash enough to become mariners at all, or merchants bold enough to make ventures abroad.

This voyage was performed without any other means of finding the way across the Atlantic, than such as are afforded by the Log and Line.

It was performed under circumstances which forcibly remind one of the buccanniers the sea robbers, the obstructions to commerce, and dangers to navigation, with which the ocean swarmed in those days. Ships had then to sail in company, and beg convoy for protection. The speed of the fastest in the fleet was regulated by the dullest sailor of them all; and under such a state of things, naval architecture must needs be in a rude state. The enterprising merchant had no inducement to incur the expense of building a fast sailing ship, because her speed would be practically regulated by the snail's pace of the dullest ship, and the most indolent master in the convoy. The "*Celia*," we may infer from the air of exultation with which when going 4 knots, the entry is made in the Log: "ahead of all the fleet," was at least a fair sailor for her day: and the most that they got out of the "*Celia*" that voyage, was five knots.

The better to appreciate the advantages, which we of the present day enjoy, in consequence of so many of the obstructions and trammels which fettered commerce, having been stricken off from its various departments, and in consequence of the advances which have been made since that day towards free trade, we have but to suppose a decree ordaining that our ships, sailors, implements, means, circumstances, and conditions of navigation and commerce, should suddenly be reversed and become such as

they were in 1740. The ruin that would follow, would not only swamp merchants, but it would sit heavily upon governments and nations.

THE MATE'S DEATH.

MESSENGERS. EDITORS:—I send you the following extract from a letter received by a broken hearted family in my church, whose hearts were, as you may suppose, comforted, if not healed, by such a communication. Reading it at one or two Anniversary meetings, I have found it touched many hearts. In Boston, two young women came to the foot of the platform in tears at the close of the meeting, and begged the loan of it, adding: "We have had a brother die at Rio."

It presents your noble Institution as a Home Mission, even in its foreign stations, and may enlist some additional love and zeal in the Saviour's cause. Your and their friend,

J. W. CHICKERING.

Portland, July 6, 1853.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Mar. 3d, 1853.

MR. & MRS. LIBBY.—*My dear Brother and Sister in Christ:*—He "who doeth all things well," hath in his Wise Providence made you rich by giving you another treasure in Heaven; "Let not your hearts be troubled." Our Elder Brother, the Lord Jesus, hath called to his companionship your son James; he died in the triumphs of hope, rejoicing in God his Saviour. Every thing that human skill could do for him was done, and all that human affection could do, was done by his sister and Captain Carlisle to save him a little longer in this sinful world, but his Master had need of him to sing the praises of Heaven, and he fell sweetly asleep in Jesus on Tuesday evening at 9 o'clock, March 1st, 1853. His disease was the yellow fever, he was perfectly well on Friday morning, 25th February, ate his breakfast as usual, but at 8 or 9 o'clock complained of a slight illness, which, however trifling, was the symptoms of that terrible pestilence which has almost decimated the foreigners of this port, and has defied the utmost skill

and science of the most celebrated physicians of the country.

Capt. Carlisle did not lose a moment, he had a physician immediately called, and everything possible done to restore him to his former state of health. The remedies applied were so far successful that on Sunday morning, when I first prayed with him, it was thought that he would recover. The fever had left him, the Captain had dropped down below the discharging ground, and was only awaiting the further re-establishment of Mr. Libby's health before he should sail for the United States. On Monday morning I saw him again, he was much worse—constantly suffering, and as a last remedy, cupping and bleeding was resorted to. I again prayed with him, and put him some very direct questions, as, for instance, whether if it pleased God to take his life, he could rely upon the merits of Jesus for his salvation; whether he could renounce all self-worthiness and hang his helpless soul on the righteousness of Christ? He was nobly frank, there was no hypocrisy in his nature, and with a sad expression he turned his face away, evidently not feeling that assurance which those possess, "who know that their Redeemer liveth." I talked and prayed with him, and continually pointed him to Jesus, and when I was compelled to leave him, to visit others sick and dying, I bade him adieu with a sad heart. As soon as I reached the harbor on Tuesday morning, I heard that James could not live. I hastened to the "Rhône," and oh, how changed was he from the day before! His physical appearance was the same, but now his heart was at peace with God, and all his reliance was placed on the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." He was aware of his approaching dissolution, and rarely have I spent such a delightful hour with those who were about to launch forth into death's cold stream, to pass to the new Jerusalem.

Mr. Bartlett, a pious young man from Yale College, was with him as well as his sister. Captain Carlisle, who at his request had prayed with him, had just left, but returned before

I departed, and mingled his tears with ours. Mr. Bartlett, (also from Portland, Me., and I believe an old school-mate of your son,) had been praying and conversing with him. In my former visits he had been very uncommunicative on the subject of religion, but his frame of mind was now entirely different. Some hours before he said, it seemed to him that he had seen Jesus, and that he had told him, "thy sins be forgiven," and turning to some one, (the first mate I believe,) he exclaimed, "I am *so* happy"—"happy." He also had offered a prayer before I came, he listened with eager attention to the scripture which I read, and told me that *now* he could rely on Jesus. I prayed with him, soon he seemed in great pain of body, and said, "Comfort me, comfort me." Yes, I replied, Jesus will comfort you, at which he seemed very calm. I commenced singing the hymn commencing

"No more my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done."

To my great surprise he asked me to let him look over, I did so, and to my still greater astonishment, the dying man sang with me the whole hymn. It was so touching and solemn that my utterance was choked, and the tears almost blinded my sight, they were tears of joy, and I trust were sympathised with by angels in heaven over another repentant sinner; the tune was the sweet "Rockingham," so well known throughout New England. Afterwards, aided by Mrs. Carlele, we sang to the tune of "Ortonville," the hymn of which the first verse is,—

"There is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high :—
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly."

He caught at the last line, and with great emphasis repeated, many times, "Yes, 'till God shall bid it fly"—he sang too, the first verse of "I would not live away," but could proceed no further on account of the black vomit, or throwing up of clotted blood, which always is the sure sign that there is no more hope of life. After some time however he sang with us to the tune of "Mear" "When I can read my title clear," and made us

repeat over and over the last verse, and dwelt with peculiar delight upon the idea that in heaven not a wave of trouble should roll across his peaceful breast. Some hours after, he sank so low that he was no longer conscious. I left him to visit the dying first mate of the Boston bark "Sire," who also, some days before had been brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, the day before he had asked me what was the state of mind of the "Rhône's" mate (your son,) I could only in truth sadly reply, I feared that his feet were not fixed on the "Rock of Ages." But, oh, how glad was I to find that mate of the "Sire" still alive, so that I could tell him that the mate of the "Rhône" would join him in heaven. Your son died on Tuesday night at 9 o'clock, and the above mentioned mate departed for the heavenly Canaan the next morning, and the mother of the latter (who came to take care of a consumptive son, and who became converted two weeks ago, (died also the same day. All three were buried at the same time upon the sloping side of a beautiful hill called Yamboa. There, in the presence of a large concourse of Americans and Captains, we laid them to sleep until the resurrection trumpet shall arouse from their slumbers their soulless bodies. There was much weeping as I simply narrated the triumphant deaths of the deceased, and the occasion was one that will not be soon effaced from memory. The cemetery upon the green Yamboa overlooks the waters of the magnificent bay of Rio de Janeiro, and far beyond rise the lofty Organ Mountains pointing heavenward with their jagged peaks. That bay shall be dried up, and those everlasting hills removed, but the souls of those who have died in the Lord shall never—*no never*, be removed from that blissful abode "where the noontide of glory eternally reigns, and the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul."

And now, my dear brother and sister, let me exhort you to be of good cheer in this severe affliction, and let your hearts be comforted that God has answered your baptismal vows over that child, and though you have one

son less on earth, you have one more in Heaven. Captain Carlisle has throughout done everything that a man could do, and I trust that this painful affliction shall work out for us a "far greater and eternal weight of glory." This is the prayer of your brother in Christ.

JAMES C. FLETCHER.

Am. Sea. Chap., Rio de Janeiro.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

SCENES IN ST. THOMAS.

ST. THOMAS, June 13, 1853.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—Alas! how my heart bleeds for the poor seamen in our port. Since last fall scores have been swept into eternity from our midst by that dreadful scourge—the *yellow fever*. Up to the beginning of this year over two hundred had died in a few months. Their sufferings were great, as there was at that time no hospital for their reception. They were generally brought on shore, and placed in boarding houses, three and four often in one room. I have witnessed heart rending scenes in such rooms. Those just brought in, the dying, and the dead, were often lying within sight of each other. How difficult to administer to their spiritual wants under such circumstances—the voice of prayer often drowned by the groans of the dying. Generally speaking the patients were all strong young men. At one time I visited two brothers from Scotland aged 17 and 19 years. They died within an hour of each other.

During the first part of this year, the sickness greatly lessened and there were only isolated cases occurring once or twice a week. In April, however, with the coming on of the rains, it once more extended, and now for the last six or eight weeks the mortality in the harbor has been dreadful. Fortunately there has not been so much shipping in the port as usual, otherwise the deaths per day would outnumber what they were last December. As it is now, often four and five die per day. A private hospital has been opened and can accommodate 25 or 30 patients. Here they are well cared for. The fever has proved very virulent and deadly. But

few have escaped when attacked. In one Prussian vessel but four have escaped out of a ship's company of 14 persons. The rest have gone down to their graves—three of them brothers and officers of the vessel. The Flying Arrow of Boston, put in here in distress, has lost three of her passengers and several of her crew. Her noble hearted captain, Capt. Treadwell did everything for their comfort, sparing no expense or labor, until he was taken down in his turn. God was merciful to him and he has been raised up.

The sickness is very much confined to the Royal Mail West India packet coal depot. It is unusual for us to have the yellow fever here. There must be some recent producing cause at this coal wharf and the company should abandon it.

I am glad to inform you that the citizens are about to erect a Seamen's Hospital. The corner stone is to be laid next week. How much good a seamen's Chaplain could have accomplished here of late. But it would have been at the great risk of his life. The clergy of the city have done what they could under the trying circumstances.

How much I have thought of your Society in its noble work, since I have witnessed the sufferings of seamen in this place. Would that you had more friends, a larger amount of funds, and a chaplain for every port. Why does not the Church of Christ pray more and give more and labor more for the salvation of seamen? How few, oh how very few know of a Saviour! Of all whom I have attended, I have not yet found but one a Christian, at least that I could judge to be such. Many indeed, when I see them, are speechless.

Vessels that lie in the harbor but a few days generally escape. But few of the inhabitants of the town have died, and these unacclimated persons, save a Spaniard who has been many years in Porto Rico.

When our sickness will cease God only knows. As the heat increases I fear it will yet become more extensive and dreadful in its awful work. During the absence of your chaplain

if I can do anything to carry out the purposes of your Society, in distributing Tracts and Bibles, I will do it for you. Yours most truly.

THE CATASTROPHE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

The following Graphic description, we copy from the Albany Register.

"About five hundred feet below the bridge, and about one-third of the way across from the main shore, a log is imbedded in the rapids. It lies in the direction of the torrent, and at the lower end, for the length of about fifteen feet, rises above the water, then seems to sink a little, like the hollow of a saddle, and is below water for a foot or two, and then rises at an angle of about forty five degrees for four or five feet and so ends abruptly. At about four o'clock of the morning, the survivor, a lusty man of twenty summers or thereabouts, was discovered clinging to the upper part of the log, and at once the village was astir. It was a strange chance that cast him upon this mere point—the only one between the bridge and fall where the foot of man could rest. It would seem that Providence, by so miraculous an interposition for his present safety, gave assurance of his final rescue. But God knows best, and the world would be a chaos were not the issues of all our efforts by Him directed. We have only our duties before us, and He will take care of results.

What fascination there is in the peril of another, though he be a stranger to us, and whatever may be his rank in life, his attainments, or his qualities! What a pity 'tis that the peril which so fascinates us, and nerves us up to deeds of heroism, and to sacrifices of money, and property, and comfort, must, in the general, be an apparent peril of life or limb. Those slow and deadly dangers which beset our neighbors and ourselves, those parents of crime, which aim at the destruction of physical vigor and moral purity, which contaminate life in the fountain and

wither it at maturity, which create the drunkard, the libertine, the robber, and the murderer, alas! they fright but few of us, and we put not on our armor to battle against them unto the death!

I could hardly take my eyes from that poor man, from the time I first saw him until his fate was decided. There were hundreds there, who would cheerfully have periled their own lives, could reason have been cajoled into holding out the slightest hope of the risk's contributing to the salvation of the stranger. Property was sacrificed without hesitation, for him, and one kind-hearted gentleman, a stranger, from—the Lord knows where, but may he be remembered in Heaven—offered a thousand dollars to save the sufferer.

When I first saw him in the morning, he was clinging to the log, and occasionally raising his head above its top, and looking from side to side. He must have realized fully the almost hopeless danger of his situation, and was sick at heart, as well as chilled by the night air, and the spray which had sapped his strength for so many slow-ebbing hours. His head was bare, but otherwise he was fully clothed. It was impossible for the human voice to reach him. No voice of encouragement could reach him; but the sympathising spirit of the people was not discouraged; and sought to uphold him by signs. He was a German, and some kind persons caused to be painted in big letters, in German, on canvass, the words "*We will save you,*" and nailed it, like a banner, on the front of a building on the bank, and he saw and understood it, and waved his hands, we trust, in gratitude. The people, full of sympathy, thronged the shore, island and bridge. Alas! they could do nothing, unless it were by their mere presence, to encourage hope, and strengthen his sometimes flagging courage.

It is painful to record the efforts that were made for his relief and extrication, and yet a summary of them may not be devoid of interest. In doing so, it is necessary to recall his position in the torrent. All above

was a wild waste of water, rushing downward over curved ledges of rock, crossing athwart the stream; and so was all below, save that the log to which he clung was imbedded in a basin of foaming water between two ledges, and the water there seemed less unquiet. From the ledge above the fall was more than a foot. On his left the great mass of the river came down in a tumult of green waves and eddies. On his right lay, first, the foaming basin; then the strong current of a minor channel of the river; and then, broken water and an eddy,—at the foot of which was a small mass of rocks above water, and blackened logs, from which access to a small wooded island below seemed easy. On that island he would be safe,—for it could be reached, though with much difficulty, from Bath Island, or Goat Island, in a boat. To cross the furious channel on his left, to the main shore, was impossible.

There he lay from the time he was discovered, until, I should think, about half past four in the afternoon, the sun beating upon his uncovered head, and without food. Attempts were made to lower food to him from the bridge, the food being enclosed at one time in a basket, and at least twice, in airtight tin vessels, but these attempts were all unsuccessful. How he endured all that he did, seems strange to me. Certainly God had given him a strong frame and a stout heart, and he would have made a gallant sailor.

At about nine o'clock the first attempt at rescue was made. No one had confidence in it, but the good people were impatient to do something, though a message had been dispatched to Buffalo for a lifeboat, which was expected by the next train. A strong light skiff was launched on Bath Island, drawn out into the stream, and let down by two ropes by the lesser channel. She filled and upset, however, and was lost.

But here comes the life-boat from Buffalo, and the crowd sends up a cheer which rises to heaven, and even crosses to the poor man on the log, and he erects himself in expectation.

It is borne across the bridge, and the gentleman having it in charge examines from different points on the bank and the bridge the obstacles to be overcome. It is almost evident that they are insuperable, but there is a bare possibility of success, and that is sufficient. The boat is then launched, the bridge cleared of all but workers, and she is gradually lowered. What a beautiful boat she is, and how triumphantly she rides the wild swells! But now she is passing down the main chute, and they begin to pass her toward the log, while the man stands with his hand on the top of it, with his eyes devouring the space between himself and what he trusts is his preserver. And, indeed, there would seem scarce room to doubt that he is on the point of being rescued. But now the boat, from the entangling of the rope in the rocks at the bottom, or from some other cause, upsets and then she rises like a duck—and now she is just at, and a little above the log, and, in a second, the man will be safe. O my God! she swings a little beyond, in a swift eddy, and rolls over, and does not right, again. I shut my eyes, and when I opened them again, she is far off in the broad channel by the main shore, held by a single rope, bottom upward, and almost sunk by the weight and force of the current. And the man, the poor man, who but just now was waving his hands this way and that way, to guide the people in the management of the ropes, and who, I could swear, from the motion of his head, shouted with joy as the boat neared him—he is now clasping the upright portion of the log, and his head droops, and despair, I fear me, is in his heart, and so he lies, inanimate as the thing he rests on, for full an hour.

But the good people are not discouraged. They now commence making a raft. It is made of two long square timbers with a platform most firmly spiked on at one end, and occasional cross-pieces to the other end, on which is lashed a barrel. While this is being done, a crowd of men bring on poles upon their shoulders a large broad-beamed shif. It is con-

cluded to try this before the raft, and it is launched from Bath Island, and let down the channel, worked across stream to the log. Thank God, the man is safe now! This boat has worked admirably, and he is safe! Alas! the rope has, somehow or other, got entangled with the log, and though her prow lies on the left, and at the very stem of the log, she cannot be moved a foot. The man has been all attention, for some time. He crawls along the log, and tries to move the boat. He cannot stir it. He crawls in, and bails out some water with his hands, and then he pushes the log. He gets upon the log and pushes the boat. Again he gets into the boat and bails with his hands. Then he takes off both of his boots, and bails for some time with one of them. He puts on his boots, and takes off his coat, and folds it, and lays it in the bow, and gets upon the log, walks to the further end, lies down upon it, and thrusts his arm into the water, and gets the rope, and pulls with all his might, and then goes to the boat and pushes it; and so he works,—how long it seemed to me!—sometimes in one place, and sometimes the other, and continually in vain. How I longed for a voice to tell him to keep still, and to husband his strength, the whole of which might yet be requisite to save himself. But now he despairs again. God does seem to have declared against him!

But now, after a long interval, they are shooting the raft over the rail of the bridge. They have launched it, and down it floats. Now it is in the swift current, and the barrel disappears in the ever arching foam. But it holds together nobly, and passes the shell, and is drawn safely to the very side of the log, and the man so long confined there, I am sure, gives a cheer, and then sits down on the platform, and fixes his feet in, and takes hold of stays and loops fixed to the floor of the raft, and they begin to haul on the ropes. This must have been between 4 and 5 o'clock. For a full hour, as it seemed to me, they endeavored to pull the raft directly up the stream, but to drag it over the first fall or ledge was imposi-

ble,—but still they pull with a will; and now the raft fell back suddenly and swiftly; surely the ropes must have parted, and a perceptible shudder runs through the mass of men around me. So, too, thinks the man, for he starts up on his feet, and, with a hurried glance around him, stands prepared to jump to the right, and swim for his life; but he is instantly reassured, and calmly resumes his seat; for they have merely slackened the ropes, preparatory to trying to guide the raft to the right or island shore. They do guide it successfully; slowly but steadily it swims far away from the log, and the man sits there like a statue. He has so lain on the log, and set upon the raft, with his head dropping, as though half slumbering, and then raising it with a start, like one contending with exhaustion or sleep. And now the raft is on the edge of, is in the raging torrent, the water arches o'er the barrel in front—the raft is pressed down, and he is waist deep, yet the waves force him backward, and rush up to his mouth, and he will be drowned; but now, with a great effort, he bows forward, with his head under water, draws out his feet and throws them backward, so that he is now kneeling, holding on with his hands, and with his head erect. Again the raft slides to the left, out of the swiftest water, and there she lies so long! What is the matter now? Alas! the rope has caught in a ledge of rock above, and some new contrivance must be resorted to to clear it. Again is hope deferred: yes, almost crushed.

But it is now nearly 6 o'clock, and, unexpected joy! the train from Buffalo has brought down another life-boat! Surely, say the inexperienced, it must be easy to lay her alongside the raft. She is quickly put into the water, and she, too, is a beauty. We can see hope rekindle in the bosom of the sufferer, and can fancy a gleam of hope sparkling in his eyes. Carefully is the beautiful boat let down, and she is there almost. She almost touches the raft, and the man rises, and is ready to step in. But, O, my God! the force of the current dashes her against the raft, and he is thrown

into the current! Strike out for your life! Cross but one rod of stormy water, and you are safe! Alas! he swims but faintly, he despairs, and throws himself backward, and a dark spot is seen hurrying toward the Fall. As it reaches the verge, with a spasmodic effort he raises breast high from the water, and the poor sufferer, whom we watched so long, will be seen no more on earth. He has rejoined his companions, and may Heaven have mercy upon him and them."

A Thrilling Incident.

The Rev. Mr. Prime one of the editors of the New York Observer, who recently went to England in the packet ship, Devonshire, has written home two very interesting descriptive letters of his trip across the Atlantic. In less than fifteen days they were in sight of the English Coast, having never changed the course of the ship from the time the pilot left them, off Sandy Hook. When within a few hours sail of Portsmouth, a man fell overboard, and was drowned. The scene Mr. Prime thus describes:

A MAN OVERBOARD.

April 23d, Evening.—The full moon rose on the sea and hung out from the sky like a silver globe, with the clearness and beauty that I have never seen. The ship was sailing well under a fair breeze, and we walked the deck in the enjoyment of one of the most delightful evenings. One after another the passengers went below and only a few of the younger and more romantic remained to look out on the waves, reflecting the beams of the moon now riding far up in the heavens. It was nearly midnight when the cry shot through the ship piercing every ear and heart, "A man overboard." Except the cry of fire, no sound on ship is more terrible.

For days you have been thinking every time you look over into the deep through which the ship is rushing, of the helpless and hopeless fate

of him who shall be cast into the sea; and when the fearful word is given in that tone of mingled fear and pain which the fact extorts, there is a sinking of the heart as if each one had a friend now perishing. Mr. Moore, the second mate, had an assistant in the ship's carpenter, who had acted as seaman during the passage, as we had a miserable crew. He was a fine looking young man, and the only one of all the men who had interested the passengers. He had been down in my state-room, and told me something of his history. His parents were in Holland, and he was on his way to visit them. A young woman was on board to whom he was to be married in May, and they were to return to America to spend their days.—His manners were very gentle and he looked and spoke as if he had left the comforts of home, and had entered a life for which he was not formed. My heart had gone out to him, and in return for some acts of kindness he had done to me, I was thinking what present I should make him before going ashore, when at the instant the shout was made, and this noble fellow, the pride of the men, was struggling in the pitiless waters.

Mr. Moore was near him, and had given an order to bear off the boom from the side of the ship—this man stepped over the bulwarks on the outside, pushed against the boom, the topping lift gave way, and he pitched forward, head first into sea. The ship shot by him in a moment. Nothing thrown over could reach him. His cries of agony came up cutting the heart, Oh, so bitterly, that it would have been a mercy to be deaf. The mate with admirable promptness gave the order to put the ship about. "Ready about. Luff round. Hard lee. Tacks and sheets, main top sail haul, let go and haul." Then he leaped into the boat and cried, "Put the helm hard down—Lower away the quarter boat." Never shall I forget the look of the mate, as he screamed, "give me a knife, A KNIFE," and taking one from a sailor he passed it through the ropes—"in men, in"—and four stout fellows leaped in

with him, and down it went upon the ocean, a little shell of a thing sent forth to seek to save that which was lost. I wanted to go with them, and as they struck out into the deep under that full moon, at midnight, to look for a drowning brother, I felt that their errand was noble, though none of them should live to tread the deck alive again.

Then we gathered on the stern of the ship, and looked out into the night and the sea to watch the event. It was light enough to see that tears were falling fast on the cheeks of some in that anxious group. Some of us prayed. It was all we could do. The little boat was soon out of sight. We could hear the shouts sent up to reach, if it might be so, the ear of the "strong swimmer in his agony," and then all was silent, save the wind among the cordage, and the heavy flapping of the sails as the ship lay to. A dark spot rose on the wave; the flash of the dripping oars in the moonlight met the eye and we knew they were coming. The mate was soon seen standing at the helm. Our impatience would not brook delay, and we sent out the cry "All well?" Our hearts stood still for answer, a half spoken "No" murmured along the waters, and we knew that the brave fellow was among the dead. So suddenly; so fearfully! To be swept from among us, in the midst of life and hope. There were many, many tears of sympathy that night and when I went below and strove to sleep, the visions of a fellow being struggling in the billows around me, drove slumber from my eyelids; and when it did come, the vision remained among my dreams.

THE ANCHOR OF HOPE IN THE STORM OF AFFLICTION.

At the late meeting of the New-Hampshire Baptist State Convention at Concord, Rev. William Lamson of Portsmouth, delivered an eloquent and impressive discourse from Heb. vi. 19: "Which hope we have as an anchor," &c. In the concluding part of the discourse he spoke of the value of the anchor of hope in the storms of

affliction which assail every Christian. He said, "There are those now living, far advanced in their voyage, almost to its close, who have been tried by nearly every species of affliction, and can nevertheless say, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust him.' Oh, there is an impressive interest in contemplating the aged disciple of Jesus, upon whom many a fierce storm has beaten; who has been stripped of possessions, friends, and all that was dear to him, but who, as the storms have passed away and a setting sun shines out upon him, still rides safely and calmly at anchor, waiting, whenever the signal shall be given, to be gently warped into the haven of eternal rest. So have I seen the ship returned from a voyage around the world, having passed through many perils and been beaten upon by many a storm, tossed upon many an angry sea, and escaped many a dangerous shoal, with her canvas blackened and her rigging chafed and worn, riding calmly just without the harbor, in full view of the spires and homes of the city from which she went forth, and waiting only for the order to be warped into her quiet resting place. I have loved to linger in view of such a weather-beaten ship; to think of the gales that have swept through her cordage, of the heaving billows over which she has been borne, and of the perils she has escaped; and now there she sits beneath a serene sky, and the very ocean around her seeming to be lighted up with smiles of joy at her safe return. Many times in my early years have such thoughts seemed to change the unconscious structure of wood and iron into a thing of life and intelligence, and I have felt that somewhere within her must be a heart that throbbed with conscious joy. Striking and beautiful image of the aged disciple of Jesus! He, too, has passed the storms and escaped the perils of life, and is now anchored just without the harbor, in full view of the golden spires and the peaceful homes of the New Jerusalem, the city of his final rest. Delightful is it to retrace with him all the voyage which he has made, to turn over with him the leaves of his spiritual log-book, and to share

with him the grateful joy of his heart as he now catches sight of his long-wished-for home, and is fanned by the breezes that come from the paradise of God, and mingles already by anticipation in the society and service of the redeemed. Blessed hope! it has been the anchor of his soul. Its work is almost accomplished, and it is just about to be exchanged for eternal fruition. Blessed soul that has been held by such an anchor!"—*N. Y. Recorder.*

POWER OF EXAMPLE.

I recollect one member of Congress, who was always rallying me about our Congressional Temperance Society.

"Briggs," he used to say, "I'm going to join your Temperance Society, as soon as my demijohn is empty." But just before it became empty, he always filled it again. At one time, towards the close of the session, he said to me: "I am going to sign the pledge when I get home. I am in earnest," continued he; "my demijohn is nearly empty, and I am not going to fill it again." He spoke with such an air of seriousness as I had not before observed, and it impressed me; and I asked him what it meant—what had changed his feelings.

"Why," said he, "I had a short time since a visit from my brother, who stated to me a fact that more deeply impressed and affected me, than anything I recollect to have heard upon the subject, in any temperance speech I ever heard or read.

In my neighborhood is a gentleman of my acquaintance, well educated, who once had some property, but is now reduced—poor! He has a beautiful and lovely wife—a lady of cultivation and refinement—and a most charming daughter.

This gentleman had become decidedly intemperate in his habits, and had fully alarmed his friends in regard to him. At one time, when a number of his former associates were together, they counselled as to what could be done for him. Finally, one of them said to him, "Why don't you

send your daughter away to a certain distinguished school?" which he named.

"Oh, I cannot," said he; "it is out of the question. I am not able to bear the expense. Poor girl! I wish I could."

"Well," said his friend, "if you will sign the temperance pledge, I will be at all the expense of her attending school for one year."

"What does this mean?" said he. "Do you think me in danger of becoming a drunkard?"

"No matter," said his friend, "about that now, but I will do as I said."

"And I," said another, "will pay the rent of your farm a year, if you will sign the pledge."

"Well, these offers are certainly liberal—but what do they mean? Do you think me in danger of becoming a drunkard? What can it mean? But, gentlemen, in view of your liberality, I will make an offer. I will sign if you will!"

This was a proposition they had not considered, and were not very well prepared to meet; but for his sake they said they would and did sign, and he with them.

And now for the first time the truth poured into his mind, and he saw his condition, and sat down bathed in tears.

"Now," said he, "gentlemen, you must go and communicate these facts to my wife—poor woman! I know she will be glad to hear it, but I cannot tell her."

Two of them started for that purpose. The lady met them at the door, pale and trembling with emotion.

"What," she inquired, "is the matter? What has happened to my husband?"

"They bid her dismiss her fears, assuring her that they had come to bring her tidings of her husband—but good tidings such as she would be glad to hear.

"Your husband has signed the temperance pledge—yea, signed in good faith."

The joyous news nearly overcame her—she trembled with excitement—wept freely, and clasping her hands

devotionally, she looked up to heaven, and thanked God for the happy change. "Now," said she, "I have a husband as he once was in the days of our early love."

"But this was not what moved me," said the gentleman. "There was in the same vicinity another gentleman—a generous, noble soul—married young—married well—into a charming family, and the flower of it. His wine-drinking habits had aroused the fears of his friends, and one day, when several of them were together, one said to another, 'Let us sign the pledge.' 'I will if you will,' said one to another, till all had agreed to it, and the thing was done."

This gentleman thought it rather a small business, and felt a little sensitive about revealing to his wife what he had done. But on returning home, he said to her—

"Mary, my dear, I have done what I fear will displease you."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, I have signed the temperance pledge."

"Have you?"

"Yes, I have certainly."

Watching his manner as he replied, and reading in it sincerity, she entwined her arms around his neck, laid her head upon his bosom, and burst into tears. Her husband was affected deeply by this conduct of his wife, and said:

"Mary, don't weep; I did not know it would afflict you so, or I would not have done it—I will go and take my name off immediately."

"Take your name off!" said she; "no, no! let it be there. I shall now have no more solicitude in reference to your becoming a drunkard. I shall spend no more wakeful midnight hours. I shall no more steep my pillow in tears."

Now for the first time truth shone upon his mind, and he folded to his bosom his young and beautiful wife, and wept with her. Now, I can't stand these facts, and I am going to sign the pledge."—*Speech of Gov. Briggs.*

More than 13,000 miles railroad are now in operation in the United States.

A Fragment.

The following is from a New York paper:

"This is a heartless life to lead," said Mabel Gray, as she unbanded her long hair, and laid aside her rich robe. "It is a life one might lead were there no life beyond. When I left the heated ball-room to-night, the holy stars, keeping their tireless watch, sent a thrill through me; and the little prayer I used to say at my mother's knee, came unbidden to my lip. There's Letty, now; she's happier than her mistress. Come here, child, unbraid my hair, and sing me that hymn of yours:

'Jesus I my cross have taken.'

That will do, thank you child; now you may go. What a sweet voice she has; either that or my tears have eased my heart. I'm too restless for sleep. How softly the moonlight falls to-night! and years hence, when these myriad sleepers shall have sunk to their dreamless rest, earth will still be as fair, the silver moon will still ride on as triumphantly. How many sad hearts she looks down upon to-night; and never a thanksgiving has gone up from my heart for countless blessings! Soft sleep, with balmy touch has closed these thankless eyes; the warm, fresh blood of youth, and health, has flowed on unchecked by disease. I have sat at the table of 'Dives,' while Lazarus has starved at the gate. The gold and purple robes of sunset have been woven for me; the blue vault of heaven arched over my head; the ever changing fleecy cloud has gone drifting by; the warm sunlight has kissed open the flowers I love; the green moss has spread a carpet for my careless foot; and I have reveled in all this beauty and luxury—the Lord forgive me—unmindful of the Giver!"

Dear reader, shall it be only at "Bethesda's Pool" that you seek your Benefactor? While your life-cup overflows with blessings; when the warm blood courses swiftly, shall there come no generous response to that still small voice, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

The Marriage Altar.

Judge Charlton in a recent eloquent address before the Young Men's Library Association, at Augusta, Georgia, thus sketches the marriage scene:—

"I have drawn for you many pictures of death; let me sketch for you a brief, but bright scene of beautiful life. It is the marriage altar. A lovely female, clothed in all the freshness of youth and surpassing beauty, leans upon the arm of him to whom she has just plighted her faith; to whom she has just given up herself forever. Look in her eyes ye gloomy philosophers, and tell me if you dare, that there is no happiness on earth.

See the trusting, the heroic devotion which impels her to leave country, parents, for a comparative stranger. She has launched her frail bark upon a wide and stormy sea; she has handed over her happiness and doom for this world, to another's keeping; but she has done it fearlessly, for love whispers to her that her chosen guardian and protector bears a manly and a noble heart. Oh, wo to him that forgets his oath and his manhood!

"Her dark wing shall the raven flap,
O'er the false-hearted,
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonor sit
On his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it
Never! oh, never!"

We have all read the story of the husband who, in a moment of hasty wrath, said to her who had but a few months before united her faith to his,—"It you are not satisfied with my conduct, go, return to your friends and to your happiness." "And will you give me back that which I brought to you?" asked the despairing wife. "Yes," he replied, "all your wealth shall go with you; I covet it not." "Alas," she answered, "I thought not of my wealth—I spoke of my devoted love; can you give that back to me?" "No!" said the man, as he flung himself at her feet. "No! I cannot restore these, but I will do more—I will keep them unsullied and untainted;—I will cherish them thro' my life, and in my death; and never

again will I forget that I have sworn to protect and cherish her who gave up to me all she held most dear."

Did I not tell you there was poetry in a woman's look—a woman's word? See it here! the mild the gentle reproof of love, winning back from its harshness and rudeness, the stern and unyielding temper of an angry man. Ah! if creation's fairest sex only knew their strongest weapons, how many of wedlock's fiercest battles would be unfought; how much of unhappiness and coldness would be avoided!"

Great Effects from little Causes.

I remember well one day, while oppressed with that despondency which is produced by ill health and reaction after great excitement, I was gazing into the harbor, and saw a large vessel, deeply imbedded in the mud, that had been left as a sediment by the retreating tide. What an enormous amount of mechanical force, thought I to myself, would be necessary to lift this huge ship from this spot, and carry it to yonder ocean! By what means can it be removed from its sunken bed? While I was thus meditating, I saw the first small wave of the returning tide as it stole along, and gently laved the keel of the vessel. And is it possible, I thought, that an agent so feeble as this, can ever succeed in raising it from its place? But I continued to watch. I saw the waters increasing and swelling until in about an hour, I beheld the whole of that mighty mass, with its wood, and iron, and rigging, tossed like a feather on the top of the waves. And in the course of the evening, I saw it, with spreading canvas, going forth from the harbor, and borne on gradually and gallantly towards its destination on the bosom of the ocean.

Y-es, I said to my faithless and desponding heart, I will accept this as a symbol. The cause of permanent and universal peace has thus stranded and sunk in the foul mud of prejudices left behind by centuries of violence and blood. And how is this to be removed? Not by mechanical force of any kind, but by the power of an

enlightened public opinion; feeble at first as the tiny wavelet I saw an hour ago, kissing the keel of the vessel. But the waters are rising. I hear already the deep murmuring sound of their approach. And they will continue to rise and expand and swell in bulk and volume, till the whole noble vessel shall be fairly lifted from its place.

Deaths in the Pacific.

On board ship *Good Return*, Jan. 9th, 1853, Wm. H. KEEN. He was a native of Halifax, Nova Scotia, aged 32 years, late of the ship *George*, of F. H.

At Sea, Capt. THOR, of the schooner *Laurita*, late of the *Baltimore*, and for some time past a captain out of this port.

On board whale ship *Florida*, 2d of March, Daniel Pierce, aged 21 years.

In Honolulu, March 16, Mr. Anglo B. Smith, 2d officer of bark *Washington*, aged 27 years. The deceased was landed from the vessel a few days before his death, and received every attention during his sickness from the master and officers.

On board the brig *Zoe*, at sea, Mar. 21st, Samuel H. Ward, Esq., of the firm of Curtis, Perry & Ward, of San Francisco, aged 30 years.

THE SWEARING ROOM.

The *Baltimore Sun* of the 19th ult., says: A day or two since, a genteelly dressed man, and having the appearance of a gentleman, walked into the bar-room of one of our most respectable hotels, and perhaps by way of showing his consequence, strutted about the room, asking questions, and interlarding his language with any amount of oaths, especially annoying to the landlord and several other persons present. The landlord at last went to him, and quietly calling him aside, told him that the language he was using was exceedingly disagreeable in that place—further, that there was a private room, particularly fitted up, which was called the "swearing room," and if he would only go there he might swear to his heart's content. The stranger took the rebuke kindly, and no more swearing was heard from his lips at that time.

COMMERCE OF SAN FRANCISCO.—

The whole number of vessels that arrived during the year 1852, was 990, with a tonnage of 444,515. Of these 594, with a tonnage of 317,262, were American; 30, tonnage 11,831, French, 166, tonnage, 69,106, British; 15, tonnage, 6,974, Dutch; 29, tonnage, 7,330, Hanse Towns; 40, tonnage 5,155, Mexican; 36, tonnage, 9,792, Chilean; 29, tonnage, 3,659, Hawaiian; and 51, tonnage 13,406, from all other countries. On further examination it will be found that out of the 990 vessels arrived 184 came from United States Pacific ports, 13 from ports on the north-west coast of North America, 77 from Mexico, 44 from Central America, 75 from New Granada, 15 from Peru, 105 from Chile, 39 from the Society Islands, 63 from the Sandwich Islands, 12 from other ports on the Pacific, 2 from the Philippines, 92 from China, 1 from East Indies, 25 from Australia, 27 from France, 5 from Spain, Belgium and Holland, 8 from Hanse Towns, 3 from Portugal, 40 from Great Britain, 152 from U. S. Atlantic ports, and 6 from all other countries.

SAILOR'S HOME, WILMINGTON, N. C.

The citizens of Wilmington, N. C., are engaged in efforts to establish, at that place, a "Home for Mariners." Buildings have already been purchased at a cost of \$75,000. Four of the trustees of the Society have contributed \$25,000. There has been raised in Wilmington \$51,000, and it is believed the contributions there will reach \$3,000 more. In addition to this, they need \$20,000. It is estimated that from 8,000 to 11,000 seamen annually arrive at Wilmington, and that from 3,000 to 5,000 are always in port, and yet they have no Marine Hospital no Mariner's Home, or Bethel.—*Charleston Courier*.

Do SOMETHING.—Pick your teeth, whistle a stick, fish in a wa-h tub, churn buttermilk, or jump at the moon; *only do it*. A lazy man! I'd rather have the fever and ague in my bones, and shake like Belshazzar, than have a lazy man within a mile of me. Oh do, *do something!*

POETRY.

THE WIDOW'S SONG.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

The world is a wide one for sorrow, or joy;
And where in this world is my lost sailor boy,
With his loud ringing laugh, and his long sunny hair?
Do they swell on the breeze yet, or float thro' the air?
Is there any bright land, 'mid the lands of the earth,
That holds the lost child of my heart and my hearth?

I have sat by the fire when the old men have said
There be eyes of the living that look on the dead.
O! tell me, ye seers, in your search of the tomb,
Do ye find my fair son in its valley of gloom?
Is there any pale boy with a look of the sea,
'Mid that people of shades, who is waiting for me?

O, that morn when he left us! Mine eyes have grown dim,
And see little that's bright since they look'd upon him;
And my heart, in its dulness, hath learn'd to forget.
But the light of that morning shines clear to it yet:
No record is lost of the bright sunny day,
When pass'd my fair boy like a spirit away.

We waited—how long! but we waited in vain!
And we looked over land and we look'd over main,
And ships, O! how many came home from the sea,
That brought comfort to others, but sorrow to me.
In all those gay ships, O! their answer was none
To the mother, who asks if she yet have a son!

They tell me of countries beyond the broad sea,
Where stars look on others that look not on me;
Where the flowers are more sweet, and the waters more bright,
And they hint that he dwells in those valleys of light—
That he rests in a home with some fair foreign bride.
The world is a wide one!—why is it so wide?

But they surely forget—which my sailor does not—
That I'm sitting whole years in my own little cot.
He knows, O! he knows, if I may, I shall wait
Till I hear his clear shout at the low garden gate;
He is sure his sad mother will strive not to die
Till the latch has been raised by her lost sailor boy.

I believe that he lives. Were he laid in the mould,
There's a pulse in my heart would be silent and cold;
Which awoke at his birth, and through good and thro' ill,
Has played in its depths, and is playing there still.
When its star shall have set, then that tide will be dry,
And the widow be sure where to look for her boy.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

THE CONGRESS AND HER CREW.

We cheerfully insert the following communication from the crew of the U. S. ship Congress. About eighty of the crew boarded at the Sailor's Home. Said the Keeper to us a short time since. "I have never had in the Home a finer set of men. Most of them drank no spirits, saved their money, paid their debts honorably, and went home to their friends." Their manly appearance and respectability on leaving the ship was noticed by all at the Navy Yard. The admirable order and discipline of the Congress as noticed on her arrival, and reported to Government by the inspecting officers was highly creditable both to her officers and men, and honorable to the American Navy.

Such facts in testimony of the beneficial influence of the law abolishing the *cats*, outweighs a thousand arguments from those still wedded to the old system of discipline.

A better day dawns on the Sailor under a government of law firmly and kindly administered. There was great good sense and wisdom, in the instructions given by the Quaker owner to his captain. "Captain John! First be sure that thy men

always have their rights. Second be sure that they always obey thee."

A kind and firm appeal to the reason, and sense of right, and patriotism, and manliness of the sailor, has more power to move and control him, a thousand fold, than brutal blows inflicted on his head or back; and that simply because he is a man.

GOVERNMENT WITHOUT THE LASH.

A Letter from the Crew of U. S. Ship Congress.

SAILOR'S HOME, New York, }
JULY 22d, 1853. }

MESSRS, EDITORS,—I am more accustomed to handle the Marlinspike than to wield the quill, but would offer a few simple words, in reference to our good ship the frigate Congress, which I hope may find a place in your popular Magazine. After a long cruise of more than three years, she is once more safely anchored in the American waters, and her crew will soon separate and return to the bosoms of their families. In doing so we shall carry with us feelings of the highest respect for the officers under whom we have served, and shall hold them in grateful regard for the kindness and justice with which they maintained the discipline of our ship.

Shortly after we commenced our cruise, the Law of the Land—God

bless it!—abolished the abominable "Cats." The officers of the Congress, however, were already pretty much ahead of this law, and had established a system of government by which good discipline was enforced without recourse to that barbarous instrument of punishment. Strong minds and kind hearts, with the requisite energy of character, secured the end of rule on board ship, as well without the lash as ever with it; and I am happy to think, and do not hesitate to assert that the ship's company have conducted themselves in a manner worthy of the change in the mode of punishment. Though the term of service of all who left the United States in the Frigate is long out, and the disappointment in not returning home sooner has been very great, the good order and attention to duty on board have constantly increased, instead of falling off, as under the circumstances, might have been feared would be the case.

This is to be attributed to the treatment we have received. We are indebted to every class of officers for their kindness: to Commodore McKeever and Captains McIntosh and Pearson for many indulgences granted, to Lieutenant Turner and the other sea officers for the regard paid to our comfort as men, and for orders without cursings and hard words; to the Surgeons for their fidelity and kind attentions when sick; to the Purser in his department, and to our Chaplain for the many instructive lessons given to us from the capstan whilst thousands of miles from our homes, and for his constant efforts in private for our individual good. If we have not benefited by them, the fault is our own, and our account with God alone.

We say these things not to flatter the officers who have had command of us. We have now no favor to ask, and nothing to gain from them. Our motive is to stigmatise the abolished "Cats," as a barbarous and unnecessary aid to naval discipline; and to deny, with indignation, that any American Sailor wishes them restored, or will ever again bare his back to their murderous cuttings. Our

motive, too, is to point out to our brother Seamen every where, officers so worthy of their honor and good will. This may be thought a matter of little moment, but, it is one that would tell in recruiting a crew for a ship. The first question a man-of-war's-man asks, when a ship is fitting out, "who is to command?" If, in reply, he hears the name of an officer known to be a *tartar* and a tyrant, he at once hauls on the wind, and gives the craft a wide berth; but if it be that of one of whose humanity and kindness he has a good report, he will hasten as readily to become one of her crew.

These, Sirs, are matters in which we are deeply interested. Most of us serve and have served only, in Naval ships, and feel that we belong as much to the government as the officers themselves. We have experienced in an especial manner, in our late cruise, the benefits of kind, considerate, and just treatment. We wish such treatment to become universal in the service, and all grounds thus to be taken away for an outcry against any officer of tyranny and oppression.

Should this communication meet with a favorable regard will you with it, be kind enough to publish the accompanying list of the officers of the Congress.—In behalf of all hands.

M. E. P. MORGAN, *Seaman*.

List of the officers of the U. S. Frigate Congress on her arrival in New York from the Brazil Station, July 20th. 1853.

Commodore—Isaac McKeever.

Captain—George F. Pearson.

Lieutenants—Thomas Turner, George R. Gray, John P. Parker, (Flag) Albert A. Holcomb, Nathaniel C. Bryant, Donald McN. Fairfax.

Fleet Surgeon—Charles Chase.

Assistant Surgeons—John Ward, Charles Martin.

Purser—Andrew J. Watson.

Chaplain—C. S. Stewart.

Master—Edward Simpson.

Captain of Marines—A. S. Taylor.

Lieut. of Marines—I. R. F. Tattale.

Midshipmen—John E. Johnston, John R. Eggleston, Howard L. Newman, John P. Baker, Washington Totten, James Stillwell, Aaron W. Weaver, Robert J. Bowen, James H. Rowan, Junior, Edward J. Means.

Boatswain—George Smith.

Gunner—Jonathan Ballard.

Carpenter—Joseph G. Thomas.

Sailmaker—Robert C. Rodman.

DISASTERS.

Whaling brig *INGA*, of New Bedford, is reported to have been cut off, and her crew or most of them, murdered, and the vessel plundered, by the natives of Pleasant Island, one of the Caroline group, in November last.

Brig *KATE MEANS*, from Vera Cruz for Contracoalcos, to load for New York, went ashore 25th March, on Tonala bar, 30 miles E. of C., and became a total loss.

Schr. *MARTHA JANE*, of Portland, Foster, from Savannah for New Orleans, went ashore night 27th March on Stranger's Key, Bahamas and became a total wreck.

Brig *CHATTahoochee*, Ogier, from St. Domingo City for Boston, cargo, mahogany lignumvite and satin wood, was wrecked in March near the Island of Saona.

By the Singapore Free Press of Feb. 3d, we hear of the total loss of the American ship *CHARLES ANDREWS*. She struck on the northeast point of Bintang, and went to pieces.

Brig *WHEELER*, Brown, from Baltimore for Boston, sunk on the 4th of April, near Smith's Point on the Chesapeake; vessel a total loss.

Br. barque, *JOHN KERR*, Moys, of and from Glasgow for this port, sprung a leak 1st April in heavy weather, and was abandoned 4th in a sinking condition, with five feet water in the hold.

Schr. *JULIA ANN* of Eastport M. Gilvery, from New York for Eastport, was in contact night of 1st April, Baker's Island, N. N. W., 10 miles with an unknown vessel, and sunk in about ten minutes.

Barque *T. J. SOUTHARD*, Small, hence for Kingston, Jam., 5th April, sprung a leak and sunk.

Schr. *CALEDONIA*, from New Orleans for Mobile went ashore night 14th April on the East breakers, Mobile Point and sunk to her deck.

Br. ship *CHUSAN*, of and from Sunderland Jan 10, for San Francisco, which put into Lisbon Feb. 12, leaky, and proceeded after repairing, foundered morning May 15, about 200 miles from Cape Frio, and the crew reached Rio Janeiro 17th, in the long boat.

Schr. *CAROLINE E. HOPPER*, of Camden, Me., was lost 20th May, on the Colorados, about 100 miles westward of Havana.

Schr. *BROKER*, of Bristol, R. I. Williston, was burned to the water's edge, at Cora Island, Nicaragua, May 31.

Schr. *COLUMBIA*, from Norfolk for this port, was run into morning 24th May, 7 miles off Sinnenpuxent, by propeller *FREEMAN RAWDON*, from Boston to Alexandria. The C. sunk 10 minutes after. Captain and crew saved in the yawl boat.

Schr. *FRANKLIN*, of Hancock, Me., Dyer, from Barbadoes for Curacao, was wrecked on the Island of Bonaire, 30th May.

Br. barque *OLIVE BRANCH*, Baird, from Sunderland, (supposed for Quebec) was wrecked at Louisburg, C.B. on the 31st May.

Brig *CUSHNOC*, from Cardenas, for New York (for Philadelphia,) sprung a leak 2nd June, and was run on shore near Cape Florida. Vessel a total loss.

The clipper ship *CARRIER PIGEON*, Doane, of and from Boston for San Francisco, went ashore 9th June in a fog, on Point New Year, about 30 miles south of San Francisco. In 15 minutes after she struck, there were 7 feet of water in her hold, and in half an hour it was above her lower deck. The ship will be a total loss.

The British brig *OLIVE BRANCH*, bound from Newcastle, Eng., to Quebec, is reported to have been totally lost on Cape Breton.

Br. barque **SOLOM**, Klamp, hence for Cuba, was lost June 17, on Little Inagua Reef.

A letter from Pernambuco, dated, June 11th, states that the whale ship **CHARLES MALLORY**, of Mystic, Capt. Hull, homeward bound, with a full cargo of oil, went ashore previous to 9th June, a few miles south of St. Augustine, and bilged.

Schr. **MARY SNOW**, from Rockland for Boston, struck on the Graves at 3 o'clock morning 24th June, and bilged.

Brig **ANGELINA**, Warren, of Boston, hence for Philadelphia, was capsized in a squall off the Highlands, evening 23d June, and filled and sunk immediately.

Schr. **JOHN ALBERT** from New York, went ashore on Brazos Bar 27th June. The schooner will be a total loss.

Brig **PEERLESS**, from Boston for St. Thomas, went ashore 4th July on Inagua Reef, and became a total loss.

Newport, July, 12.

Schr. **ROBERT B. GLOVER**, from Rondout for Providence, ashore on Collin's beach, has bilged, is full of water, and no doubt will soon go to pieces.

Nassau, N. P., July 20.

We have to advise you of the total loss of the schooner **DANIEL FRANCIS**, Hardy, master, from Gonaives for Boston.

The Br. ship **PANAMA**, Fisher, with 1350 bales of Cotton, from New Orleans bound to Liverpool, went ashore about 30 miles south of Charleston, night 25th July, crew saved. After the ship got ashore, fire broke out on board, and burned her to the water's edge, and she sunk in ten feet of water.

Schr. **VELASCO**, of Bucksport, Farnham, from Nassau, East Florida, for Rockland, was totally lost, 2d Aug. on Nassau bar.

Schr. **BRIDE**, Pressey from Rockland for this port, with lime, while beating through Hurl Gate, morning 13th July went shore on Gridiron

rock, and immediately took fire and burnt up.

Steamer **OCEAN**, Sandford, which left Boston 28th June, for Hallowell, went ashore same evening, at Thatcher's Island.

Schr. **MERIDIAN**, Wood, was capsized off Long Island 20th July, at 5 A. M., during a heavy squall. The mate and one of the crew were lost. Capt. W., his wife, and two men, were in the water for six hours, when they were picked up by schooner **Challenge**, of Searsport, which took them to Lewes, Del.

NOTICES TO MARINERS.

Messina, May 13, 1853.

LIGHT ON POINT SORELLO, SICILY. The authorities have announced that, on the 20th of this month, a Light will be placed on Point Sorello, near Cape Granitola, on the southern coast of Sicily, and not far from Mazzara.

It will be fourth class, and constant, varying in brilliancy every three minutes erected on a tower of the elevation of metres 26 59, and visible at a distance of 14 miles.

Trinity House, London, }
May 18, 1853. }

BUOYS OFF THE COAST OF SUFFOLK AND ESSEX.—Pursuant to the intention expressed in a previous notice, dated 15th of March last, the following alterations have been, viz: The N. E. Whiting Beacon Buoy, the Elbow Whiting Buoy and the S. W. Whiting Buoy, previously colored white, have been replaced by Buoys colored red. The Knowl Beacon Buoy at the entrance of the Colne river, previously white, has been replaced by a Buoy of larger dimensions, colored black and white, in circular stripes.

Trinity House, London, }
May 18, 1853. }

MOUSE LIGHT VESSEL.—The Mouse Sand having slightly grown out to the North Westward, the Mouse Vessel has been moved 120 fathoms in that direction and now lies in 4½ fathoms in low water spring tides, with the following marks and compass bearings, viz:

Maplin Lighthouse N. E. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E.
 North Nob Buoy S. E. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E.
 Shivering Sand Buoy S. E. $\frac{3}{4}$ S.
 East Oaze Buoy S. S. E. $\frac{3}{4}$ E.
 The Pan Sand Beacon, in a
 line with the Girdler
 Light Vessel S. E. by S.

SUNKEN ROCK.

H. M. S. SPARTAN, Hong Kong. }
 March 26, 1853. }

SIR—I shall feel obliged by your publishing, for the information of mariners, notice of a sunken rock upon which H. M. steam sloop *Rattler* struck whilst proceeding out of Amoy harbor, and which is not laid down in the Admiralty charts.

POSITION OF ROCK BY FOUR CROSS BEARINGS.—Joss House, S. 37° E.; flagstaff on Signal Hill, N. 46° E.; north end of Kulangsue, N. 52° W.; south end of Kulangsue, S. 52° W.

It is quite a pinnacle with only $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet on it at low water, the top being of such small dimensions that the lead struck off into $6\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms on the side towards Amoy, whilst on the side towards Kulangsue there are 8 fathoms within 15 feet of the rock.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your most obedient servant,
 W. HOSTE.

Captain and Senior officer in China.

The Light-house on the fourth point of Java, in the Straits of Sunda, three quarters of a mile from Anjier, is a large stone building, covered with tiles, from which a tarred wooden tower rises. It is a fixed light of the fourth magnitude, and can be seen 8 or 10 miles in clear weather.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—A letter from the captain of the schooner, *Mary Margaret*, recently wrecked on Lake Michigan, states that after the schooner capsized, he in company with a Mr. Farnsworth, were confined on board the schooner for three days and nights, in a space of not more than twelve cubic feet, of nearly confined air. They were rescued by Captain Holland, of the schooner *George R. Roberts*, who cut through the side of the schooner to reach them. Two of the crew who were with them died before relief came.

HAVRE CHAPLAINCY.

The Rev. E. E. Adams after having been engaged for more than twelve years abroad, preaching the gospel to seamen, first at Cronstadt and the last ten years at Havre, has resigned the chaplaincy, much to the regret of the Board of the Seamen's Friend Society and the congregation at Havre, which he has served so long and with so much fidelity and perseverance. Mr. Adams has received and accepted a call to the Pearl St. Congregational Church, Nashua, N. H. He goes to this new field with the thanks of the Board for past services, and the hope that he will still remember the sailor.

CURIOS.—The following whimsical circumstance and peculiar coincidence, it is said actually took place some time since. A boat ascending the Ohio River was hailed by another boat when the following conversation ensued: "What boat is that?" "Cherry-stone." "Whence came you?" "From Redstone." "where are you bound to?" "Limestone." "Who is your Captain?" "Thomas Stone." "What are you loaded with?" "Mill-stones and Grindstones." You are a hard set, to be sure; take care you don't go to the bottom. Farewell.

CHOICE SENTENCES.—To a man who had saved the life of a Roman citizen was presented the civic crown, the highest of earthly honors; but of what insignia shall he be accounted worthy who has saved a soul from death and restored a citizen to heaven?—*Dr. Nott*.

If men plot against your interests, commit your way to God in prayer. Thus you will have the advantage, for those who secretly labour to injure their neighbour cannot go to God and ask him to crown their efforts with success.

Gabin Boy's Locker.

The Dying Child's Request.

An intelligent gentleman, an Alderman in the city of Pittsburg, related to the writer the following facts:

A man of the name of M., noted for his ungovernable temper and proneness to dissipation, employed me as his attorney, and I frequently examined the dockets for him, and as a conveyancer, made out deeds of property which he purchased and sold. He was a good paymaster, but exceedingly disagreeable in his deportment, often drunk, and most profane in his language. He called one day, and seemed much subdued, much altered from his usual deportment. After stating his wants, he was about leaving my office. I asked what was the matter with him, he seemed so changed; he stopped, hesitated, but made no reply. I asked again what could have occurred to make such an alteration in his whole demeanor.

"Squire," said he, "something *has* occurred; I am indeed an altered man. I had a little son, about nine years old; he was as dear to me as the apple of my eye, and at times, when I went home from my work intoxicated, I abused my wife, drove her and the other children from the house, broke the furniture, and did all in my power to make my family as miserable as myself. This little boy, when I was at the height of my anger, would watch me, and when I would sit down, would steal up to my knee, climb up on my lap, pass his little hand through my hair, and tame me down irresistibly, when my wife and the other children would fearlessly come in, knowing from experience that my little son had subdued me, and I was in his power. Well, Squire, my son took sick; It was evident to me he would not recover. I sat by his bedside; he was in a doze; the tears gushed from my eyes as I watched him; my heart was sad indeed! He awoke, he turned his face towards me. 'Father, you are crying. What is the matter?' 'I

am afraid, my son, I am going to lose you—you are going to die.' 'Well, father, I know I am going to die, but I am not afraid to die, for I will go to Jesus.' 'To Jesus! Why, what do you know about Jesus?' 'Why, father, you know mother used to send me to the Sunday School at the corner, and the teachers told me all about Jesus, and taught me how to pray; and for this reason, father, I was never afraid of you when you came home drunk and abused poor mother and the children; and I saw that you could not injure me. Now, father, I am going to die, and would die quite happy if you would promise me to do two things.' 'Well, my son, what are they? If it is in my power, I will do them. 'Father, promise me that you will drink no more whiskey; this is the cause of all poor mother's distress, and if you would not drink, you would be a good man, and mother and the children would be so happy. Well, father, now promise me that you will pray.' 'Pray! why, I don't know how to pray!' 'Father, kneel down by my bed, and I will teach you how to pray!' Squire, I knelt down; he prayed; I followed, repeating his words—my heart was broke; he led me I know not where, or how, or how long, but this I know, that light, comfort, peace and joy filled my soul, as I rejoiced in a sin-pardoning God. My wife came in, the children followed, and all fell on their knees around the bed; we all rejoiced and when I raised my head to bless the instrument of my conversion, he was *dead*! His spirit had been washed away with the glad news of my repentance to heaven—he was an eye witness to that joy which is among the angels of God over a sinner that repenteth. His hands were clasped as in prayer, and a sweet smile sealed his lips in death."

Thus, my brother, seeing what the Sunday school can do, be steadfast immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as you know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.—S. S. Treasury.

New York, September, 1853.

REV. HENRY CHASE.

"I would not live alway."—Job. vii. 16.

It is a singular circumstance that this beloved brother should have preached two sermons from this text the last Sabbath he spent on earth! And remarkable that he preached "as though he ne'er should preach again." His hearers, going home from church, spoke of the fervency of his manner, of the sublimity of his thoughts, and of the unusual impressiveness of all the services of the day. He seemed to stand in the very gate-way of heaven, with one eye on its glories, and the other on earth, urging the sailors to enter in at the strait gate. Had he anticipated, as he thus ante-dated, his sudden departure before another Sabbath, he could scarcely have spoken with more fidelity or with greater power. On Thursday following, the 7th of July, he was seized with paralysis of the brain, and in thirty-two hours he entered his final rest. His funeral was attended in the church where he had preached the gospel to seamen about thirty years, and from the pulpit where, just one week before he preached from the above text, others now uttered words of instruction, and warning, and condolence, and sympathy, while his own closed lips spoke yet more impressively from the coffin beneath.

Tears stole down manly cheeks that day; and often since, we doubt not, sailor's eyes have moistened as they have been told that their beloved preacher is no more. Long will they remember the generosity of his hand, the kindness of his heart, and the fidelity of his lips. And highly favored will they be in finding in the pulpit of the Rosevelt St. Mariner's Church a successor who loves them as well, and preaches to them the gospel as faithfully as did Henry Chase.

They will remember him as a SELF-MADE MAN. Like many in their own profession he rose to eminence and usefulness mainly by his own energy. He was born in Rensselaer Co., in the State of New York, Sept. 10, 1790. His father was a farmer in a part of the country then new, and depended much on Henry's stout arm when at the age of sixteen to subdue his own land, or to bring home at evening on his back a basket of wheat as payment for a day's work for a neighbor.

In the district school he drank at the fountain of knowledge just enough to make him thirst for more; and so determined was he on an education that often after a hard day's work he devoted most of the night to study. In this way he acquired sufficient information to teach school in the winter, working on the farm in the summer.

When in his eighteenth year he passed from death unto life, and at once burned with an ardent desire to communicate to others that gospel which was so full of richness and blessing to his own soul. Accordingly the same year he was riding the Pownal Circuit as a licensed Methodist preacher. Between 1810 and 1820 he divided his time between study, preaching, teaching, and labor on his father's farm. In the latter year he came to the City of New York to teach in the Wesleyan Seminary. Here his heart was stirred within him in behalf of the sailors. He saw that Missionaries were sent to the heathen in foreign lands, and that the seamen who carried them abroad were treated as though they had no souls;—that the spiritual welfare of the savages in our forests was cared for, while very few cared for the sailor's soul. It was a dark day for seamen. They were generally regarded as hopeless of reform. On the invitation of "The Society for the promotion of the gospel among Seamen in the Port of New York," Mr. Chase commenced his labors in the Mariner's Church, Feb. 14, 1821, which with some intermissions in teaching, &c., were continued till May 1, 1826, and subsequently, with all his energies, till the time of his death.

The Sailors will remember him as a JUDICIOUS COUNSELLOR and FRIEND.

A simple record of his advice to seamen to dissuade them from litigation and secure the rights of all concerned; to secure their good conduct and self-respect; to save their money and character; to persuade them to walk in the ways of professional duty as well as obedience to God;—such a record of his advice given and followed, not to mention the vast amount unheeded, would make volumes.—

Aware of having their unlimited confidence, he daily used this power for the promotion of their good; and of the thousands advised by him, we have yet to hear a single individual express regret for having followed his advice. As he read character with a keen instinct, and saw almost intuitively the wiser course to pursue, his counsel was prompt, and as it was urged home with the *heart* of a tried and true friend, it often led to the happiest results.

Moreover they will remember him as a SPIRITUALLY MINDED MAN.

He was no trifler. He had no empty hours to spare. If he listened to a sailor's yarn, as he sometimes did, it was neither to kill time nor gratify curiosity; but to append to the tale a moral, or memoranda of practical value. In his social intercourse as well as in the pulpit, they felt the beatings of a heart filled with love to God and man, and strongly intent on promoting their spiritual welfare. And can they ever forget him as a FAITHFUL and EFFECTIVE PREACHER?

In his style he was *simple, earnest, direct*. His obvious aim was to instruct, impress, and persuade; hence "the Preacher sought to find out acceptable words," and having enlightened the mind, took the shortest cut to the heart.

The matter of his preaching was characterized by its *adaptedness*. He understood just what kind of hearts beat in seamen's bosoms, and applied the great truths of the gospel accordingly. Would he awaken them to a sense of their lost condition as sinners? He dwelt much on the Law of God, and the love of Jesus, 'Would he cut them off from all human dependence? He aimed to show them their entire sinfulness by nature, the utter impossibility of saving them—

selves; that repentance, and faith, and regeneration are indispensable pre-requisites to entering the kingdom of God, and that all hope of justification, except on the ground of believing in Christ, will prove as the spider's web. The atonement in its fulness, its freeness and efficacy, was his favorite pulpit theme. Here he assured them was most convincing proof of their dependence and danger, and most ample conditional security for their salvation.

Would he bring them into the Ark at once? With what pathos did he speak of the perils of their calling, of the perils of their position in society, of the perils of procrastination; of the woes to be shunned, of the joys to be gained, beseeching them in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God, and enforcing with tenderness and tears the commands of the Most High. No, the beloved minister of the Mariner's Church cannot soon be forgotten as a faithful and effective preacher of the gospel. The epistles and proofs of his successful ministrations are scattered over the world, known and read of all men.

It is not the object of this sketch to give a full portrait of his character; but thus briefly to allude to his life and labors among his beloved brethren of the sea. He loved them with a brother's heart; and they reciprocated his affection with their characteristic ardor. What sailor that ever heard him preach, felt the pressure of his hand, or the sunshine of his countenance, did not love him? As soon as the sailors at the Home heard of his illness, one of their number hastened to his bed-side, and begged for the privilege of being his nurse. In his sermon on the preceding Sabbath he had expressed it as the desire of his heart to die in the arms of a sailor.

And now the sailor, prompt, and kind, and affectionate as a brother, was on his watch to do all that could be done for him while living, to close his eyes, and stay by the remains night and day till they were removed to their final resting place. Thus a sailor had the privilege of performing acts of kindness which thousands of his ship-mates would have coveted to do. In the death of Mr. Chase, seamen have lost an excellent preacher, and a true friend; the Boards of the Port and American Seamen's Friend Societies a valuable co-worker; the poor a good Samaritan, and a bereaved family one of the best of husbands and fathers. Yet,

"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the spirit that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

NOTE.—A brief notice of the decease of Rev. H. Chase was prepared for the last No. of the *Sailor's Magazine*, and omitted through mistake.

A GOOD COMMENT ON TEMPERANCE.

Extract of a letter from Capt. James T. Gerry, U. S. ship Albany,

HAVANA, July 30th, 1853.

"My crew are in excellent health now, with yellow fever and cholera on both sides of me, in the city and all over this Island. I never knew Havana to be more sickly, particularly among the troops. My crew have conducted themselves perfectly well upon this cruise, and not a man has been intoxicated since my arrival here, the first time I have ever been able to say it, of any crew. My health is perfectly good, notwithstanding my exposure on shore, where I have passed most of the time on duty. My officers suffered severely upon the late cruise, and will require many weeks to recruit."

DEATHS IN SEAMEN'S RETREAT.

April 1st.—July 31st, 1858.

Died.	Name.	Born.	Age.	Disease.
April	1. THOMAS H. PERSON,	Norway,	46	Phthisis.
"	9. THOMAS COFFIN,	New York,	28	"
"	22. ELIHU CROCKER,	Connecticut,	46	Feb. Typhus.
"	26. JOHN LLOYD,	Newfoundl'd,	22	Phthisis.
"	27. DANIEL SHULTZ,	BuenosAyres,	21	Hæmoptysia.
May	11. DANIEL BICKFORD,	Maine,	38	Pericarditis.
"	" MARTIN MAZOR,	Germany,	21	Bilious Remittent.
"	" WILLIAM STAFFORD,	England,	33	Feb. Remittens.
"	22. WILLIAM B. DURHAM,	Maine,	25	Diarrhoea.
"	25. JAMES COLE,	Newfoundl'd,	21	Feb. Remittens.
June	6. SAMUEL MORGAN,	England,	21	Pneumonia.
"	7. JAMES PIKE, (Col'd.)	Jamaica,	27	Gangrene.
"	" FREDERICK BEEKMAN,	Prussia,	18	Pleuritis.
"	14. JOHN BROWN, (Col'd.)	Virginia,	34	Phthisis.
"	16. JOHN RILEY,	Ireland,	33	Feb. Remittens.
"	22. ELIAS J. DORSEY, (Col'd.)	Maryland,	42	Phthisis.
"	23. CHARLES OLSEN,	Sweden,	24	Fracture Spine.
"	29. JOHN MACK,	Ireland,	38	Feb. Typhus.
"	30. JAMES ELLIOTT,	England,	30	Bilious Remittent.
July	8. JOHN TRITON,	Hamburg,	40	Feb. Remittens.
"	" CHRISTIAN FREDERICK,	Germany,	31	Phthisis.
"	" JAMES COLE,	Maine,	19	Feb. Typhus.
"	10. JAMES CASEY, (Col'd.)	Connecticut,	27	Phthisis.
"	14. JAMES ROWE,	Louisiana,	22	Cholera.
"	15. BARZILLIA WILLETS, (Col'd.)	New Jersey,	23	Apoplexy.
"	18. EDWIN YARRINGTON,	Connecticut,	24	Feb. Remittens.
"	20. FREDERICK MYERS,	Germany,	23	Dysentery.
"	22. JOHN BECK,	Sweden,	29	Phthisis.
"	25. EDWARD COLE,	Maine,	17	Feb. Typhus.
"	27. PETER BENSON,	Norway,	22	Phthisis.
"	28. JOHN RAMSAY,	Scotland,	59	Valvular Dis. Heart.
"	29. PATRICK FULHAM,	Ireland,	32	Syphilis Sec'y
"	31. HARRY WILSON,	Norway,	22	Phthisis.

ERRATUM.—In the last No. of the Magazine, page 373, it is stated that the Home for colored seamen was opened in 1829. It should be 1839.

WANTS.

We take this opportunity to inform our friends of the Ladies' Seamen's Friend Societies, that sheets for single beds, pillow cases and blankets: also flannel shirts and stockings for shipwrecked and destitute sailors, are needed at the Sailor's Home in New York.

Sandwich Islanders on Long Island.

At the close of June an interesting scene took place at Greenport, Long Island, which a correspondent has communicated to the *New York Evangelist*. The Rev. Henry T. Cheever, the pastor of the church at that place, was for some time at the Sandwich Islands, and became interested in the natives of that country, and during his residence at Greenport has had frequent opportunities of meeting some of these people who have come out in whale ships. A few weeks ago nine of the crew of a whale ship at Greenport entered the church, and were seated in two pews together. This was noticed by the pastor, who having some knowledge

of their dialect, addressed them in their native tongue. This address is thus noticed by the correspondent :

"The address took them quite by surprise, and made a deep impression. In the afternoon they were there again in their places, and the pastor had brought his Sandwich Islands Testament, out of which he read to them from the pulpit a portion of the same chapter which he read to the whole congregation in English. They also remained at the Sabbath School, where the pastor conversed with them, and in the evening, there being three services, again they came to the house of God in company. Two or three of them, I believe, were members of Sandwich Islands churches, and one or two could speak a little English. It would have done your heart good to witness their dignified and serious deportment, to mark the neatness of their dress, the ease and quiet of their manners, their docility, openness, and frankness, their pleasant looks, and affectionate, confiding feelings. Where, in this wide world, could an equal number of seamen be taken, of any kindred or land, even the most Christian and civilized, that would make a better appearance, behave themselves more nobly, or present a more favorable testimony for their native country and education? And indeed, I may ask, where is the country on the face of the globe whose seamen would thus be found, on landing at their first port after a voyage of many months, inquiring first of all for the house of God, and presenting themselves all together there to spend their first Sabbath?

"And their interest in the services was more than mere form, as a characteristic little incident strikingly proved. They had seen the plates go round the church for the usual Sabbath contribution; but either because they were not handed to them, or because they themselves had come to church unprovided, they had no opportunity to give anything. Well, the next morning three of them came up to the minister's house, on purpose to bring their offering for the contribution, as they had been passed on the Sabbath, but should like the privilege

of giving! Match that, if you can, in the history of any company of seamen from a foreign church. It was a most impressive confirmatory testimony as to all the accounts we have received of the habits of missionary benevolence and activity in which the churches of the Sandwich Islands are growing up.

"Of course, these things gave the whole church and congregation a deep interest in these strangers, but especially the pastor and his family; and the interest was not a little deepened, when the same Sandwich Islands sailors were found as attentive at the religious meetings of the week as they had been on the Sabbath. On one occasion, in the midst of a drenching rain, finding the doors of the lecture-room closed, they proceeded to the house of the pastor, to see if they could not have a meeting there. Several of them, during their stay in port, have presented themselves daily at the village schools to take lessons in reading and cyphering."

The Sailor's Cause at Providence, Rhode Island.

Extracts from the report of Rev James O. Barney.

If we are to rely wholly or even chiefly on preaching to seamen on the Sabbath for their conversion, the abundance of the sea will never be converted to God.—Christ said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." In obedience to this command and commission, I preach to seamen on secular days as well as upon the Sabbath upon temperance, purity, and such other subjects as involve their duty and happiness. And this I do wherever I meet them, whether on the deck or on the wharf, in the street or boarding house, at the hospital or shipping office.

The seaman's chaplain has a rare opportunity to disseminate religious truth.—I have conversed with individuals of thirteen different nations and have preached to nearly half that number at one time.

During the Sabbath, nearly every vessel is visited by different gentle-

men, steadfast friends of the sailor, who distribute books, tracts, and religious newspapers, and then present a card inviting the ships' company to attend public worship with us. The tracts and other religious reading which have been distributed among seamen amount to 165,404 pages. The greater part of these have been furnished by benevolent individuals of this city and vicinity. Besides these, there have been distributed about thirty bibles and nearly one hundred copies of the New Testament, the greater part of which were a gratuity from the Rhode Island Bible Society.

I have also been furnished with different kinds of garments which have been no small comfort to the sick and destitute sons of the ocean. And the donors of these books and garments will allow me, in behalf of seamen to present you their cordial thanks, with the assurance that so far as my observation among them goes, never were gratuities more benefittingly bestowed, or more gratefully received.

I am sometimes asked, why I should feel so much interest for sailors. It would perhaps be a sufficient reply to say I have been one of their number myself. But let me say, that while conversing with a young sailor sick at the hospital, there was a rap at the door, a lady beautiful in person and rich in dress, entered the room. It was his mother. As she reached his bed, she partially knelt, and throwing her arms around his neck pressed him to her bosom, and calling him by name said, "oh, my son are you here." So strong were the emotions of both the son and the mother, that I retired, but before leaving the hospital I called at his room. His mother had got him up in a chair and was doing what she could for his comfort. I saw they had both been weeping. I said to him, "well sir, it is no small comfort to have a mother stand at your side again?" In a low voice he said, "no sir, no sir."—Ask that mother why she should feel for the sailor? He is her son, and doubtless shared as deeply in the sympathies of that

mother as any other member of the family

Called on board a vessel from Wales.—The second officer and one of the men were Portuguese. The officer could speak some English, 'Have you a Bible?' 'I have not.' 'Can you read in your own language?' 'Oh, yes.' 'Would you like to have a Bible in your own language, and would you read it, and read it to the men before the mast?' 'Yes, sir.' Procured and presented him one. He read and translated to me. He expressed great joy. Called again; the first officer said, 'Those men are exceedingly delighted with the Bible. They read it every leisure moment, and even get up in the night and go to each other's berths to read the Bible.' The second officer stated, that he had never read the Bible before, and knew nothing of what was in it, except what the priest told him. The Bible, he said, was a new book to him, and full of good things. That he and his companions were no longer Catholics. They should go to the priests no more, and make no more confessions to them. Nor would they go to Catholic meetings. They were now protestants, and should go to their meetings. Subsequently met him at the Mariner's Hall, and asked him if he loved that blessed Jesus of whom we read in the Bible, and trusted in him alone to be saved? 'I think I do, and I have read nearly all the Bible since you gave it to me.'

The City Hospital, which for years has been the home of sick and disabled seamen, has recently undergone pretty thorough repairs, and now makes a very comely appearance, from its beautiful situation and improved grounds. Still this is not the appropriate place for seamen, unless the U. S. Government purchase and control it, for emigrants and city patients infected with the most loathsome and fatal diseases, are sent to this house, and seamen are necessarily exposed to them, and sometimes take the disease and die.

These things ought not so to be. And seamen ask, "Cannot we be protected?"

PANAMA CHAPLAINCY.

HOPE IN DEATH.

Some time last June the clipper bark, *St. Mary, Lee*, master, that has been for some time trading on this coast, started on her return voyage round the Horn. Her first mate was B. A. Poorman, of Dresden, Muskingum Co., Ohio, (I give his name for the benefit of his friends,) a young man of fine spirit, cheerful, intelligent expression of countenance, good morals, and much beloved by his Captain. For some weeks he had been troubled with a disease common in this climate, which had much reduced his strength, but hoping much, from sea life, he started with his vessel. Six days out she struck a sunken reef in a dark night. He was quite unfit to be on deck, but in a time of danger he *would not* be kept in his berth. So he staggered on deck and labored till the ship was clear, when he was too weak to stand alone. The bark returned to this port and was condemned, while P. was taken to the Foreign Hospital, where I found him. On my first visit I inquired his hopes for eternity, and found he had none, except that he "had done nothing to cause him to fear to enter eternity." I labored for some time to show him the fallacy of such a hope, and at length he acknowledged that he had no good hope of heaven, and more than that he was in God's sight a great sinner. His state of mind continued the same for some days—confessing his need of a Savior, and his duty to repent, but doing nothing. One day he asked me to write a letter to his father, and having done so, as I was about to close it, I turned to him and said—"Now P. I wish I could say to your father—'your son hopes his sins are forgiven for Christ's sake.'" This

touching a tender chord, and he was unable to give me a word in reply—but it proved an arrow from the quiver of God.

For some days after this I was unable to visit him. He had seemed so well after entering the hospital that I had but very little doubt of his recovery, but when I saw him again he was evidently marked for death. His cheeks were sunk, his face growing livid, his breath was labored, interrupted with a severe hicough, and he lay in a stupor, from which the nurse said he could not be roused. But I had been indulging a hope that he would yet prove to be one of God's chosen ones, and could not bear to leave him so. So I laid my hand heavily on his breast, and called his name loudly. At once he started up as from a deep sleep and opened his eyes, but the moment he saw me, he grasped my hand with both of his, pressed it to his bosom and to his lips, and burst into a strain of gratitude, prayer, and thanksgiving, that was most touching. All in a breath, he tried to pray, express his joy at seeing me again, and to tell what he hoped God had done for his soul. He had no hope now but in Jesus Christ,—a great sinner, but believed there was mercy for him,—was now quite willing to die, because he felt sure he would go to Jesus. I directed his mind to rules given in scripture for testing one's hope, and also to the promises and encouragements appropriate to his condition, all which he received like the weaned child, trusting and thankfully. At his earnest request I prayed with him, and he interrupted me at every petition, with his exclamations, of praise, supplication, penitence and confidence in God.

From that hour he retained his reason till a few hours before his

death. He lingered for several days, during which time I saw him often, and always found him in the same state of mind. Once or twice a shadow of doubt crossed his horizon, but lasted only a moment, and was followed by the same calm, joyful hope in Christ. The attendants said it was just so all the day and all the night, he was continually praising and praying. A few hours before he died, he fell into the same kind of stupor, in which I had found him, and could not be roused again. Thus died a noble young man, and I cannot help indulging the hope that he died a true christian. J. R.

Panama, July 28th, 1853.

For the Sailer's Magazine.

LETTERS FROM POLYNESIA. No. 9.

HONOLULU, June, 15, 1853.

Anniversaries of Hawaiian Children's Missionary Society; H. Missionary Society; H. Bible Society; H. Tract Society; Royal H. Agricultural Society; Ladies' Stranger's Friend Society; Farewell Missionary Meeting.

Remarks the editor of a Boston newspaper, "Honolulu is coming to have its anniversaries as well as London, New York and Boston." During the latter part of May, and the early part of June, our various societies hold their anniversaries. The following is a catalogue of the various Societies, arranged according to the date of the organization.

Hawaiian Bible Society,	1841
Hawaiian Tract Society,	1841
Royal H. Agricultural Society,	1850
Hawaiian Missionary Society,	1851
Hawaiian Temperance Society,	1851
Missionary Society, among the Children of Missionaries,	1852
Ladies' Stranger's Friend Soc'y.	1852

The Anniversary meetings of these various Societies occur during the annual sessions of the Hawaiian Parliament and the general meeting of the American Missionaries. Both Houses, (the House of Nobles and the House of Representatives,) have been

several weeks in session, and will not adjourn until probably the middle of this month.

THE GENERAL MEETING of the American Missionaries opened May 16th, and is still in session, but will probably adjourn this week. The following Missionaries were present this year:—from

Hawaii.—Rev. D. B. Lyman, Rev. T. Coan, Rev. A. Thurston, and Rev. L. Lyons.

Mauit.—Rev. W. P. Alexander, Rev. E. Whittlesey and Rev. J. D. Conde.

Molokai.—Rev. C. B. Andrews.

Oahu.—Rev. E. W. Clark, Rev. L. Smith, Rev. D. Dole, Rev. B. W. Parker, Rev. A. Bishop, Rev. P. J. Gulick, Rev. J. S. Emerson, Mr. Castle, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Rice, Mr. Rogers.

Kauai.—Rev. E. Johnson.

Missionary Society among the Children of Missionaries.—The first Anniversary of this Society took place Saturday evening, May 21st. The exercises were held at the Mission School House. Receipts of the Society, \$629 30.

Hawaiian Missionary Society. The Anniversary of this Society took place at the Bethel, Tuesday evening May 24th. The exercises on the occasion, were made exceedingly interesting, in consequence of the presence of the Marquesian chief, who has come for a "Kumu" or Teacher. The Rev. Mr. Alexander officiated as an interpreter, who informed this Messenger from Marquesas, that the audience had assembled to confer in regard to sending Missionaries to his countrymen. With great earnestness, the chief asked, "Have you found the teacher?" It was for a 'teacher' that he had come—that was his sole errand. That one idea has been ever present to his mind, in public and in private. To one of the Missionaries he remarked, that he came not to see the country, its fig-trees, or its other products, but for a "teacher."

Some spirited remarks were made by Messrs. Alexander, Judd, Lee, and others; all tending to show that public sentiment was decidedly in favor of fitting out an expedition forthwith to the Marquesas. At the close

of the meeting, the officers for the coming year were elected, and the initiatory steps taken for obtaining a charter for the Society.

The annual sermon was preached by the Rev. T. E. Taylor, on Sabbath evening, May 23d, at the Court House, when a collection of \$260 00 was taken up. The receipts of the Society for the year are \$4,976 76.

HAWAIIAN BIBLE SOCIETY. This Society held its Anniversary Wednesday evening, 25th May, at the Bethel. Resolutions were offered by Messrs Hardy and Beckwith. The Secretary of the Society, Rev. T. E. Taylor, presented his report, which will be found in another column. Mr. Cooke, the Treasurer, remarked that he was unable to present his report, in as much as the annual collection had not been taken up. After choice of officers for the ensuing year, the meeting adjourned.

The annual address before the Society was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Dole, Sabbath evening, May 29th, at the Bethel, after which a collection was taken up, amounting to \$120.

Hawaiian Tract Society.—This Society held its Anniversary June 2d, at the Bethel. The report of the Treasurer was read, after which the annual sermon was preached by the seamen's Chaplain. The Collection was then taken. The audience in attendance was uncommonly large for a week day service.

After the usual exercises, the subject was discussed of employing a colporteur in Honolulu, during a part of the year. As such a movement would involve a much larger outlay of funds, than had hitherto been placed at the Society's disposal, the question was discussed whether the Society could sustain such an enterprise? In responding, one gentleman intimated that he would be responsible for \$150, supposing the sum of \$600 was required. Other sums were pledged upon the spot, increasing the amount to \$365. Cheered forward by such encouragement, the "Board of Directors" are now looking about for a suitable person to engage in this important work. It is proposed to employ said person during the busy Fall shipping season.

The Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society.—This Society held its 3d Anniversary last week. The Addresses, reading of Reports, and Exhibition, occupied three days, commencing on Tuesday morning, and closing late on Thursday evening. Although our foreign community is not large on the Islands, still it abounds with men of active minds, and those who wield vigorous pens. Many of the Reports before the Agricultural Society were well written, showing that we have practical agriculturists of no small amount of talent. The last of the reports will be embodied in the "Transactions" of the Society and published in due time.

The Ladies' Stranger's Friend Society.—This Society held its Anniversary last week. It is now one year old, but still has acted a most important part in providing for the destitute. During last year the Society expended over \$300, and actually raised more than \$2,500. It has \$2000 now at interest.

I rejoice to report that the Sailor is promptly cared for by this Society, if he is found in destitute or distressed circumstances.

Yours truly, S. C. DAMON.

Account of Monies.

From July 15th, to August 15th, 1853.

Directors for Life by the Payment of Fifty Dollars.

Rev. William B. Bond, by E. & T. Fairbanks & Co., St. Johnsbury, Vt., (amt. ack. below).	
Rev. G. S. Clapp, do do do.	
Rev. Andrew C. Dennison, by Cong'l Soc'y, Leicester, Mass.	50 00
Rev. Thomas S. Hastings, by First Pres. Ch., Mendham, N. J., (in part).	23 00

Members for Life, by the Payment of Twenty Dollars.

Rev. Charles Walker, D. D., by Ch. and Soc'y, Pittsford, Vt.	20 00
Rev. A. Hyde, Ch. and Soc'y, Benson, Vt.	20 00
Rev. R. S. Cushman, by Ch. and Soc'y, Orwell,	22 00

Capt. E. Stannard, by Sea. Fr.		" Second Con. So., do do	63 40
Soc. Westbrook, Ct. (bal.).	14 20	" First Con. Soc., Rock-	
Jos. A. Denney, Leicester, Ma.	20 00	ville, Ct.	21 75
Rev. Preston Cummings, by		" Second, do do., (in part).	13 00
Cong'l Soc. Leicester, Ma.,	18 38	" M. M. Dean, Somerville,	
Mrs. Mary B. Little, Chester		Mass.	2 00
Village, Mass., by George		" Con. Ch. and So. Hollis,	
Dickinson, Hadley, Mass.,	30 00	N. H.	89 72
Miss Sarah E. Colton, by La.		" First Con. So., Exeter,	
Sea. Fr. So., Hartford, Ct.,	20 00	N. H.	12 68
Elizabeth Sheldon, by do do.		" Yng. La. Sea. Fr. Soc.,	
(amt. prev. rec'd).		Lyme, N. H.	20 00
S. R. Ives, do do do.		" Sailors Fr., Manchester,	
M. A. Mallory, do do do.		N. H.	5 00
Mrs. Thomas D. Merrill, Con-		" North Ch., Portsmouth,	
cord, N. H., (in part).	5 00	N. H.	17 50
Mrs. Sarah McIntire, Wabash		" Second Pres. Ch., New-	
Co., Ind., by her husband,	10 00	ark, N. J.	34 36
Charles H. Rusher, by Mrs.		" Con. So. Wallingford, Ct.	20 00
O. H. Lee, New York, (am.		" Sun. Sch., " "	10 00
ack. below),		" Pres. Ch. New Provi-	
Mrs. Mary B. Bigelow, Mal-		dence, N. J.	15 00
den, N. Y., by her husband,		" Meth. Epis. Ch. do do.	4 09
(amt. ack. below).		" T. S. of Boston, Mass.	3 09
John W. Hanmore, Malden,		" A Friend, New York.	75 00
N. Y., by D. Bigelow, do.		" Mrs. Amelia Potter,	
Professor D. A. Wolf, Malden,		Kingsboro, N. Y.	5 00
N. Y. do do do.		" G. P. Bradley, Stock-	
Rev. Alfred Hawes, Manor		bridge, Mass.	2 00
Grant, Pa., by J. W. Mc-		" First Eccle. Soc., Hart-	
Intire, Philadelphia,	20 00	ford, Ct.	279 75
D. H. Haines, by Pres. Ch.		" North Con. Soc., do do.	86 76
Bridgehampton, N. Y.	20 00	" Sam'l Small, York, Pa.	5 00
Charles Terbell, do do.	20 00	" Union Meeting Quine-	
Dudley B. McLean, Sims-		baug, Ct.	4 74
bury, Ct. (balance).	10 00	" North Pr. Ch., N. York.	65 04
Mrs. Ellen M. Greenough,		" Pres. Ch., Malden, N. Y.	88 81
Groveland, Mass, by Fem.		" Cong'l Ch. and Soc.'y	
S. F. Soc. goods and cash.	26 00	Stamford, Ct.	60 87
Donations.			
From Orthodox Ch. and Soc.		" First Pres. Ch., Morris-	
Westford, Mass.	5 00	town, N. J. (in part).	18 75
" Ch. and So. Sullivan, NH.	14 00	" B. O. Canfield, do.	5 00
" New Alstead, N. H.	5 00	" Mrs. Canfield, do.	5 00
" La. Sew. So. Rindge, do.	15 00	" A. H. Condit, do.	1 00
" Con. Ch. and Soc. Wor-		" Con. Ch. and Soc., Wa-	
cester, Mass.	68 39	tertown, Ct.	27 75
" Pilgrim Evan. Ch. and		" Fem. Benev. Soc. First	
Soc. Southboro, Ma.	10 90	Cong. Soc'y, Jaffray,	
" A Sailor,	1 86	N. H.	13 00
" Rev. Mr Hood's Soc'y		" Con. Ch. and Soc., Mer-	
Middletown, Mass.	5 75	riden, Ct.	29 11
" Union Ch. Sudbury, Ms.	11 05		
" Con. Soc. Middlebury,			
Vt., (balance).	10 00		
" North Cong'l. Soc., St.			
Johnsbury, Vt.	76 76		
			\$1,626 37
		Sailor's Home New York.	
		Female S. F. Soc. Groveland, Mass.	
		1 quilt, 9 shirts, 6 pillow-cases, 6	
		sheets, 12 pr. socks.	

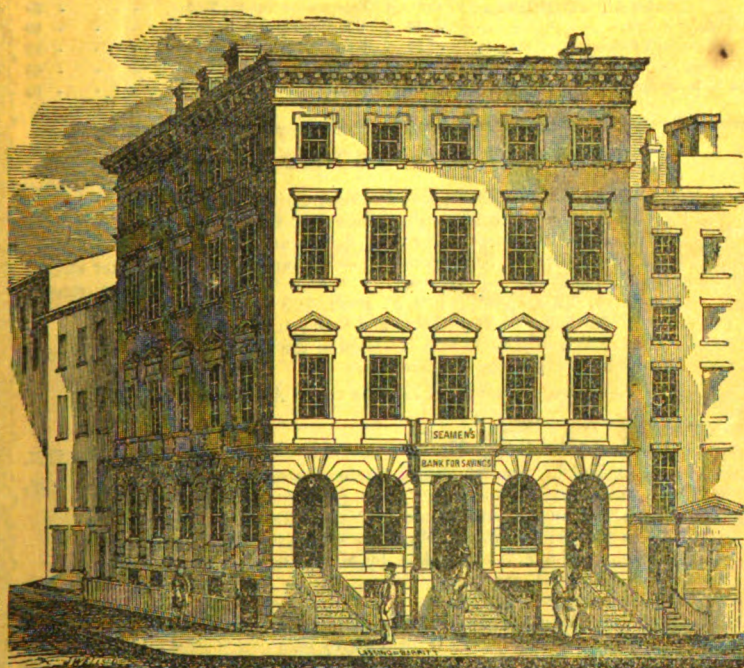
W. P. Gilbert

Vol. 26.

OCTOBER, 1853.

No. 2.

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.



SEAMEN'S BANK FOR SAVINGS.

New York :

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

No. 80 WALL STREET.

\$1 Per Annum—Postage, in N. Y., in ADVANCE, 3 Cts., a Year; Elsewhere, in the U. S.,
6 Cts.; Single Number 1 Ct.

JNO. H. SCHULTZ & CO., BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS, 122 NASSAU STREET.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

MISCELLANEOUS.		Page.
The Paradise in the Pacific, - -	33	Missing Vessel, - - - - - 54
The Japanese Stranger, - - -	42	Sources of Happiness, - - - 54
Magellan and its Inhabitants, - -	44	NEW YORK DEPARTMENT.
Valuable Remedy for Sailors, - -	45	New Chaplains, - - - - - 55
The Two Mates, - - - - -	45	Notice to Subscribers, - - - 55
A Story of Suffering at Sea, - - -	47	Our Swedish Sailor Missionary in America, - 55
Think of Both thy Guests, - - -	47	Marquesian Expedition, - - - 56
A Bit of Romance, - - - - -	48	Farewell Meetings, - - - - - 58
Ammi White's Tabular Bridge, - -	48	A Bad Name, - - - - - 58
NAVAL JOURNAL.		From Micronesia, - - - - - 59
Lightning at Sea, - - - - -	49	Temperance and the Pocket, - - - 59
Deaths in the Pacific, - - - - -	52	Valparaiso Chaplaincy, - - - 60
Disasters, - - - - -	52	Scene in a Prison, - - - - - 62
Notice to Mariners, - - - - -	54	Sailor's Magazine, - - - - - 63
		Account of Moneys, - - - - - 63

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW-YORK—*Sailor's Home*, Established by the American Seamen's Friend Society No. 190 Cherry st. between Market and Pike sts. Captain Daniel Tracy.
Mariner's Home, No. 107 Greenwich st. J. S. Towne.
 Other Boarding-Houses in New-York city.—William Sharp, 271 Water street; William Huelat, 334, 336, Pearl street; Peter Oberg, 91 Market street; Mrs. Alice Perry, 22 Oak st., Ben. F. Buck, 322 Pearl st.; Wm. Johnson, 9 Carlisle st.; Mrs. Johnson, cor. Cherry and Rosevelt streets.
Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society, kept by Albro Lyons, 64 Oliver-st.
BUFFALO, N. Y.—Sailor's Home, No. 17 Main st, by Andrew Spaulding.
BATH—Seamen's Mansion.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Edward C. Myers, corner of Market and Bow sts., Spring Hill.
BOSTON—The *Sailor's Home*, established by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society, 99 Purchase st. John O. Chany.
BOSTON—Mariner's House, North Square, by Mr. N. Hamilton.
 “ North End Sailor's Home, No. 6 N. Square, by Mr. Roberts.
 “ Richmond House, Richmond st., by Mr. Clark.
 “ John Kennolly, Clark-st.
 “ Murdock Matherson, Fleet-st.
SALEM—Ebenezer Griffin, No. 16 Vine st., clothing store, corner of Liberty and Vine sts.; and Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket st. near Derby st.
BRISTOL, R. I.—Mrs. Ann Pearce.
NEW-BEDFORD—Wm. Cranston, 14 Bethel Court; A. C. Davenport, 25 Middle st. *For Colored Seamen*, by Marshall L. Potts, corner Sixth and Bedford sts.
PHILADELPHIA—Sailor's Home, 204 South Front st., by J. H. Cassidy under the care of the Pa. Seamen's Friend Society.
BALTIMORE—New Seamen's Bethel Home and Shipping Office, Capt. J. B. Corner, 65 Thames Street.
ALEXANDRIA, D. C.—Sailor's Home, by John Robinson.
CHARLESTON—Sailor's Home, by Capt. P. H. Middleton, Market st., opposite State st., Moses Levy, Tradd st. Dexter Prentiss, Tradd st.
SAVANNAH—Foot of Jefferson st., O. C. Parker.
MOBILE—Sailor's Home, by Lewis Lawson.
NEW-ORLEANS—Sailor's Home, Capt. S. J. Duncan, corner of New Levee and Suzette streets.
ST. JOHNS, N. B.—Seamen's Home, by Joshua Turnbull, keeper.

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. 26.

OCTOBER, 1853.

No. 2.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE PARADISE IN THE
PACIFIC.

THE MUTINY.

Lieutenant Bligh had been for several years sailing-master in the *Resolution* of the celebrated circumnavigator, Captain Cook; and in the year 1787 was intrusted with the command of his majesty King George the Third's armed ship the *Bounty*, on an interesting expedition to the South Sea Islands—namely, acting on the suggestion of Sir Joseph Banks, who had visited Otaheite with Capt. Cook in 1769—to try the experiment of introducing plants of the bread-fruit tree, which supplied their food to the Otaheitans, into the West Indies. The *Bounty* set sail from Spithead on the 23d December, 1787. Mr. Bligh was then in the very prime of life—about thirty-three years of age. He returned to England and landed at Portsmouth on the 14th of March, 1790; having experienced during that brief interval, such a disastrous adventure as will, with its incidents, always associate his name with one of the most painfully interesting passages in our naval history. How little he thought of it as he issued in buoyant spirits from Spithead! The *Bounty* was of 215 tons burden,

and including Bligh, a botanist, and a gardener, carried forty-six persons. On the 26th of the ensuing October, they reached Otaheite (now called Tahiti,) and met with a very friendly reception from the natives, who supplied them in abundance with roasted pig and bread-fruit during a delightful stay of six months, during which Mr. Bligh succeeded in collecting upwards of a thousand plants of the bread-fruit tree. With these they quitted Tahiti in the spring of 1789, on their way to the West Indies. Mr. Bligh, though an able commander, seems to have been of a somewhat hasty temper; and it is possible that he and the master's mate, Mr. Fletcher Christian, lived not on the best terms together. The latter was a young man, only twenty-four years old, of respectable family, of talent in his profession, and possessed of a daring and adventurous spirit.

On the evening of the 27th of April 1789, the commander invited him to supper, but he declined; having, doubtless, by that time conceived the audacious purpose which he afterwards so quickly carried into effect. This memorable night was one distinguished even in the tropical regions for its tranquil loveliness; and we may conceive the commander of the *Bounty*, as his vessel softly cleave the

sparkling waters, and his sails glistened in the silver moonlight, pacing the deck, and enjoying the beauty of the hour. But who can tell what an hour may bring forth? He was woken out of sleep at break of day by a startling vision—his cabin full of men armed with pistols and cutlasses, headed by Mr. Christian! On his calling out to know what they meant, a voice sternly exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, sir, or you are dead this instant!" With oaths and great violence they tied his hands behind his back, without giving him time to dress; and then, hurrying him on deck, forced him, with eighteen persons, chiefly officers, superior and petty, into the ship's launch, flinging to them about 32 lb. of pork 150 lb. of bread, 28 gallons of water, 6 quarts of rum, 6 bottles of wine, 4 cutlasses, a quadrant, a compass, and a small quantity of canvas, twine, and cordage. The heartless mutineers then sailed away, leaving their unfortunate commander, and almost all his officers—nineteen persons—in a boat on the Pacific Ocean only 23 feet long, and 6 feet 9 inches broad, heavily laden, and without any awning! Could the mutineers have foreseen what was in store for them, they would not have dared a retributive Providence, and might have reflected a little on an old English maxim—"Begin nothing of which you have not well considered *the end*." Which fared worse, the mutineers or their victims, remains to be seen. We shall rapidly follow the course of each.

THE BOAT ADRIFT.

Here is scope for the imagination, and for sympathy. What will be thought of a slight open boat, thus crammed with human beings, performing a voyage across the ocean of nearly four thousand miles? Well indeed, and often, might they have exclaimed on their lonely and perilous voyage,

"Ye gentlemen of England, that dwell at home
at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon the dangers of the
sea!"

The ship left the hapless boat's crew at about thirty miles distant from Tofoa, one of the Friendly Islands, and

the first thing the latter attempted was to land at the island, to procure bread-fruit and water. The savages, however, received them barbarously, attacking them with stones, and beat them off the island, where they left dead one of their number, who had gallantly remained last on shore to push the boat off. The savages surrounded and killed him on the spot, and others pushed off in canoes to attack the unfortunate boat's crew, who, it must be remembered, had not been vouchsafed a single piece of firearms for their protection. Some cloths thrown into the water to amuse their pursuers, however, diverted their attention; and Mr. Bligh and his friends escaped massacre. But what was now to be done? Whither were they to direct their course?

"The world was all before them, where to
choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their
guide!"

After much consideration, Mr. Bligh obtained his companions' concurrence in a proposal to make for a Dutch settlement on the Island of Timor, (of which they knew nothing but the name), a distance of 3618 miles! The gunwales of the boat were only six inches above the water, and it is easy to imagine the misery to which eighteen people were to be so long consigned, even regarding only their cabined, cribbed, confined condition: they were to traverse the ocean by day, by night, in all weathers, over a space of comparatively unexplored ocean, equal to nearly a sixth of the entire circumference of the globe. They started upon their voyage on the 2d of May; all Mr. Bligh's company having solemnly promised him to be content with one ounce of bread and a quarter of a pint of water *per day* apiece. One half of them were to be on the look-out, while the others lay down in the boat's bottom: and not having room to stretch their limbs, and being exposed to constant wet and colds, they suffered, poor souls! quickly and severely from cramps, which almost disabled them from moving a limb. What a look-out by day and by night! One can imagine them often gazing down into the depth be-

neath them—within a few inches from its surface, and watching the dark shadows of the sharks sitting around them, waiting for a banquet, which any sudden caprice or accident might bring them! After five days' sail, they were startled to find two large canoes, filled with cannibals, making toward them at top speed from the Feejee islands. The canoes continued the chase till within two miles' distance, when they gave it up. Sharks beneath, cannibals behind, storms above and below!—what sources of fear and misery! what long hours of loneliness and terror must have been theirs? They encountered tremendous thunder storms—by one of them, shortly after starting on their voyage, they were very nearly swamped; yet these brave and good souls placed their hopes in God, to whom they often addressed a devout prayer, composed for them by their commander, partly from his recollection of the Prayer-book. He wrote it in a small blank signal-book, now extant; and it contains a humble confession of sins on the part of those suffering under the divine chastisement, invokes the protection of the Almighty in their misery and danger, and returns thanks to him who spared their lives from day to day. Poor Bligh tried as long as he could to note a few observations, chiefly of places he passed, in this book; and this blotted and weather-stained document, an affecting relic, is now in the possession of his daughters. 'It is with the utmost difficulty,' he says, "that I can open a book to write; and I feel truly sensible I can do no more than point out where these lands are to be found, and give some idea of their extent." It was fortunate, indeed, that no quarrels or dissensions seem to have broken out among the little crew. Had it not been so, what might have been the consequence? As early as the 8th of May, the allowance of food to each was necessarily reduced to one and a half ounce of pork, half a pint of cocoa-nut milk, an ounce of bread, and a tea-spoonful of rum. Bligh measuring out the allowance very accurately, by means of a pair of scales which he made out of two co-

coa-nut shells, while a pistol bullet (of twenty-five to the pound) served as a weight to fix the allowance of bread to each. The half pint of cocoa-nut milk, however, was soon further reduced to a quarter; and as for the bread, wetted and decayed as it was, and doled out thus by bullet-weight, it was eaten with the utmost relish. A fearful storm of thunder and lightning drenched them to the skin, yet proved a timely god-send, for it produced them twenty gallons of water. This was dealt out three times a day in a small horn cup two inches deep and two in diameter, and round it was written by Bligh, "Allowance of water three times a day." He took his own meals out a small gourd, round which he also wrote, "The cup I eat my miserable allowance out of." The bullet was afterwards set in a metal plate, on which Bligh inscribed, "This bullet, 1-25th of a lb., was the allowance of bread which supported eighteen men for forty-eight days, served to each person three times a-day, under the command of Captain William Bligh, from the 28th of April, 1789 to the 14th of June following." All these deeply interesting relics are now in the hands of his daughters. From the 10th of May they encountered a succession of storms, with frequent thunder and lightning, the sea constantly breaking over the boat, and nearly filling it with water, which they had to bail out as quickly as possible to prevent being swamped; yet most of them were seriously weakened and ill, from cramps and spasms. They gained some slight relief by adopting a suggestion of their thoughtful commander,—viz: they all took off their clothes, steeped in rain-wet, and wrung them in the salt water, which produced some little warmth to their shivering limbs. What a sight these unfortunate beings, thus engaged on the lonely ocean, must have presented to a pitying beholder! To aggravate their disastrous position, their little store of bread had become soaked in the salt water, which had broken over them incessantly; and even of their sorry fare, their pittance, by the 24th May, was reduced to 1-25th of a lb. for

breakfast, and the like quantity for dinner, omitting supper! On the 25th they succeeded in capturing one or two sea-fowl that came so near the boat (which must have been indeed a novel sight to them,) as enabled the mariners to catch them with the hand! They were of the size of a pigeon, and each was cut into eighteen pieces, and eaten, of course, uncooked.—About this time the heat of the sun became so intense that it caused a langour and faintness which made them weary of life. On the morning of the 29th they found themselves within a quarter of a mile of rocks on which the sea was breaking furiously, but they contrived to haul off, and so escape instant destruction. They were able to steer through an opening in the reef, and found a small island within it, which Bligh named "Island of Direction." "We had," says he, "returned God thanks for his gracious protection; and with much content took our miserable allowance of a 25th of a lb. of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water (with which they had been furnished, it will be remembered, by the thunder storm). At length they began to near New Holland, and landed on a fine sandy bay in an island near the main, where they luxuriated on *oysters*, water, and berries, and slept comfortably all night; but as they were preparing in the morning to leave, they found a large party of natives armed with spears, hallooing and running towards them—whether friendly or not, Mr. Bligh and his companions did not pause to ascertain, but put off safely to sea. On the 31st they landed at another little island, where they again found oysters; and it may be said, in a sad way, that they indeed "astonished the natives," on whom they supped heartily. On the evening of the 3d June they succeeded in threading their way through a most difficult and dangerous passage (the Endeavor Straits), and were again in the open ocean; but here again they had to encounter long-continued wet and stormy weather, from which their exhausted frames suffered very severely. Incessant fatigue, and exposure to cold and wet, overpowered

the strongest among them, and several seemed at the point of death. During all these terrible trials, the noble-spirited commander contrived to support their sinking spirits by every exertion to distract and amuse their attention, he himself all the while as exhaued as themselves. At length, however, his fortitude and constancy were rewarded; for, behold! at 3 A. M. of the 12th June, their eyes were ravished with a sight of their long-wished-for point of destination! *Timor! Timor!*—the island of Timor was in sight! Ah, who shall tell the thrill of ecstasy that shot through the hearts of the weather-beaten and all but prostrate boat's crew, as they first saw the island, and found themselves nearing it! What pious gratitude filled them towards their good God, in whose hands are all the waters of the earth, and who had conducted them through such unexampled perils!

On the 14th June they landed at the Dutch settlement of Coupang, after having been forty-eight long days and nights in this open boat on the ocean, and received a most hearty and hospitable welcome from the governor and all the other residents. On the 20th of August Mr. Bligh sailed with his surviving crew (for one died of fever at Timor), taking with him the launch in which they had crossed the ocean, for Batavia; and afterwards homeward with eleven out of the original eighteen, the others having died or preferred remaining in Batavia. He landed safe at Portsmouth on the 14th March 1790. His cruel case was instantly made known, and attracted universal sympathy.—He was quickly promoted, served with great distinction at the battles of Camperdown and Copenhagen, at the latter of which he commanded a ship under Lord Nelson; and was afterwards appointed governor of New South Wales, and ultimately became a vice-admiral. Thenceforth he lived happily in the bosom of his family, and died in London, in the year 1817, aged sixty-three.

RETRIBUTION.

The atrocious act of mutiny and

piracy excited, as may well be imagined, universal indignation in England; and a frigate (the *Pandora*), under the command of Captain Edwards, was forthwith despatched to the site of it, with orders to visit the Society and Friendly Islands and seize and bring home all the mutineers they might discover. The *Pandora* arrived at Matavai Bay off Otaheite, on the 23d March 1791; and three of the offenders immediately came on board, surrendered themselves, and were instantly put in irons. Eleven more were seized at Otaheite, and also put in irons. Two of the original mutineers who had landed at Otaheite, were dead—after one of them had become a king, and been shortly afterwards murdered by the other, who was himself instantly stoned to death by the natives. No tidings could be gained of the remaining nine mutineers, nor of the *Bounty*; and after making all possible effort to discover them, the frigate with her fourteen mutineers lying in irons in a cage on the after part of the quarter-deck, only eleven feet in length, called “*Pandora's Box*,” set off homeward. She was wrecked, however, on a coral reef off New Holland, on the 29th August, 1791, and the crew had to navigate a thousand miles in open boats. Four of the mutineers went down, in their irons, with the *Pandora*; others of their companions succeeded, with desperate efforts, in disengaging themselves from their irons. Thirty of the crew also perished.—Captain Edwards, and his surviving men and prisoners, succeeded in reaching a sandy quay, only ninety yards long by sixty wide,—a miserable spot where they all were nearly consumed, under a vertical sun, from the insupportable heat of which the wretched prisoners had no other defence but to bury themselves up to their necks in the burning sands! The captain and his men had tents made of boats' sails; but he deemed it consistent with duty to refuse the slightest shelter or protection to his wretched prisoners! One of them was a young gentleman, named Peter Heywood, not sixteen years old at the time of the mutiny, in which he had

taken no voluntary part. The only article he saved from the wreck was a Common-Prayer Book, which he held between his teeth as he swam to shore for his life. He, with his guilty surviving companions, reached England, heavily chained and almost in rags, on the 19th June, 1792. On the 12th September, he and his nine fellow-mutineers were brought to a court-martial at Portsmouth, on board the *Duke*, the president being Lord Hood. On the 6th day the court acquitted four of the ten, and found the remaining six guilty of the capital offence of running away with the ship, and deserting His Majesty's service. Among these latter was poor Peter Heywood. They were sentenced to be hanged by the neck on board one of His Majesty's ships of war; but two of them, Peter Heywood and another, were recommended to His Majesty's mercy. Two days afterwards, the unfortunate young gentleman wrote a letter to a clergyman, a friend of his family containing the following remarkable and affecting passages:—

“On Tuesday morning, the 18th instant, the dreadful sentence of DEATH was pronounced upon me, to which (being the just decree of that Divine Providence who first gave me breath) I bow my devoted head with that fortitude, cheerfulness, and resignation, which is the duty of every member of the church of our blessed Saviour and Redeemer Christ Jesus. To him alone I now look for succor, in full hope that perhaps a few days more will open to the view of my astonished and fearful soul His kingdom of eternal and incomprehensible bliss, prepared only for the righteous of heart. I have not been found guilty of the slightest act of the detestable crime of mutiny, but am doomed to die for not being active in my endeavor to suppress it. Could the evidences who appeared in the court-martial be tried, they would also suffer for the same and only crime of which I have been guilty. But I am to be the victim. Alas! my youthful inexperience, and no depravity of will, is the sole cause to which I can attribute my misfortunes. But, so far

from repining at my fate, I receive it with a dreadful kind of joy, composure, and serenity of mind, well assured that it has pleased God to point me out as a subject, through whom some useful, though at present unsearchable intention of the divine attributes may be carried into execution for the future benefit of my country. Then why should I repine at being made a sacrifice for the good of perhaps thousands of my fellow-creatures? Forbid it, Heaven!"

On the 24th October, 1792, he and another received a free, unconditional pardon; another was respited and ultimately pardoned; and three were hanged at the yard-arm, a miserable spectacle, in Portsmouth harbor, on board the *Brunswick*. When Captain Montagne, two days before the execution, read young Peter Heywood His Majesty's gracious pardon, the youth addressed him in the following noble strain:

"Sir, when the sentence of the law was passed upon me, I received it, I trust, as became a man; and if it had been carried into execution, I should have met my fate, I hope, in a manner becoming a Christian. Your admonition cannot fail to make a lasting impression upon my mind. I receive with gratitude my sovereign's mercy, for which my future life shall be faithfully devoted to his service."

And faithfully his future life redeemed the pledge. He immediately re-entered His Majesty's service, rose in it rapidly to high station, greatly distinguished himself, and died in honorable retirement in the year 1831, in his 58th year. His considerate and discriminating judges, after weighing all the facts of the case, regarded him as having been more unfortunate than criminal, from his youth, the coercion under which he had labored, and the absence of any proof that he had taken part in the outrage inflicted on his commander, or his fellow-victims. His early misfortunes saddened and sobered him for life; he became the idol of those who were placed either over or under him; and it stands recorded of him by one of our naval annalists, "that his king and country never had a more faithful

servant, nor the naval service a more worthy and respectable member."

THE MISSING MUTINEERS.

It seems difficult to assign adequate motives for the mutiny of the *Bounty*, or at least to imagine the ulterior objects of its perpetrators. Fletcher Christian, the ringleader, was a gentleman by birth and education, brother of Professor Christian, the annotator of *Blackstone's Commentaries*, and Chief Justice of Ely; while Mr. Young, one of the midshipmen who shared his desperate venture, was the nephew of a baronet. What could such men have imagined would be their destiny? What, for instance, could they do with their king's ship? What pleasure could they have in spending the rest of their lives among savages?

It was twenty years before the slightest trace of them could be detected, but then their deplorable fate became known. It seems that as soon as they had turned adrift their commander, Christian sailed for an island 500 miles south of Otaheite, intending to land there; but the inhabitants refusing to allow them, they returned to Otaheite. Once more they went to the island in question, were again repulsed by the natives, and once more repaired to Otaheite. It was now necessary for them to consider seriously how they were to dispose of themselves. All but nine resolved to settle at Otaheite, Christian, and his eight companions resolving to try their fortunes elsewhere. It so happened that he had found in the *Bounty*, among its commander's books, a copy of Commander Cartaret's *Voyage Round the World*; and among his other discoveries, the author mentions a very little island which he first saw on the 2nd July, 1767, in the South Pacific Ocean; "it appeared," he said, "like a great rock rising out of the sea," and was so high as to be visible at more than fifteen leagues distance. . . . Its highest point rose 1008 feet above the level of the sea, and in clear weather could be seen at forty miles' distance. As it was first seen by a young gentleman named Pitcairn,

they gave it his name, "Pitcairn's Island," and tried to land on it; but the surf was raging so violently round it as to render near approach impossible. It is at a distance of 1200 miles from Otaheite, and is in latitude $25^{\circ} 4'$ south, and in longitude $180^{\circ} 8'$ west. It is only four miles and a half in circumference, a mile and a half being its greatest length. It is of volcanic origin, having been elevated from the bed of the ocean by some tremendous convulsion caused by the action of fire, which has given a vertical character and a jagged outline to the stony mountains, and rendered the scenery wildly picturesque. It is covered with trees—the coconut, plantain, bread-fruit, and banyan—and its climate is favorable to the growth of vegetables. There are no venomous reptiles. There is only one point, called Bounty Bay, where access is possible, and that only in calm weather; and even then great care is requisite to avoid the breakers. There is scarcely any beach; and almost instantly on landing the visitor commences a precipitous ascent. This was the desolate spot selected by the mutineer and his companions for their future residence! They sailed in the *Bounty*; and when it arrived, there landed from it twenty-eight souls; viz., Christian, Mr. Young, a midshipman, and seven seamen; and all these nine Englishmen had married Otaheitan women! who accompanied them. There were also six Otaheitan men, three of them with wives; and a child ten months old. Let the reader realize for a moment the feelings of a gentleman—of two gentlemen, married to savages, doomed to spend the rest of their days on that forlorn spot, ten thousand miles away from home, where were their anxious families and friends, and where also resided those who doubtless were sending forth scouts to scour the ocean in quest of the guilty occupants of that island, and bring them home to suffer a just and ignominious death!

Christian and his friends were not however the first occupants of the island, for they found indubitable traces of ancient predecessors, savage

and idollitrous; hatchets; spear-heads of hard stone; a large stone bowl; carvings of the sun, moon, and stars; four images six feet in height; and a number of skulls buried, each having a pearl under it. The new comers found no other traces of man on the island; they were the only living human occupants.

MURDERS.

Fearful times awaited the mutineers and their companions. Christian retained for a while the position and authority of head of the community; and his mind seems to have been occupied with efforts to preserve order and peace, which were hourly interrupted by his turbulent and savage companions. Much of his time, however, was spent on a spot on the top of a high rock, which he called his "look-out," whence he would anxiously survey the ocean, to see whether it bore along its bosom the coming avenger! What thoughts must have been his on these occasions of mournful solitude! What would he then have given to undo all he had done.

Shortly after their landing they broke up the *Bounty*, and so condemned themselves to perpetual imprisonment in the island. There were sanguinary frays incessantly arising between the Europeans and the savages; and at length the Otaheitan men entered into a plot to destroy their European companions. The wives of the latter, however, disclosed it to their husbands on the eve of the projected massacre. The result, however, may be anticipated. Within a year's time, Christian and four of his companions were murdered by their Otaheitan companions, all of whom were in turn slain the same year! One of them was killed with an axe by *Mrs. Young*, the midshipman's Otaheitan wife! As soon as she had done this, she signalled her husband, and he immediately shot the sole surviving Otaheitan! In the year 1794, there were only four of the Englishmen alive, one of whom was Mr. Young; and the five skulls of the murdered Englishmen, including Christian, were kept by the women of the place as trophies; and they

were afterwards, only with much difficulty, prevailed on to give them up to be buried. One of the survivors was unhappily acquainted with the art of distilling; and having converted a copper boiler from the *Bounty* into a still, he made ardent spirits from the root of a plant in the island. How strongly this cause operated in promoting turbulence and bloodshed may be imagined. He himself in a fit of *delirium tremens*, committed suicide, throwing himself from a rock into the sea; another was killed by Mr. Young, and one John Adams, in self-defence; and of all the fifteen unhappy men who had landed from the *Bounty*, only two died a natural death—Young, of asthma, in 1800; and Adams in 1829. The last survivor of those who had come in the *Bounty* was Mrs. Young, who died at an advanced age in the year 1850. From all this it may appear that the mutineers must have found the barren rock to which they partook themselves, become a very hell upon earth.

THE ISLAND PATRIARCH.

The last male survivor was the John Adams above mentioned, a seaman; and marvellous, indeed, was the change which reflection and merciful experience contributed to effect in his mind and character. He had lived not only among scenes of violence and blood, but in constant terror of being discovered by some ship approaching the island, and taken home to be hanged. As a sample of his sufferings on this score, in the year 1795 a ship was seen coming near the island, on which he and his brother mutineers hid themselves in the bushes in great terror. When at length they dared to venture out, they stole cautiously to the landing-place, and found that the ship had disappeared; but as a knife and some cocoa-nuts were lying near the water's edge, it was clear that some one had landed, but doubtless not having seen any traces of occupation, had left, and the ship had proceeded on its voyage.

In the year 1800, Adams, then only thirty-six years old, found himself the only man in the island—his companions being twenty of the children of

his deceased comrades; but they had come to regard him as their common father, with reverence and affection. He was providentially possessed of one solitary copy of the Bible, and of a prayer-book, which had belonged to the *Bounty*, and of these he made unceasing use. Two remarkable dreams occurred to him in the year 1810, which he always regarded as having been designed to awake in him reflection and repentance; and he became a very devout man—training up in Christianity the young semi-pagans who surrounded him. He had constant morning and evening prayers, and was never tired of reading to them the Scriptures, in which they took such a delight, and on one occasion, two of the lads having earned a little present of gunpowder—a very precious commodity there—as a reward for their labor in preparing the ground for planting yams, proposed that, instead of the present, he should read them some extra lessons from the bible! He became in truth, as he has since been called, an island patriarch.

In the year 1808, an American captain landed at the island, not a little to Adams' alarm, and on quitting took with him a chronometer and compass which had belonged to the *Bounty*, and forwarded them to the Admiralty—being, of course, acquainted with the story of the mutiny. No steps, however, were taken by the British government; but six years afterwards, Adams beheld with dismay two men-of-war approaching the island, and he reasonably apprehended that at length his hour was come, for the two captains, with some officers and men, were seen descending the ships' sides, and immediately landed. Adams made no attempt to conceal himself—resigned to his destiny but was quickly comforted by the tidings that he was not to be arrested that a quarter of a century had passed away, and his presence was considered useful to the young islanders. Then, indeed, a mill-stone fell from his neck. How the weight of it had worn him may be guessed from the fact, that Sir Thomas Staines, one of the captains, styled him, in his dispatch, "a

venerable old man—whereas he was then only *fifty* years old! Sir Thomas added, "His exemplary conduct, and fatherly care of the whole little colony, could not but command admiration. The pious manner in which all those born on the island have been reared—the correct sense of religion which has been instilled into their minds by this old man, has given him the pre-eminence over the whole of them—who look up to him as the father of the whole, and one family. When Sir Thomas and his companions saw the island they did not suppose it inhabited, and were greatly surprised to observe, as they approached, plantations laid out, and very neatly-constructed huts and houses! When within two miles from the landing-place, some natives were observed bringing down their canoes on their shoulders, in which they dashed through a heavy surf, and pulled off to the ships. What was the astonishment of the sailors to hear one of the two savages exclaim, on approaching the ship, "Won't you heave us a rope now?" And who should these prove to be, but a son of Christian, twenty-five years old, and of Young eighteen years old! They were fine handsome fellows, tall and well-proportioned, and their features were those of an honest English face. Their only dress was a piece of cloth round their loins, and a straw hat ornamented with the black feathers of the domestic fowl. When they had got on board, Sir Thomas Staines took them down into his cabin to give them lunch, and was moved with sudden tenderness on seeing one of them rise up, place his hands in a posture of devotion, and distinctly and solemnly say, "For what we are going to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful!" On accompanying them back to the island, and accomplishing the landing with no little difficulty, Sir Thomas was charmed with the scene and the reception which awaited him. Poor old Adams and his wife, who was blind and infirm, conducted their great guests to his snug and neat house, and spread out for them a little repast of yams, cocoa-nuts, and fine fresh eggs. They found the set-

tlement to consist of forty-six grown-up young people, with a number of infants. The young men were all fine athletic fellows, their faces full of frankness; but the young women excited great admiration. They were tall and finely formed; their faces beaming with smiles, but wearing an air of modesty and bashfulness that would do honor to the most virtuous nation on earth. "Their teeth like ivory, even, regular, and beautiful, without a single exception; and all of them, both male and female, had the most marked English features."—Their little houses were models of comfort and cleanliness, and the grounds all round were carefully cultivated. They were very systematic in conducting their little affairs. Old Adams, for instance, kept a careful register, containing the times and account of their work, and what each had acquired by it; and they had a regular system of barter—as of salt for fresh provisions; vegetables and fruit for poultry, and fish, &c. All were engaged in the cultivation of the ground (growing chiefly yams) and fishing; and when one had cleared a sufficient quantity of ground, and had stock enough to maintain a family, he was allowed to marry—but always with the consent of Adams. The utmost harmony prevailed in their little society. They were simple, sincere, affectionate and pious, and most exemplary in discharging their religious duties.

These matters continued till the year 1825, when Captain Beechy visited the island in the *Blossom*, and has left on record an affecting picture of their primitive simplicity and happiness. They were still under the care of their old patriarch Adams.—"These excellent people," said Captain Beechy, "appear to live together in perfect harmony and contentment; to be virtuous, religious, cheerful and hospitable, even beyond the limits of prudence; to be patterns of conjugal and parental affection; and to have very few vices. We remained with them many days, and their unreserved manners gave us the fullest opportunity of becoming acquainted with any faults they might have possess-

ed." Their reverence for the Sabbath would shame many a highly-civilized Christian community. It was, indeed, "kept holy"—a day of rest, in truth; and of cheerful reverence towards the Most High. Their services were conducted in strict conformity with the usages of the Church of England, the prayers being read by old Adams, and the lessons by one appointed by him for that purpose.

Their only intercourse with the great world was on the occasion, few and far between, of ships of war, whalers, or others, touching at the island. "These seas," says a traveler on them during the last year (1852), "are but little frequented. To give an idea of their vast extent, notwithstanding the thousands of ships that are trading on them, we have seen only one ship at sea, and our track measures some 4500 miles! What a little spot this island appears in the vast Pacific! apparently incapable of resisting the mighty waves of so vast an ocean. The mutineers might well deem themselves secure on so small an island!"

At length,

"Declining gently to the last, this good old man he died."

Old John Adams expired on the 5th March, 1829, in the sixty-fifth year of his age—a sad day for the little community which he had trained into one so exemplary; thereby offering the best atonement in his power for the guilt which had stained his early years.

To be Continued.

THE JAPANESE STRANGER.

We noticed on Monday the arrival of Lieut. Pease, of the U. S. revenue service, with a number of articles obtained from a Japanese wreck, which he intends to exhibit at the "World's Fair." We find the following narrative relative thereto in the San Francisco Times and Transcript:—

A few days ago we made allusion to the rescue of a person from a strange wreck, fallen in with by the Emma Packer, in lat. 28 deg. 50 min. North, lon. 158 deg. 46 min. West,

during the recent voyage of that vessel from Tahiti to this port. We were waited on yesterday by First Lieutenant Pease, commanding the U. S. revenue cutter Argus, on this station, who has kindly laid us under obligations for much interesting information, both in regard to the wreck encountered, and the strange individual rescued from it.

It seems that the stranger turns out, as suspected, to be a Japanese. On the arrival of the Emma Packer at this port, collector Saunders, when informed by Lieut. Pease that the stranger was a Japanese, directed that the man be placed in the care of the officers of the Argus, until instructions should be received from Washington relative to his disposal. The Argus was then lying at Benicia; but Lieut. Pease, being in this city, took charge of the stranger, and conveyed him on board his vessel. Fortunately the cook of the cutter happens to be a Japanese—one of those rescued from shipwreck some time since—and Lieutenant Pease was thus afforded the means of immediately solving the mystery. One of the seamen on board the cutter, whose name is Thomas Troy, also understands some parts of the Japanese language, and between the two the following history was made out:—

The Japanese junk Ya-tha-ma-roo, with a crew of thirteen persons, left Matsmay, a port in the southern part of the Island of Yesso, on the 1st day of the 9th moon, (September, 1852,) bound for the city of N-heeng-au-tha, a port on the west coast of the Island of Nippon, in the sea of Japan, distant from Matsmay one hundred and fifty Japan, or a little more than three hundred English miles. The junk was loaded with one hundred and twenty thousand she-wo-sha-kee, (salted salmon,) and had but a small quantity of rice on board, as the commander expected to call at a port at no great distance, where rice could be purchased at a cheaper rate than at Matsmay. They had three tanks of water, two of which were stowed aft, one on each side of the helm, and the other forward on deck.

They had three days of fine weath-

er after leaving port, during which time they were carried through the straits and into the Sea of Japan. On the fourth day, in the forenoon, the wind died away, and in the afternoon, about 4 o'clock, a strong northwest gale came on and drove them back through the Straits of Matsuyama. The wind and rain increased, and a heavy sea running carried away the rudder, fractured the stern, and washed away the two water-tanks aft. At this time they were still in sight of the land, and the sailors insisted on taking the boat to attempt to make it; but the owner, who was on board, offered the men forty dollars each to stay by the vessel, and they agreed to do so. On the fifth day land was out of sight, and the crew then gave up to despair. Observing some thick clouds on the horizon, which they mistook for land, they lowered a boat and got what they could into it—baskets of clothing, chests, all the rice they had, and some water. After pulling about a mile in the direction of the clouds, they found the sea was too rough, and they were obliged to return. They reached the vessel, and got on board, but could not get the heavy articles up. The boat knocked against the vessel, and shortly went to pieces.

On the eight day the vessel rolled so heavily they were obliged to cut the mast away. On the ninth day their rice was exhausted, and it was found that the remaining water-tank, which had been stowed a year contained but little water, having become worm-eaten. They were now without provisions, except the salt fish, and had but a small supply of water. The latter they continued to serve out very sparingly while it lasted, and they now began to have recourse to their salted salmon.

On the 20th day of the 10th moon (October) the first death occurred. They dressed the deceased in his best clothes, attached his purse of money around his neck, sewed him up in a mat, and launched him into the deep. On the 28th day of the 12th moon the next death occurred, and the corpse was disposed of in like manner. On the 16th of the 1st moon (some time in Jan., 1853) the

owner of the vessel and cargo died. He was the owner of three other vessels all trading to Matsuyama. The fourth man died on the 2d day of the 2d moon; the fifth on the 12th of the same moon; the 6th on the 14th; and on the 20th the captain died. On the 8th and 12th of the 3d moon two others died; and on the 8th of the 4th moon the 10th man died. On the 10th of the same moon (April) the eleventh man died; and was followed on the 11th by the twelfth man, leaving only one survivor. The latter now gave over all hope, and spent his time mainly in crying and praying, until he was nearly exhausted. His mouth and throat were so much swollen, from the use of salt fish, that he had at last become unable to swallow. Meanwhile the only water left him was rain-water, or such as himself and companions had been able to obtain by distillation, by means of cooking utensils. On the 14th day of the 4th moon he contrived to spear a dolphin, and get it on board; but when he had cooked a portion, he found his throat in such a condition that he could not swallow. On the 17th day of the 4th moon he lay down forward to sleep, in a most miserable situation, and impressed with the opinion that he could not survive more than three days. When he awoke he was surprised to see strange people around him, who soon placed him in a boat, and conveyed him to a strange vessel.

From the foregoing account it will be seen that the disabled vessel must have been floating about at the mercy of the wind and waves for seven and a half months; during this long period those of the crew who survived had little else of sustenance than salt fish, and the poor excuse for water afforded in the manner described. The last man that died was in the hold of the vessel at the time of his death and the sole survivor was too much reduced in strength to get him overboard.

The name of the rescued man is Dee-yea-no-akee, he was clerk to Jintaro, the owner of the vessel and cargo. The rest of the sufferers were named as follows:—Captain

Koo-ma-gi-ro; first officer, Kats-oo-no-skee; second officer, Ee-so-keechee; third officer, Yu-au-ge-ro; ship's cook, Tho-koo-dho; seamen, That-no-skee, Yee-au-ki-chee, Gi-ro-ki-chee, Ee-chi-jim, and Soo-kay-yo-mung.

Dee-yee-no-skee, since meeting with his countryman on board the *Argus*, has acquired a confidence that he did not before possess, having at first regarded his rescuers with suspicion. On the trip up to Benicia, he seemed much astonished at the movement of the steamer; and although shown the engine, could not conceive by what power the vessel was propelled through the water. He at present seems very grateful to those who have befriended him; says he was attended very carefully by the officers and crew of the *Emma* Pack-er, and is sorry that it is not in his power to recompense them for their kindness.

On meeting with his countryman on board the revenue cutter *Argus*, at Benicia, there was mutual astonishment expressed by the two parties, though the cook showed the stranger much deference; the latter belonging to a higher class of society than the other. This latter fact was shown in their manner of bowing. In performing this ceremony, the ends of a girdle which they wear must touch the ground. The cook, belonging to the lower million, wore a very short girdle, and consequently had to bow very low. The clerk, belonging somewhere in the neighborhood of upper-ten-dom, wore a long girdle, so that a gentle inclination only was necessary.

Dee-yee-no-skee is about twenty-two years of age, and though he expresses so much wonder at every thing he sees, appears to be possessed of much natural intelligence. He has entirely recovered from the effect of his protracted privations, and is quite healthy. Besides the cook referred to, there is a Japanese boy, about fifteen years of age, on board the *Argus*, who is one of the party saved from shipwreck about three years ago, so that Lieut. Pease has quite a Japanese party around him.

For the *Sailor's Magazine*.

MAGELLAN AND ITS INHABITANTS.

VALPARAISO, August 7, 1853.

DEAR SIR,—You will remember me as formerly master of the ship *Hannibal*, and one of your correspondents. I am now a boarder in a Hotel in Chili, having come passenger to this place in the steamer *Uncle Sam*, 44 days from New York, including 7 1-2 days detention at Rio and in the Straits of Magellan.

Terra del Fuego, shows in all its native splendor now, being mid-winter, and of course covered with snow, its tremendous mountain peaks reaching far away into the empty space above.

I have frequently visited Terra del Fuego, it is one of the most magnificent and wonderful of the great Creator's works. The passage of the Straits is very interesting, not more from its snow-capped mountains than on account of its natives. You will probably remember a few missionaries who perished a short time since at Picton Island on its southern coast. This happened but a few months after I was at the same spot. They died from hardship and probably starvation: but left their written record that they departed, although upon the barren rocks where a perpetual winter reigns, rejoicing that God was with them. The natives I think deserted and left them to perish. But I feel sure that in case the natives showed them kindness, the result must have been the same. Our people could not subsist there. The natives go nearly naked, live in wretched huts, which are nothing more than a few branches of green trees piled one against another at top, and no larger than a common hay-cock, neither air, wind, or water tight; holes all around, but a large one for a chimney. They never lie down to rest, but build a fire in the centre and all squat around the fire. Their eyes are always inflamed from the effects of the smoke. They generally live in their canoes (which are made of the bark of the winteria, a large tree which flourishes there,) during the day, and at night haul up and squat down to rest. They live

almost wholly on fish, seals, otters, and the fat or blubber of whales, or any thing of the kind they can catch. I think a white man left among them must perish. They seem only a single remove from the brute creation. Their clothing which is no more than a small piece of otter skin, only covers the weather shoulder, which they shift from one to the other when they go about, or as a sailor would say, in stays. As to their language, *yama schuna—yama schuna*, often repeated, is the most that can be gathered from them. We saw two canoes the other day, one of which had nine persons, five of whom were children, some very small, paddling about in the Strait, the thermometer at 35°. They are, and are like to be, lords of all they survey. I shall leave here for Callao in a few days and intend to write you again. Meanwhile adieu. Truly yours,

JNO. W. BROWN.

VALUABLE REMEDY FOR SAILORS.

Extract of a letter from Capt. I. T. Gerry, commander of the Sloop of War Albany, dated at Sea off Havana, August 1, 1853.

"My Surgeon has given Lemon Acid, and no other medicine, to all his Rheumatic patients, "*chronic, acute, and fluctuating*," particularly about the "chest and heart," and this treatment has resulted in the most extraordinary, quick and perfect cures for this distressing complaint. I can confirm by experience, its immediate good effects and speedy cure. One wine glass of pure lemon juice in double the quantity of water and sugar, three times a day, has in every instance effected a cure in one week, but in most cases, in half that time, and generally relieves the pain in one or two days. Some of these cases were of the most obstinate kind, and had been under every kind of treatment in hospital, &c., for years, on this station, the Home Station, and elsewhere, all of which are now perfectly cured and enjoying better health than they ever did before. Some

men were 45 to 50 years old, and some 17 and upwards. Some resembling gout, more than rheumatism, and yet all yielded to this remedy. Of the many cases of men actually disabled in bad weather, we have not one now, who suffers any bad consequences from being for hours wet and exposed."

We may add the Albany is strictly a temperance ship. The food and even the recreations of the men are cared for by her kind and judicious Captain.—Ed.

From the London Evan. Magazine.

THE TWO MATES.

Scarcely any thing has taken place of late years more cheering than the great and glorious change which has been produced on the hearts and lives of seamen. Every one who is acquainted with our seaports must have observed it. Some gaze, admire and hate the change; but others are filled with thankfulness, and rejoice in hope, that the work will go on and prosper until every ship becomes a bethel—every sailor's heart a temple of the Holy Spirit. Various causes have contributed to produce this blessed change, among which the zeal of a few pious sailors has been very conspicuous. One instance I shall mention in the "History of the two mates."

One Sunday afternoon I was walking on the quarter deck, meditating on the goodness of God. We had spent a most solemn and delightful morning. Many of the congregation were melted to tears! and I was anticipating a still more interesting meeting in the afternoon, when I was interrupted for a moment by a smart young man coming on board. It was an hour before service; but in order to occupy him, I directed him where to find some tracts. "And may I take some for the men too, Sir?" said my smiling friend. "Yes," I replied "take one for each of your ship's company." Soon after this our people came on deck; and, when the mate appeared, I saw the stranger spring from larboard to starboard in a moment, and

laying hold of his hand shook it most heartily. They then began to talk, and the shaking of hands was renewed again and again. After service I said to our mate, who was a pious man, "what was the cause of all your shaking of hands just now?" "Why, Sir," said he, "it is altogether a most interesting affair. You must know, Sir, that about ten years ago I wintered in Sunderland. At that time there was a great stir among godly people of all denominations; they seemed determined to snatch sinners as brands from the fire, and in many instances I believe they succeeded. I, as well as others, was engaged in endeavoring to prevail upon sailors to attend the preaching of the gospel; and the young man whom you saw shaking hands with me, and who is now mate of a ship, was one of the wild young fellows that I met with, and encouraged to go to the preaching. He went with me and he says then and there God was pleased to touch his heart, and to bring him under deep convictions of sin. Then he began in earnest to seek after the Lord Jesus Christ, as the Saviour of his soul, and he quickly found him, and obtained mercy; and ever since that day he has been walking in the narrow path which leadeth unto everlasting life; what is very surprising, Sir, we have never seen each other since until this afternoon; and though I have no doubt it is all true, yet after so many years, it had quite escaped my memory, nor do I recollect that I ever saw the young man before." The mate while he related this to me was much affected at the unlooked for, but joyful intelligence; and it left an impression on my mind which I hope never to forget, and produced a train of thoughts such as the following:

1. How many ways there are in which a man may glorify God, and do good to his fellow creatures! Some preach the gospel, others teach in a Sunday School; some clothe the naked, others visit the sick; some distribute tracts, and others like my friend, the mate, go out into the highways, or on board ships, and encourage poor sinners to go and hear the gospel. Oh, if any young man stand

all the day idle, it is an awful proof that he has no disposition to work; for in every place sinners are perishing, and calling for the pity and the aid of all who fear God! Reader, what are you doing?

2. There is scarcely a sailor in the world who might not imitate the mate, and, through the blessing of God, become very useful. Look at him: he meets a wild young fellow running in the broad road which leadeth to destruction! he stops him, advises him, encourages him, directs him, goes with him, brings him to the house of prayer, and there God meets with him and converts him. Blessed change!

3. What pure delight must the mate have felt when he heard the joyful story! "You," said the stranger, "was the instrument of leading me to seek the salvation of my soul." Is it not astonishing that pious people are not more desirous to enjoy this felicity, and to turn sinners, "from darkness to light," "to save souls from death," to "hide a multitude of sins?" Oh, what a change we will see, both on sea and shore when pious people shall rouse from their slumbers, and live up to their privileges! God is faithful, and he will not let his servants labor in vain. No, no! a hundred such men as our mate would work wonders in a port.

Lastly, I observe, the circumstance teaches us that a person may be blessed as the instrument of great good, while he knows not of it. Ten years had rolled away from the time that these two men met in Sunderland, and during these ten years the stranger had been enjoying the comforts of a religious life, but the mate knew nothing of it; and but for this casual meeting in a foreign port, he might never have heard of it until the judgment day. I felt this consideration particularly animating to my own soul, for I was laboring among strangers whom I had never seen before, and perhaps may never see again.

Martin Luther in writing to a friend said, "I regard it as an abundant reward of my labors to know that I live only to serve others."

A Story of Suffering at Sea.

Six days upon the ocean without food or water.

On the 25th of February last, the schooner S. R. Soper, Capt. Samuel Soper, sailed, from Provincetown, for a cruise in the Atlantic Ocean, for whales. Nothing unusual happened until about the last of July. When one morning a school of whales was discovered. Three boats were immediately lowered, each containing five men and commanded by the Captain, first and second mates. The second mate killed the first whale, and towed him to the ship. The other whales then started off, pursued by the boats of the captain and mate. This was in longitude about 77—in latitude about 34. They continued the pursuit and finally the captain fastened to and killed a forty barrel sperm whale. By this time night began to set in, and no vessel was to be seen from the boats in any direction. This was rather startling, as they had no provisions or water on board, but upon consultation they concluded to stick by the whale until morning, in the hope that with returning daylight they should be able to find their vessel. When morning broke the horizon was anxiously scanned, but no vessel was to be seen.

All that day was spent in cruising round after her, and at night, another consultation was held. They had compasses, but no time, and the captain ordered, that during the night they should each go in a certain direction, and meet in the morning. The mate, Mr. Samuel Genn, of Provincetown, states that he followed these directions carefully, but when morning dawned, the Captain's boat was not to be found. He spent a portion of the next day in searching for the captain, but finding his efforts vain, and that his crew were beginning to suffer dreadfully for food and water, they being in an open whale-boat, without protection from the fierce heat of the sun, he concluded that it was best for him to shape his course for the nearest land, which he did by steering a N. N. W. course. They had a sail but it was not of much

use. Their sufferings from this time cannot be described. But once they saw a vessel. She was at some distance, and the sea was very rough, so that the mate deemed it impossible with safety to steer for her; and as those on board did not see the boat, they witnessed her disappearance with the feeling that their last hope was leaving them.

It now began to blow severely, and the mate was obliged to rig a 'drag' with his oars and whaling lines, with which he was enabled to lie to without danger. When the gale ceased he again put sail on the boat, but the crew were almost at the last gasp of suffering; their lips were black, and death seemed to stare them in the face. For the last twenty-four hours, so great were the pangs of thirst that they began to drink salt water, which usually brings on delirium and death in a short time. At the end of the 6th day they made Cape Fear, and went ashore, reaching Beaufort, N. C. Mr. Genn and one of the crew, Cornelius Prince, of Boston, worked their passage in a vessel to New York, and reached this city on Sunday last, and are now at Provincetown.

What has been the fate of the captain and the five men in his boat is unknown. They may have discovered the vessel, or they may have reached the shore. If they did not, they have probably all perished. There was a short rain one day while they were on board the boat, but they had no means to catch it. The second mate and five men are on board the vessel, and she is therefore probably safe, and will probably arrive at some Atlantic port in a few days.

The face of the mate still bears the impress of the terrible sufferings he has undergone, in parched and blackened lips and sunken and death-like features.—*Boston Traveler.*

—◆—
THINK OF BOTH THY GUESTS.—Remember, in thy feasts, that thou art entertaining *two* guests, the body and the soul. Know, further, that thou squanderest at the moment when thou bestowest on the body, but retainest forever what thou givest to the soul.

A Bit of Romance.

About six years ago, Dr. H——, having become involved in debt, left his home and wife in another State, for Texas, for the purpose of improving his fortunes in a place where he would be free from the demands of clamorous creditors. In the course of time he went with the army to Mexico, and finally wended his way to California. After residing there some time, he met a young man from the place of his former residence, whom however, he did not know, and inquired of him if he knew his wife, whom he described, without, however, telling him the relation he bore to her. The young man replied that Mrs. H—— was his sister, and the last he heard of her, she was in St. Louis. After accumulating a competence, Dr. H—— left for St. Louis, for the purpose of seeking his wife, who had long since given him up as dead.

In St. Louis he learned that she had left that place some time previously, and was believed to be in New Albany. He came hither, and upon inquiry learned that she was earning a livelihood by sewing. He learned that she believed her brother to be dead, not having heard from him for many years. Dr. H—— went to the house where he understood his wife was living, but found she had left there a few days before. He inquired about her general conduct and demeanor, and found that it had always been unexceptionable. She spoke but little of her husband, but told every one that she considered him dead. The lady of whom Dr. H—— was making inquiries, discovered that he was the long lost husband, and offered to accompany him to the house where she was sewing.

Upon arriving there, she said to her, "Mrs. H——, here is a gentleman who saw your brother in California." She appeared astonished, looked at the visitor, but apparently did not recognize him. He brushed back his hair, and said quickly, "Eliza don't you know me?" Mrs. H. immediately swooned away, and fell on the floor. In the same moment a husband and brother, both supposed to

be dead, were restored to her. Dr. H——, as we have said, has returned with a competence, and the supposed widow, it is presumed, will no longer sew for a livelihood.

The above statement, we are assured, is strictly correct. Here is a scene in real life equal in strangeness to any to which romance ever gave birth.—*New Albany, (Ind.) Ledger, Jan. 28.*

Ammi White's Tubular Suspension Bridge.

The tubular iron bridge which crosses the Menai Straits is a mighty triumph of human art, and does great credit to the nation whose name it bears. But Yankee ingenuity we think is destined to eclipse it whenever sufficient financial courage can be found to give an opportunity. Mr. Ammi White, a plain, unlettered mechanic of New Hampshire, has invented a construction by which wood will give all the strength of iron, with a vastly longer span. By his plan a railroad bridge may be thrown across the Niagara, or the Ohio at Cincinnati, at a single leap. He can span a river 1000 or 1500 feet in length with towers less than 200 feet high, with all the safety and more than the strength of iron of far less span. A piece of wood will bear more strain for its weight before it will pull apart than iron will. Mr. White takes advantage of this fact and constructs stringers by splicing timbers in an ingenious manner, so as to hang from tower to tower in a catenary curve; to these stringers, or between them is suspended a wooden tubular structure made of two thicknesses of boards, bolted together transversely, keyed fast at both ends. This tubular portion or rather just the roof of it, will be strong enough to support the whole structure, and with the stringers it will be strong enough not to be more affected by the passage of a train, than a fiddle bow would be by the passage of a fly over it.

Mr. White has secured a patent for his invention, and we think it cannot be long before some of our railroads will test the practicability of his plan on a large scale.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

LIGHTNING AT SEA.

No. 1.

TO WALTER R. JONES, Esq.,

President of the New York Life Saving Benevolent Association. Board of Underwriters, and of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company:

DEAR SIR,—A perusal of the records here presented devolves on me the duty of addressing this public communication to you in your official capacity; *first*, as the head of an Institution designed and organized for the better protection of life; and *second*, as President of the Board of Underwriters of the largest commercial city on the Continent; and *third*, as the head of the most prosperous and most wealthy Marine Insurance Company in the United States. In addressing you as President of the New York Life Saving Benevolent Association I need only refer you to the several and respective accounts of the loss of the packet ship *Poland*, and the barque *Bayfield*, the packet ship *Thomas P. Cope*, the passenger ship *Christophe Colomb*, the brig *Rebecca C. Fisher*, the brig *Lincoln*, and the clipper ship *Golden Light*. Enough is there stated to awaken in your bosom the tenderest emotions, and to prompt you and the good men associated with you in the benevolent enterprise, to use the influence you possess in aiding the efforts that are making for the better protection of life on board

of vessels exposed to lightning storms upon the sea.

To you as President of the Board of Underwriters and President of the Atlantic Insurance Company, I need only say that in no case have you ever been called upon to pay losses for damage to vessel or cargo from fire by lightning, where the vessel was furnished with metallic conductors raised for the purpose of protection but for the losses by fire, from lightning, of vessels without conductors you have paid enough to furnish all the vessels afloat, with lightning conductors for a century.

As underwriters associated for the purpose of giving security and facilities to commerce, and for the purpose of pecuniary gain, your claims to exemption from the perils of the sea, are in the exact proportion in which you use the privileges you enjoy for the welfare of those whose business calls them on the great waters.

I will not further premise but present you the following:

MARINE MEMORANDA OF LIGHTNING.

- 19 Vessels burnt by lightning.
- 1 " blown up "
- 7 " sunk "
- 19 " set on fire "
- 136 " struck and damaged by lightning.
- 12 " struck more than once "
- 4 merchant vessels furnished with conductors struck and protected by the conductors.
- 7 public armed vessels furnished

with conductors, struck and protected by the conductors.

15 steamboats and steamers struck; damage in every case very trifling.

In presenting to you and to the commercial community this paper entitled "Marine Memoranda of Lightning," we feel gratified in being able to say that within the field of our researches which is extensive, both as to time and geographical expanse, we have not found a single instance of loss of life by lightning in a vessel furnished with metallic lightning conductors reared for the purpose of protection, nor of the loss of life by lightning on board of steamboat or ocean steamer, or on board of a vessel or a boat built of iron. Nor have we ever heard of a claim being made upon underwriters for loss or damage to vessel or cargo by lightning in any case where the vessel was furnished with metallic lightning conductors of any kind.

Fire Insurance Companies in the city of New York deduct ten per cent. on the amount of premium of insurance on buildings protected by metallic lightning conductors, and we have never yet heard of their being called upon to pay for damage by fire to a building thus protected.

Marine Insurance Companies should encourage protection against damage by lightning by returning a portion of the premium of insurance on both vessel and cargo in all cases where the vessel is furnished with a metallic lightning conductor to each mast, and also two spare sets in case of loss.

With respect to the objections sometimes urged against lightning rods, that they are dangerous because they attract the lightning, we need only remark, that the facts stated above are conclusive, and show that such objections are wholly groundless.—We have before us the several detailed accounts of the loss of the packet ship *Poland*, in 1849, the bark *Bayfield*, in 1846; the packet ship *Thos P. Cope*, in 1846; the ship *Christophe Colomb*, in 1847; the brig *Rebecca C. Fisher*, in 1848; the brig *Lincoln*, in 1850; and the clipper ship *Golden Light*, in 1853. All of these vessels were struck by light-

ning, and with their respective cargoes, burnt upon the wide ocean.

The packet ship *Poland* was struck by lightning on the broad ocean on the 16th of May 1849, and her cargo of cotton set on fire. Mr. Buckingham, of Boston who was a passenger on board, a copy of whose letter we have before us, says: "There we lay on the broad ocean, a fire-ship, smoking at every crack, with three frail boats attached to her by a single rope, and no hope of rescue except through the goodness of the Almighty." Again he says; "It was near ten o'clock before the long boat was pushed off, and a line attached to her and the ship, having on board thirty-five persons. Nothing was said at the time about the other two boats, and those of us who remained on board the *Poland* were waiting for the first break of morning to learn the fate to which they were doomed, knowing it would be madness to put more into the longboat, and *not more than half of those that remained could ever get into the other two.*" And again he says: "About this time the weather was changing, and the sea had risen and the people in the long boat became alarmed. Mr. Wainwright hailed the ship to know if it was not best to take the boat in. Capt. Anthony answered that they had better wait patiently until day-light, and then walked forward to examine the state of the ship. We now found that the fire had evidently increased. The deck and hatches were still quite warm, and the pitch was beginning to boil out or melt out in the seams between the planks. A short conference convinced us that but little time would elapse before the fire would burst through the deck, and then there would be no further hope. What we said and what we felt between, that time and day-light is not to be told here; it is sufficient that we thought we knew the worst; *two small boats could not hold more than fifteen persons, and nearly thirty were on board the ship.* Under the best of circumstances some of us must be lost. At day-light Mr. Wainwright came on board in one of the small boats and we explained our situation.

There was but a chance for any of us. If he and his party remained in the boat, they might be saved, but if they were taken on board the ship, and the fire should break out, it would be impossible to put the people in the boats again and launch them over the side, and death by fire or drowning would be the certain fate of all. The case was too strong, and the horrid conviction was too apparent to be disputed, and as was his duty he proposed to return to his family and meet his fate. It is not for me to say what were their own feelings. Three of us in the fulness of our strength and the ripeness of our years were then parting as we supposed forever; and nearly every one else was asleep.—Words were useless, and we could not utter what we wanted to express. We commended our families to each other in case either should be saved, and with a silent shake of the hand he returned to the boat to make such preparation as prudence suggested, to protect his almost helpless companion, in case we should find it necessary to cut his boat adrift." In giving an account of his sufferings the first night, Mr. Buckingham remarked: "Whatever may have been the religious feelings, or the want thereof, among those sixty-three persons so awfully situated, there did appear to be a confidence in the breast of every one that the God who had thus suddenly afflicted us would not leave us to perish on the desert sea. During the night Captain Anthony lay down and caught a short sleep. I lay down beside him to wait my fate, leaving only one man to walk the deck, and in doing so I disturbed him. He awoke, and turning over he took my hand and remarked: 'I feel that we shall be saved, I have had a pleasant dream.' This circumstance, slight as it was, had its effect, and did impart some little consolation to both of us.

"Shortly after the return of Mr. Wainwright to the long boat the sea became more boisterous, and the long boat and passengers were taken on board." Mr. B. again says: "When the poor sufferers in the boat came on board, their situation was found to

be much worse than ours had been. We at least had the powers of locomotion and could shift our positions at will, but they, particularly the females, had suffered for two long nights and a day the torments of a cramped situation, unable to sit except in a certain position with their feet continually in the water, and their bodies every few minutes covered with the dashing spray of the sea. Mrs. Wainwright had held one of her children in her arms the whole time, and not being by any means a robust woman, it is surprising that she held out so long. Mrs. Arferedson was almost exhausted, and her infant having suffered from the want of the natural nourishment its mother could not afford, seemed almost ready to die.—Some of the passengers in the boat had been sea sick the whole time. About two P. M. of this day, Monday the 18th, a sail was discovered from the mast-head, and soon after it was seen from the deck! The joy which this discovery gave, can be imagined but cannot be described. It seemed as if some would almost, if not quite, go crazy. The stranger saw our signal of distress, and being to the leeward, hove-to for us to come up. It proved to be a Boston built ship called the *Clifton*, Capt. J. B. Ingersoll, bound from Liverpool to New York, with 250 passengers, mostly Irish. To Capt. Anthony's statement that his ship was on fire in the hold, and that he wanted to be taken off, the prompt answer was, "*Come all on board of me, and bring all the provisions you can.*" Before our boat could be got out and manned, the boat of the *Clifton*, with the chief mate and four oarsmen, was alongside of us, and the process of transferring all hands from ship to ship commenced. The sea was very high and the gale increasing which made our task a long and dangerous one; from three till nine o'clock the two were passing and repassing with people and such articles as could be saved from the deck.

"The gale was blowing from the northwest and both captains remarked that they did not recollect ever to have seen a worse sea for many years."

We were all safely on board by nine o'clock, and Capt. Ingersoll not thinking it safe to risk his own ship any longer, by lying-to in the vain hope of saving property, made sail on his ship, and we left the unfortunate *Poland* to burn up and sink, a fate she undoubtedly met within two or three hours.

"At the time the last boat load left the *Poland*, the decks had become too hot to stand upon, and her sides were so warm that as she rolled in the sea the water would run off as from hot iron and she would instantly become dry and too hot to bear the hand upon.

We were safe, and all things else were forgotten, in a feeling of gratitude and thankfulness to Almighty God for saving us from the death we had so long seen almost certain to us."

Yours truly,

E. MERIAM.

To be continued.

DEATHS IN THE PACIFIC.

Killed by a whale in Margarita Bay, on the 28 of January, Daniel Carpenter, a boat-steerer on board the whale ship James Maury. He was a Narraganset Indian.

April 13th, on board whale ship "Jo in Coggeshall." Benj. W. Luce, aged 16 years. The deceased was a promising and only son, of parents who reluctantly consented to his coming to sea. While the ship recruited at Hilo, he caught cold which terminated fatally, having been sick only six days. Capt. Norton, (accompanied by his wife) did all that was possible for his recovery. His remains were buried in Seamen's Lot, Nuuanu Valley Cemetery.

At U. S. Hospital, Honolulu, April 5th, Henry Smith, belonging to Kensington, Philadelphia. He was discharged from the whale ship "Niagara."

At sea Sept. 21, on board barque Kremlin, on her passage from Sandwich Islands, to Shanghai, Capt. Charles T. Evans, (master of the K., and formerly of the whale ship Warren, of Warren,) of Duxbury, Mass.

At U. S. Hospital, April 26, Mr. Wm G. Scott, of Tiffin, Seneca Co., Ohio, late from California.

At the U. S. Hospital, in Honolulu, June 27th, Mr. Leonard Barnum, who left a whale ship at this port last autumn. He belonged to Ware Village, Mass., where his family now reside.

DISASTERS.

SYDNEY, April 21.

The Emma from San Francisco reports the wreck of the brig Rapid, which left San Francisco 13th Dec., for Sydney with 73 passengers. On the 4th of March, while at anchor at Tongataboo, she parted and drove on shore in a heavy gale of wind; she had called at the Island to obtain provisions; it was high water at the time, and the vessel remained fast on the reef until daylight, when the crew and passengers were rescued by the natives without any loss of life.

The American Packet ship, J. Z., hence for Liverpool was totally destroyed by fire on the 7th ult. in lat. 42° lon. 62°. The J. Z. sailed from New York July 2d, under the command of Capt. Spencer, for Liverpool, with a cargo chiefly consisting of turpentine, corn and cotton. She was owned by the Messrs. Zerega, of this city. The captain and all hands, 20 in number, were rescued by the Ebenezer, and landed at Liverpool.

Schr. Mariner, Fry of North Haven, Me., for Liverpool, N. S., with ball, was run into eve of August 21st, by an unknown vessel, about 12 miles from Cape Sable, and sank. The crew reached Barrington, N. S. in their boat, and the U. S. Consul at Halifax had them sent to Yarmouth, N. S., to take passage home.

On Thursday 11th ult., at 11 P. M., the brigantine Citizen, of East Machias, ran into sch. Experiment, of New York, off Crane's neck, Long Island Sound, and sunk the schr. immediately, but fortunately no lives were lost.

Brig Elizabeth Felton, Rogers, of and from Boston, May 14, for San Francisco, was abandoned at sea June 28, no lat. &c., leaking badly. Crew

left in two boats, and after four days of suffering arrived at Surinam.

Letters have been received in Boston, stating that the captain and crew of the brig *Rodolph* were massacred by the natives of one of the King's Mill Group, in December, 1851, and the vessel destroyed by fire. The *Rodolph* was owned by Capt. Alfred R. Fisher, now of San Francisco.

The barque *Azelia*, which arrived at this port on Thursday, from St. Thomas, brings home as passengers Capt. Newman and first officer, late of brig *Sarah*, hence for Curacao. Capt. N. reports that on the night of the 18th ult., the S. went ashore on the Morg, off Santa Cruz. She then took fire, and owing to some 300 kegs of gunpowder being on board, which exploded, she became a total loss. Captain and crew saved.

The barque *Charles Clarke* was totally lost off Fowey, Todd, master, at midday, on the 27th ult. in a dense fog, on the eastern side of Trepassey Bay, near Mistaken Point, Newfoundland.

The brig *Zeno*, Harrington, master, from Glasgow, bound to New York, went ashore off L'Archeveque, C. B. on the 28 July. The vessel was likely to be a total loss.

Schr. *Saratoga*, Waas, from Boston for Millbridge, with a cargo of merchandise, went ashore on Bear Island July 25th, and it is supposed vessel and cargo will be a total loss.

Br. Schr. *Amethyst*, from Liverpool, for Vera Cruz, was lost near the latter port in July.

Schr. *Guide*, Milichamp, of London, hence for Labrador, was wrecked on Sable Island, 2d July, in a strong S. W. breeze and very thick fog.

Br. schr. *Galliope* of Arichat, Landries, from Boston for Pictou, struck a rock on the east end of Sable Island 16th July, and immediately filled.—The crew took to their boat, losing all their effects, and were picked up by schr. *Richard*, which took them to Isle Madame.

Ship *Northumberland*, Lord, at this port from London, reports: July 15, 11 A. M. passed the brig *P. Ennis*, on

fire, run close alongside, but could see no one on board.

Barque *Regent*, Stephenson, hence 19th July, for Quebec, was lost on the 28th July somewhere near Halifax, on the coast of Nova Scotia.

Schrs. *Amphitrite*, Capt. Golding, and Ed. Barnard, Capt. Stone, from New Orleans for Tampico, came in collision on Tampico Bar on the 31st July, which caused the total loss of the *Amphitrite*.

The steamer *American Eagle*, while on her way from San Francisco to Benicia, struck on a rock about six or seven miles from Benicia, 15th July, and almost immediately sunk.

Brig *Metamora*, of Boston, Rogers, from Georgetown, S. C., for Rockland, in attempting to cross the bar was stranded on Rafter Shoal previous to 15th August.

Brig *Ocean Bird*, Atkinson, at this port from Curacao, reports: Aug. 6th, fell in with the brig *C. Rogers*, of Pittston, Me., hence for Jacksonville, out 26 days, and took from her Capt. Dyer, two mates, and the crew of the barge, W. V. Bowen, of Addison, Me., from Boston for New Orleans, which vessel foundered in a gale on the 6th August.

Ship *F. J. Wichelhausen*, Dannemann, which arrived here 8th August from Bremen, reports: July 20th, fell in with and boarded the fishing schr. *Mary*, Grozier of Boston; was leaking, and had three feet of water in her hold; took from her the captain, mate and seven seamen, and brought them to this port.

Br. barque *Friendship*, Tedford, 93 days from Sunderland for this port, foundered on Sable bank night of 26th Aug.: crew taken to Halifax 29th by schr. *Wave*.

Schr. *Eliza*, arrived at Quebec on the 15th August, with the master, crew and materials of the barque *Prompt*, Gibson, which left that port June 25, for Coleraine, and was wrecked at Point aux-Choix, near St. Paul's.

Chatham, Aug. 25.

Schr. *Orient*, of Bangor, Wyman, from Port Richmond, Va., for Belfast,

struck upon the outer bars of Chatham, and will be nearly a total loss.

Genoa, Aug. 13.

The American brig *Oliver*, Sumner, from Leghorn, took fire at sea, and was abandoned Aug. 11th; crew picked up near the Island of Gorgonoa, by the steamer *Virgilio*, Dedoro, plying between this port and Sardinia.

London, Aug. 11.

The American steamer *Monumental City*, was wrecked May 15, on her passage from Port Philip for Sydney; 35 persons drowned.

The ship *St. James*, of and from the Clyde, was driven on the reef near Falmouth, Jam., on the evening of the 28th ult., and became a total wreck.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

A Spar Buoy has been placed on the shoal near Connimicut Point, in Narraganset Bay, and bears as follows:—Nayatt Point Light-house, N. N. E.; Warwick Neck Light S. W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.; Connimicut Point, N. W. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. Vessels coming up the river must keep the Buoy on the port hand. *Prov. Journal.*

One of Jones's Fog Bells has just been erected at White Head, Maine, west side of entrance to Penobscot Bay, under the direction of the Light House Board.

Melbourn, Feb. 28, 1853. *

Sir,—I have the honor to call the attention of Her Majesty's Government to the ignorance which may be remarked on the part of many masters of vessels trading to this colony, of the existence of the important Light-house on Cape Otway, which has been in full operation since 1848, in order that such steps as may appear called for should be taken to remedy the apparent want of general information on this point.

(Signed) C. J. LATROBE.

The Right Hon. Sir John Packer, ton, &c.

LIGHT-HOUSE ON CAPE OTWAY.—

The Light-house on Cape Otway, Bass's Straits, lat. 38° 51' S. lon. 140° 29' E. having been completed and lighted on the 29th August, 1848,

a light is burning, and will continue from sunset until sunrise.

The reef of Cape Otway is one half to three quarters of a mile distant, bearing S. E. to S. S. W. and extended 1-4 miles westward. The Light house is erected on a cliff 251 feet 6 inches above high water mark, the supporting column is 45 feet high, and the lantern 7 feet high.

From high water mark to the centre of the light is 800 feet. The light is a revolving patropic of three groups of lamps, each group containing 7 lamps the entire revolves round once in two minutes 39 seconds, showing a flash of light of 3 seconds duration and 50 seconds of darkness.

It is estimated that the light will be seen eight leagues.

LIGHTS ON THE NORTH COAST OF SICILY
Treasury Department,

Office Lighthouse Board,

Washington, Aug. 1, 1853.

The Neapolitan government has given notice of the following changes in the three lights on the north coast of Sicily.

1. At Palermo. The fixed light on the pier head is now varied by flashes every two minutes. It is ninety-two feet above the mean level of the sea.

2. On Cape Milazzo. The former revolving light is now a fixed light. Its height is 288 feet above the mean level of the sea.

3d. The fixed light on Cape Faro is now varied by flashes every three minutes. It is seventy-two feet above the mean level of the sea.

By order,

THORNTON A. JENKINS Sec'y

MISSING VESSEL.

Brig *Joshua Brown*, Williams, sailed from Salem 5th October, 1852 for West Coast of Africa, since which time nothing has been heard of her.

SOURCES OF HAPPINESS.—A decent means of livelihood in the world, an approving God, a peaceful conscience, and one firm and trusty friend—can any body that has these be said to be unhappy?—*Robert Burns.*

New York, October, 1853.

NEW CHAPLAINS.

Rev. D. H. Wheeler, Chaplain at Valparaiso, is occupying in part the field heretofore cultivated by Rev. D. Trumbull, while Mr. T. hopes to be able to prosecute his labors in the city without aid from the Am. Sea. Friend Soc. Mr. W.'s interesting report is found in this number of the Magazine.

Rev. John Gridley, Chaplain for Mobile Bay, has just left us for his station.

Notice to Subscribers.

The sudden illness of the Carrier of the Sailor's Magazine for this city, has prevented the September Number reaching a large portion of the Subscribers. We hope to have his place immediately filled.

OUR SWEDISH SAILOR MISSIONARY IN AMERICA.

When F. O. Nelson was banished from Sweden by intolerant laws, he promised the congregations of christians gathered by him, that should they continue to be persecuted for righteousness sake, so as to constrain them to seek a refuge in a land of religious liberty, he would accompany them. Accordingly, after some months of successful labor in Denmark, he

was called upon to fulfil his pledge. Leaving a faithful man in Copenhagen to carry on the work he had commenced, he has successfully led the tribes of Israel through the sea, and seen them planted beyond the Jordan, in Illinois. As they are as sheep without a shepherd, and as exposure and labor have impaired his health, so as measurably to disqualify him for his favorite employment among his brethren of the sea, he will probably return to Illinois to be the shepherd of his dear flock. We give him the parting hand with sincere regret, invoking God's blessing to rest upon him and his.

INTERESTING VOYAGE.

In the American barque "Jenny Pitts," Capt. Thorndike master, bound for New York with a cargo of iron and more than 200 passengers, emigrants to America, I with my family took passage and left Gothenburg the 6th of May, this year. Our fellow passengers were almost equally divided into two distinct parties, viz:—the children of the world, and we trust, the children of God. About 24 Danish Baptists and their families, together with about 32 Swedish Baptists and their families, who were forced to leave Sweden for conscience sake, all those, together with their aged and little ones, and others of their families making a few over 100 persons. The rest of the passengers were a number of young, rude and unprin-

ciplined men from the interior of Sweden; a few families from the country and a few mechanics, all very irreligious, rude and bigoted.

We had, generally speaking, a pleasant passage, with the exception that a week after having passed the north of Scotland we had a heavy gale of wind, which carried away our foremast, close under the fore-top together with the main-top-gallant-mast, and fractured the main-mast under the maintop. In a few days the captain got new cross-trees fixed on the stump of the foremast, and by shortening the lower rigging, a new foretopmast was got up, so that the ship could carry appropriate foresails. This accident, however, according to the estimation of the captain, lengthened our passage about 12 days.

We established and had public devotion morning and evening, every day among the passengers, the whole passage through, by reading a portion of the scripture, singing and prayer; and on Sundays I preached twice, in the fore and afternoon. Being thus brought into close quarters with the enemy, there was no way of backing out, either for the one or the other party; we had either to fight it out or be conquered. For more than half of the passage, we suffered a great deal of annoyance from those rude and bigotted people, until finally the Lord in his great mercy, and in a signal manner, decided the victory on the side of his people. On the fourth Sabbath out, after some of the rudest of the opponents the previous Saturday, had plotted the scheme of breaking up our meetings, and afterwards not to suffer us to hold any devotion publicly, the Lord interposed, and in an extraordinary manner, turned the scales. When with much fear and trembling, I begun the service in the forenoon, I was remarkably assisted in speaking the truth, from this passage in 2d Cor. xiii 5 v. *Examine yourselves, etc.* The greater part listened with deep attention, and those who had agreed to disturb us appeared to be ashamed of fulfilling their intention. In the afternoon we had one of the most remarkable times that I ever witnessed. Almost the

whole of the passengers, and as many of the crew as could, were present, and many wept who perhaps never wept before. After meeting, two young mechanics, who had taken part, and in a manner been the leaders among the disturbers, came and desired secret conversation with me. They now confessed that they had had wrong opinions of me, begging me to pardon them, and even to pray to God for them; they intended with the help of God, to mend their lives. Praise be unto our wonder-working God! From that time we had very gracious meetings, and so far from meeting any opposition, I had the interesting duty to perform, to point anxious, repenting sinners to Christ. So that my time was afterwards to a great extent occupied in holding interesting religious conversations with those who formerly had been my bitterest enemies. Thus to the praise of God I can report, that no less than six of these rude young men appeared deeply convinced of their sins, and earnestly enquiring what they should do to be saved; and besides those, two of the ship's crew. Glory be to God! Oh! how important it is for us never to shrink from duty, but patiently to keep on in well-doing. Victory will certainly crown our efforts, when on the side of God and the truth.

Yours humbly in Christ.

FREDERICK O. NELSON.

New York, Sept. 8, 1853.

MARQUESIAN EXPEDITION.

The English brigantine "Royalist," chartered for the purpose of conveying the Marquesian Chief, and the Hawaiian Missionaries, to Fatuhiwa, sailed on the 16th June. Our readers have been fully made acquainted with the circumstances under which Makonui, one of the chiefs, of the island of Fatuhiwa, visited our shores. Whatever may be the fate of this enterprise, and whether expectations which have been entertained will ever be realized, we feel no hesitation in expressing our public approval of the prompt and efficient action of the Directors of the Hawaiian Missionary Society. Not to have returned a

generous and whole-hearted response to this call would have betokened culpable inactivity, and distrustful reliance upon the promises of God's word; nay, more, flagrant disobedience to the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," which the Duke of Wellington aptly styled "a minister's marching orders."

The Directors of the H. M. Society endeavored to obtain Hawaiians, upon whose character much reliance could be placed. From among those who offered to go, they selected two Hawaiian ministers of the gospel and two school teachers. These were accompanied by their wives. One of the teachers belonged to the Rev. Mr. Smith's parish in Honolulu, and the other to the Rev. Mr. Bishop's parish of Ewa. One of the ordained men was the Rev. Mr. Kekela, pastor of a church on Oahu. Last year he accompanied the expedition to Micronesia. He is a modest, persevering and reliable man. The other ordained man, had been a settled pastor on Maui. It was at a great sacrifice of personal feeling, that these men left their parishes for the arduous toils of a Missionary's life on the barbarous shore of Fathuwa. The churches deeply regretted that their pastors should leave them. These men were warmly attached to their people, and their people to them. We honor these men for their self-denial, and their example is a most cutting reproof to Christian Pastors in Christian lands, for the history of Missionary operations shows, that it is a rare thing for a settled pastor to ask a dismissal from a beloved people, for the purpose of "going on a mission" to some far off heathen land. Long has the heathen world been sending its appeal to christians of England and America, but it has been unheeded by a majority of those commissioned to preach the everlasting gospel.

The Rev. Mr. Parker, pastor of the Native Church, at Kaneohe, on Oahu, accompanied these young Missionaries, and will introduce them to their new field of labor. He will return in the "Royalist."

Mr. J. Bicknell also goes out with

the Expedition and is expected to remain on the island. The circumstances under which he goes forth are simply these,—being the son of an Englishman formerly connected with the Mission at the Society Islands, having been at Tahiti, bring acquainted with the Tahitian language, and also with the French, being also a carpenter by trade, and above all, having a desire to do good, he offered to go forth and render himself useful, in such ways as Providence may direct. He is not under the patronage of the Missionary Society, although the Directors of the Society provided for him a free passage on board the "Royalist."

We would merely remark that the Directors are not unaware that many great difficulties must necessarily attend the establishment of this Mission. Repeatedly have attempts been made to plant gospel institutions on Marquesian shores. The English and American Missionary Societies, as well as the French Catholics have all been doomed to disappointment. It is a source of unfeigned joy that another effort is to be made, but it would be no surprising thing if it should meet the fate of preceding attempts. Believing, however, that failure in a good cause, is even better and more honorable than inglorious inactivity, our watch-word is, ONWARD!

We hope, as the Missionary spirit is awaking, and two expeditions having already left our shores, others will follow in their wake. Let one, at least, annually go forth, until every island in Polynesia shall not only be visited, but the Bible translated into every dialect spoken by these wasting nations. The Bible faithfully translated into the dialect of any heathen people, is a prouder monument of the Church of Christ, than are the most costly christian temples which adorn the enlightened nations of Europe and America. Suppose the nations and tribes of Polynesia may waste and vanish before civilization, let christians break to them the bread of life, and now promptly discharge a duty, which was tardily performed or altogether neglected by former generations.—*Honolulu Friend.*

FAREWELL MEETINGS.

On Sabbath afternoon, June 12th, the two native congregations in Honolulu assembled at the King's Chapel. The large edifice was well filled. Several spirited addresses were made. The substance of those made by the Rev. Messrs. Kekela and Kauwealoa our readers will find in another part of our columns.

In the evening of the same day, a similar meeting was held at the Bethel.

The exercises were opened by singing the hymn commencing thus :

"Wake the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the Sea," &c.

Then followed the reading of the LX Chapter of Isaiah, containing the sentiment, "Surely the isles shall wait for me," &c.

Prayer having been offered by Rev. Mr. Lyman, of Hilo, the Rev. Mr. Clark, Corresponding Secretary of the H. M. S., offered some remarks, which will be found in another column.

Addresses were then made by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Bicknell, which were followed by the Addresses of the Rev. Mr. Kekela, and Rev. Mr. Kauwealoa, (see another column,) the Rev. Mr. Coan interpreting.

The audience then appeared to be much gratified with a few remarks by the Marquesian Chief, Makonui, who said that he was made very happy because he had obtained teachers to return with him. His people were in darkness. In three days and three nights he hoped to sail, (showing three fingers.) He assured the audience that no harm should come to the Missionaries. At the request of the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, his interpreter, he repeated a part of the Lord's prayer, which had been taught his countrymen, many years ago, by a native Tahitian Missionary.

We readily acknowledge our utter inability to repeat Makonui's remarks, being accompanied with certain gestures and expressions of delight which must have been seen to be appreciated.

The Rev. Mr. Parker followed with some exceedingly appropriate remarks, furnishing a brief history of

Missionary efforts to evangelize the Marquesian Islands. His remarks were listened to with more attention from the circumstance that about twenty years ago he resided for several months as a Missionary on Nukuhiva, an island of the group, and was now about to embark on board the "Royalist."

The following original Hymn was then sung, having been composed by Mr. Stangenwald;

[TUNE—MISSIONARY HYMN.]

Hark! 'cross the briny waters,
From realms in darkness bound,
They raise their feeble voices;
A low and mournful sound;—
They turn their eyes in sorrow
Toward the Northern skies,
And long, to see in beauty
The Star of Bethlehem rise.

Marquees isles are waiting
For God's eternal law—
Should we, with minds enlightened,
Our helping hands withdraw?
Should not their sad condition
To pity move our heart?
Or, should they empty handed,
And without aid, depart?

No! but to noble action
We'll join our hearts and hands,
To send the blessed Gospel
To far off heathen lands.
O, bear the joyful tidings
To Fatuhiwa's shore,
And spread the light of knowledge,
Where darkness reigned before.

Fear not though rolling billows
Your little bark may toss,
Go, preach to men benighted
The story of the cross—
Tell them how Jesus loved them,
Long ere the world began,
And how he bled and suffered
For guilty, fallen man.

Speed onward in your journey,
Salvation's trumpet sound,
Till like the rose in blossom
The desert blooms around.
Till love and truth prevailing,
The nations war no more,
And King Emanuel's banner
Shall float o'er every shore. H. S.

HONOLULU, Oahu, S. I., June 6, 1853.

The interesting exercises were closed with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Thurston.—*Ibid.*

A BAD NAME.

Mr. Gough tells a story of a tavern-keeper by the name of A. S. Camp. The painter, in painting the sign left out the points, so that it read—Tavern kept by A Scamp. Even the drunkard would not go near him.

FROM MICRONESIA.

SEAMEN'S CHAPEL AT RONO KITTIE.

RONO KITTIE, March 2d, 1853.

REV. MR. DAMON,—*Dear Sir*:—You will doubtless be glad to hear respecting your out-stations and your numerous parishoners as they occasionally visit us in their wanderings up and down these wide seas. We are happy in receiving visits from them, and very happy in being able to report so favorably concerning them. Some twenty delegations have called upon us since our residence here, affording us much good society, kindly adding to our comforts, and greatly aiding our work by public proofs of sympathy and confidence in our undertaking. Two American captains, (Gorham, of the *Roscoe*, and Rowley of the *Italy*.) have purchased grounds and buildings for a temporary chapel and parsonage, for the benefit of seamen visiting our port. The friends of the sailor, and surely they are not few, will everywhere rejoice to hear that in Bonabe there is now a Bethel, where the sons of the ocean come to worship the ocean's God, with the Bethel flag waving over them, marking the dawn of *Sabbath* upon this benighted island, and these dark seas! A nine-pin-alley, and a place where rum was once sold, are now the *blessing* instead of the *curse* of seamen. Foreigners on shore, have generally united in fitting this house up for service. We are also making preparations for a *reading room*, intending to appropriate what suitable matter we may have for this object, looking to you, and to other friends of the cause, to help us in making it an attractive, as well as profitable place, to the sailor.

As Missionaries, we have double interest in seamen. They come to us with prodigious power for good or evil; their example and influence must greatly affect our operations with the natives. We stand therefore at the gap, offering them the Gospel, welcoming them to our houses, and especially to God's house, hoping thereby to benefit their souls, and, at the same time, check or purify the streams of influence they send in upon us.

You speak of our "Mission as intimately connected with the conversion of the abundance of the seas to the Lord." So we regard it. How solemn then our relations! How fearful the night that would follow our failure! Stand by us then, help us to maintain our post, give us the fuel, and the breath of the Almighty shall kindle a flame upon Bonabe that shall save many a mariner from "the way to hell, going to the chambers of death," and strike deep into the midnight darkness brooding over the fairest portions of the Pacific!

And how much have seamen to do in this work? They are first to visit these islands, are first to set in operation causes of blessing or curing generations—they bring Missionaries and often determine whether they shall have a landing—they furnish them with supplies of food, books, etc.—they bring back reports and trophies of victories; in short, from beginning to the end of the missionary enterprise, they form a very important part.

How responsible your post, operating as you do, at the gathering place of these mighty forces! Do them good, send them on their way to us. We have good ports, good recruits; our hearts will welcome them to all comforts; we will do our utmost to furnish recruits for mind and soul, and then send them on their way to sing,

"And tell the world his power to save,
To heathen lands the Gospel bring,
To cheer their passage to the grave."

My love to your family. The Lord bless you and your labors.

Sincerely,

ALBERT A. STURGES.

—Friend.

TEMPERANCE AND THE POCKET.

A landlord recently called out to a Temperance man at Blackburn, "Why—you are looking yellow with your abstinence." "Yes," said the man, putting his hand into his pocket and pulling out some sovereigns, "and my pocket is looking yellow too."

VALPARAISO CHAPLAINCY.

VALPARAISO, July 29, 1853.

DEAR SIR,—I improve another opportunity to offer you a few extracts from my journal, noting my labors in this port during the past month. It has been one of some interest, considerable comfort, and a share of sorrow, for the perishing souls of my fellow men.

June 29—I went to the prison and gave away tracts, and conversed with the prisoners. Here I met with a sad case of depravity, in a man by the name of J— M—, who tried to pass himself for a christian, with the hope of getting some temporal benefits; but his hypocrisy became apparent, before he received anything beyond a few shillings; for we soon found him out a liar! He was second mate of the ship *Invermore* from Liverpool. I went to the American hospital. A friend had given me some clothes for a Mr. Johnson from Arkansas. This man is striving to become decidedly pious. He says that he has been in the habit of praying sometimes, and thought he would be religious; but he has not given religion that attention that it should have had.

Two men applied to me for a copy of the Bible, which I promised to give them. I had a serious conversation with a man who had been very sick, but had recovered. I told him he had been at the point of death, that God in great mercy had raised him up, and he should now devote the rest of his days to the service of the Lord. He assured me he would, and desired a Bible, which I gave him at a subsequent day. There is evidently a religious influence here that promises good. Next I went to the English hospital and distributed tracts, and

held conversation with the sick. One man here must soon die. He thinks he feels prepared—says that Christ is near, and that he trusts in him.

July 1. I visited the Chili ship *Mercedes*, and gave six testaments to Manila men, and Chilians, and gave tracts to the crew, in German, Spanish, and English. I also sold books to the crew, and a Spanish Bible to a man for his wife to read, "to convert her," as he said. I set him down for a sensible man.

July 8. Since the last date I have visited upwards of twenty-five vessels. I have sold very few books but more than a usual proportion of bibles and testaments. I have given tracts to all the vessels I have visited. I visited a French frigate—was very politely received by the superior officer, and by all on board.

I gave away about one hundred tracts, and sold several copies of the scriptures, as well as other books. It added to the interest of my visit very much when they found that I was an American. The tract entitled "*Napoleon*" was more sought after than any other. This suggested to my mind the idea of writing a tract called "*Washington*," giving an account of the moral and religious character of that eminent man. Who will do it? I also visited the British barque *Acacia*, Capt. —, who brought in a crew from a wreck off Cape Horn. I supplied him and his crew with a goodly number of tracts and books. I also visited the American hospital and the prison. Mr. J., at the hospital is failing very fast. I told him he could not live, read the scriptures to him, and explained them, and prayed with him each day as I visited him. He thinks he is prepared to die. I told him that there was refuge for him only in Christ. Ex-

plained briefly the way of salvation, and spoke the word of exhortation as he appeared able to bear it. He thinks he has a well-grounded hope. There have been about six at the American hospital, who have professed to reform their lives, and have become bible readers since I begun my visits to that place.

July 10. I went on board of the British braque Buenosayrean and preached at 11 A. M. The Captain was intoxicated; and he coughed so frequently, and disturbed the meeting so much, that very little good was done.

Visited Mr. J. at the hospital. He still assures me that he is prepared to die. I conversed plainly with, and told him that he must die. He says he loves God and feels peace within. He states that he never set out in earnest to serve God until now. Although I fear and tremble, at any death-bed repentance, yet I trust this man has a well grounded hope of eternal life. I have tried to probe his heart to the bottom, and have assured him that nothing will now avail him but a full, unqualified submission to God, through repentance toward God and faith in Christ. I have tried each time to recommend him to the mercy of God in humble prayer.

July 12. I visited him again and found him dying. He is still sensible and professes to have peace with God, and says he is ready to die. He died about half an hour after I left, and is now I trust in the paradise of God. He appeared to have all the genuine marks of a true penitent; and though it is extremely dangerous to put off repentance until a dying hour, still I hope he was a brand plucked from the burning. To-day I went to visit seamen on the bay. I supplied several vessels with tracts, and sold one bible and one hymn book.

July 13. I visited a German to whom I sold some books a few weeks since. He says the books he purchased are very good. He wants some Spanish books for his friend. So while he is benefitted himself, he wishes to do good to others. He says that there are a large number of Germans here of the Lutheran church, and thinks that they would be very glad to get a missionary from the United States to preach to them in the German language. O! Brethren, ye who have tasted of the good word of life and of the powers of the world to come, missionaries should be multiplied ten fold, to go out and labor in the vineyard of the Lord. O! think of the infinite value of poor perishing sinners! I beseech you have pity upon them, I would get down at your feet in the dust, and pray that the kind bowels of your tender christian compassion may be abundantly enlarged towards the heathen, and for our countrymen in foreign lands. To-day I visited the prison, and saw J. M., and as he had been detected in a falsehood in regard to the cause of his imprisonment, and still persisted in it, I told him we could do nothing for him until he became a better man, and that he must stay and suffer until he began fully to amend his life. I then went to the hospital, left tracts, and had a brief conversation with two Universalists. They mentioned that all men suffered the penalty due to their sins in this life. I told them that their views set aside the Atonement made by Christ, and that if they were correct all men had a right to salvation by virtue of their own sufferings. They then shifted their ground and said that Christ died for all, and therefore all would be saved. Then I told them they had two Saviour's according to their own show-

ing, and as this theory proved too much, it must be false, and therefore they were left without any Saviour. So I left them discussing the impossibility of obedience to God, as they said Alas! how much pains some men take, to blind their own eyes to the true light, and go to hell!

July 17th.—Went on board of the American ship "Prista," Capt. Rogers. I had published an appointment to preach on this vessel, at 11 A. M., to-day, but there was no congregation; so I conversed with the Capt. some two hours on the subject of the Scriptures the most of the time. He appears to incline some to Quakerism, and nearly as much to infidelity. He says he has been hindered in religious matters by the bad treatment he has received from professors of religion. This may have some force, but the chief cause is in his own heart.

July 23d.—I was on the Bay four days during the past week. On two of these days my labors appeared to be nearly useless. To-day I had some opposition from sinners, but it was the best day of the week. I distributed tracts to about eight vessels, and sold books to the amount of fourteen dollars. Found several persons who appeared to be pious, among others was the wife of Capt. Blythe. The day was, I trust, spent with some degree of profit.

Sabbath, 24th.—Went on board of the Chilian brig Challenger, and preached to several persons. Capt. Henderson and his wife appeared very serious, and some others listened with a good degree of attention. The word was sweet and refreshing to my own soul.

26th.—I visited the Hospitals, and gave tracts and conversed as I had opportunity.

27th.—I went on the Bay and visited several vessels, where I gave tracts and sold books. This was a very interesting, and I trust a profitable day. I was pleased with the kind attention of Capt. Blythe and his wife. They purchased quite a number of books, and appeared to be very much interested in the Mission in which I am engaged. It is very encouraging to me to feel that there are some who sympathize with me in my labors, and in the difficulties attendant on a work of this kind.

28th.—I visited several vessels, and among others the brig Challenger. Capt. Henderson took some fourteen volumes of books, and himself and his wife agreed to attend worship on the ship Eleanor Dixon, next Sabbath.

Very truly yours,

D. H. WHEELER,
Seamen's Chaplain.

Scenes in a Prison.

NOT MY MOTHER!—Well, do you see, at night we used to amuse each other by telling our tricks, urging one another on in daring vice and wickedness. Amongst us we had one uncommon bright girl—a first rate mimic, and she used to make us roar with laughter. Well, this fun had been going on for weeks; she had gone through most of her characters, from the governor to the turnkey, when she starts on a new tack, and commenced taking off Parson Cowper and Father Therry; some way it did not take, so she went back to Newgate and took off Mrs. Fry to the very life, but it would not do; we did not seem to enjoy it—there was no fun in it for us. So then, she began about the ships leaving, and our mother's crying, and begging of us to turn over a new leaf; and then, in mimicking, jesting sport, she sobbed and bade us good-bye.

Well, how it happened I know not, but one after the other we began to cry, and say, "Stay, not my mother!

Not my mother!" Said one: "Let Mrs. Fry alone; Father Therry must not be brought here, nor Parson Cowper—stay, stay!" Well, she did stop, but tears were shed the whole of that night. Every thing had been tried with me; good people had sought in vain to convince me of my evil ways; but that girl's ridicule of my mother I could not stand! Her grief was brought home to me, and not to me alone, but to many. I do believe that night was a great blessing to many. I was so unhappy that the next day I tried to get out of sight to pray; and when I got to a hiding place I found three girls on their knees. We comforted each other, and then how we spoke of our mothers! Mine was dead; she left this world believing me past hope—but the picture of her grief made me earnest in search of that peace which endureth forever.—*Journal of Prison Discipline.*

SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

Our friends will be gratified to learn that the list of Subscribers to the Sailer's Magazine has been increased by an addition of 500 within the last month. At this rate, three months more will give us a monthly issue of TEN THOUSAND copies.

He who has genius to project great works, should have also energy to attempt their execution. Noble actions are the productions of firmness, energy and exalted thoughts.

Account of Money.

From Aug. 15th, to Sept. 15th, 1853.

Directors for Life by the Payment of Fifty Dollars.

Rev. F. T. Perkins, by First Congl. Soc'y., Manchester, Ct.	52 00
Rev. J. T. M. Davie, Ref. Dutch Ch. Flatlands, N. Y.	50 00

Members for Life by the Payment of Twenty Dollars.

Rev. James Averill, by Cong. Soc'y., Plymouth Hollow, Ct.	27 00
John P. Jude, by First Cong. Soc'y., Newark, N. J.	32 18
Mrs. Frances M. Adams, by Pearl St. Soc'y., Nashua,	38 35
James S. Johnston, New-York, by Rev. J. Rowell, Panama.	20 00
Willis Morse, by Con. Soc., Plymouth, Ct.	21 26
Miss Annis E. Bassett, do do	21 26
Deacon Everard Benjamin, by College St. Ch., New Haven, Ct., (amt. ack. below).	
Rev. S. Hale Higgins, by Howe St. Ch. New Haven, Ct., (amt. ack. below).	
Miss Emily Frederica Foote, New Haven, Ct., by Augustus R. Street, (amt. ack. below).	
Winston J. Trowbridge, New Haven, Ct., by his brothers, (amt. ack. below).	
Timothy H. Bishop, New Haven, Ct., by Tim. Bishop, (amt. ack. below).	
Rev. G. I. Wood, by Congl. Soc'y., Ellington, Ct.	22 00
Rev. C. H. Bullard, by Second Ch., Rockville, Ct.	20 00
Aaron Kellogg, Vernon, Ct.	20 00
Rev. Wm. H. Lord, by Con. Ch. & Soc. Montpelier, Vt.	59 00
Rev. Elijah Jones, by Congl. Ch. and Soc'y Minot, Me.	20 00
Charles Foster, by Individuals, East Machias, Me.	29 00
Rev. David Sutherland, by Con. Soc., Bath, N. H.	23 00
Deacon Sam'l F. French, by Con. Ch. & Soc., Northampton, N. H., (in part).	15 30
Rev. Joseph Vaill, D. D., by Con. Soc., Somers, Ct.	20 00
<i>Donations.</i>	
From Cong'l. Soc'y., South Woodstock, Ct.	12 71
" Con. Sc. S. Sch'l, do do	2 83
" Ladies of First Baptist Ch., Providence. (bal.)	10 00
" First Pres. Ch. N. York.	615 00

"	Con. Soc., N. Haven, Vt.	18 30
"	South Con. Soc., Kennebank Port, Me.	20 00
"	Olive St. Cong. Ch. & Soc. Nashua, N. H.	46 00
"	Con. Soc., Mason Center, N. H.	3 00
"	Daniel Cummings, N. Groton, N. H.	2 00
"	Rev. J. Miller, Harrisburgh, Pa.	5 00
"	Con. Soc., Terrysville, Ct.	12 15
"	Trinitarian Con. Soc'y., Fitchburg, Mass.	9 25
"	First Con. Soc. Newbury, Vt.	13 41
"	First Ch. & Soc. Pomfret, Ct.	38 52
"	Pres. Ch., Springfield, N. J., (balance).	21 75
"	College St. Ch., New Haven, Ct.	58 18
"	South Ch., do do	64 08
"	Howe St. Ch., do do	23 30
"	Centre Church, do do	291 22
"	North Con. Soc., do	94 60
"	Third Con. Soc., do	82 00
"	High St. Cong. Soc'y., Providence, R.I. (bal.)	19 37
"	Charles Isham, Malden, Mass	10 00
"	Miss Ann Rankin, Fishkill Landing, N. Y.	25 00
"	Second Congl. Soc'y., Union Village, Ct.	8 97
"	Friends in Vernon, Ct.	1 25
"	S. M. Abbott, Montpelier, Vt.	5 00
"	Judge P. A. Johnson, Morristown, N. J., Sundry Books valued	14 76
"	Cong. Ch. and Soc., Warren, Me.	10 60
"	Winter St. Ch., Bath, Me.	17 84
"	Central " " "	9 57
"	Cong. Ch. and Soc., Aburn, Me.	16 00
"	Con. Ch. and Soc., Lyme, N. H.	20 00
"	Con. Ch. and Soc., Barre, Mass.	56 00
"	A Friend, per G. & B., New York.	10 00

Total, - - \$2,143 01

Legacies.

On account of late Elizabeth Waldo, Worcester, Mass. 1300 00

Sailor's Home, New York.

From Ladies Soc'y, Lyme, N. H., 2 Quilts, 1 Comfortable, 5 Sheets, 10 pr. Pillow-cases, 9 Shirts, 3 Towels, 1 pr. Socks.

Money received by the Boston S. F. Society, from Churches in Hampden County Mass., from O. W. Wilcox, Treasurer.

West Springfield, (for '52-3)	83 61
Cong. Ch. in Chicopee,	8 62
2d Con. Ch., Chicopee Falls.	19 00
3d Con. Ch., Chicopee Falls.	22 00
\$20 to constitute Rev. Geo. Oviatt, L. M.	
North Wilbraham,	12 50
Longmeadow Gents. B. As.,	28 60
" Ladies " "	13 48
Congl. Ch., Westfield.	40 00
Springfield First Church.	16 54
Friend in Southwick.	15 00

Other Sources.

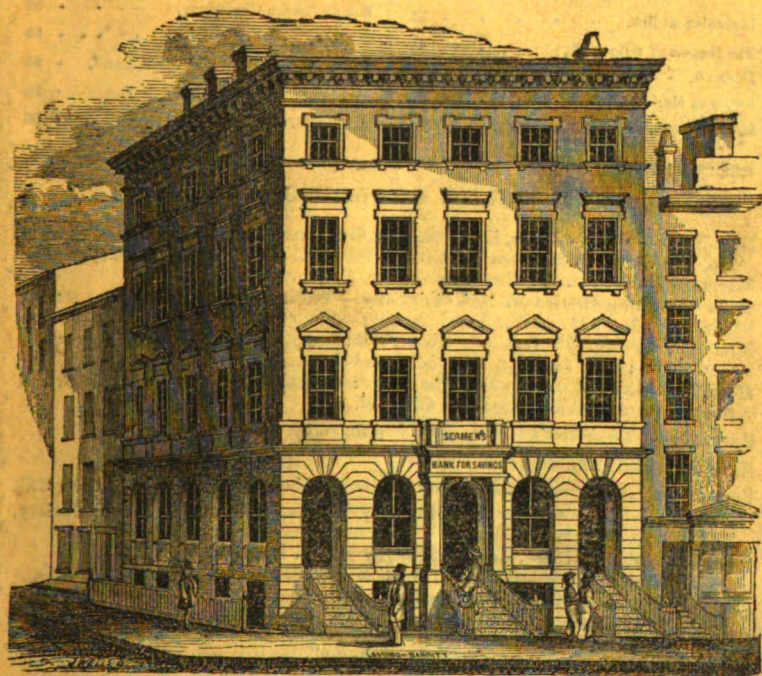
From a Lady on her death-bed.	2 15
Union Society, Worcester.	58 12
Wayland, Rev. Henry Allen's Ch. and Soc'y.	35 30
North Brookfield Con. Ch. & Soc'y.	88 00
Lydia E. Hawks, by J. B. Clapp.	3 00
Hopkinton First Con. Ch. & Soc'y.	22 31
West Andover, Ladies Sea's. Friend Society, to constitute Mrs. Rebecca Mills and Mr. Nathan Bailey L.M.	40 00
Central Con. Ch. and Soc'y., Fall River.	75 00
Broadway Con. Ch. and Soc. Chelsea.	33 40
Acton Evan. Congl. Ch. and Soc'y.	10 00
Pittsfield South Con. Ch. and Soc'y.	18 00
Paxton Con. Ch. and Soc'y.	11 00
Silas Merrick, Hopkinton.	1 00
John Tappan, donation to Sailor's Home.	150 00
Dutton, Richardson & Co. for Sailor's Home.	100 00
Wilkinson, Stetson & Co., for do do.	100 00
Frederick Jones, for do do.	25 00
I. Stearns, for do do.	25 00
Geo. D. Dutton.	25 00
Geo. Rogers.	25 00

Vol. 26.

NOVEMBER, 1853.

No. 3.

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.



SEAMEN'S BANK FOR SAVINGS.

New York:

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

No. 80 WALL STREET.

\$1 Per Annum—Postage, in N. Y., in ADVANCE, 3 Cts., a Year; Elsewhere, in the U. S.
6 Cts.; Single Number 1 Ct.

JNO. H. SCHULTZ & CO., BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS, 122 NASSAU STREET.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

	Page.
The Paradise in the Pacific, - - -	65
The Skeleton of the Wreck, - - -	77
Remarkable Answer to Prayer, - - -	78
Valparaiso Chaplaincy, - - -	80

NAVAL JOURNAL.

Lightning at Sea, - - -	83
The Horrors of Shipwreck, - - -	85
Disasters, - - -	86
Notice to Mariners, - - -	87
Missing Vessel, - - -	88

A Mean Habit, - - -	88
From the Sandwich Islands, - - -	88

NEW YORK DEPARTMENT.

What's to be Done, - - -	89
A Sensible and Acceptable Letter, - - -	91
Burning Fluid versus Intoxicating Fluid, - - -	91
Rio de Janeiro Chaplaincy, - - -	92
Died, - - -	95
List of Members of Light House Board, - - -	95
Nothing Forgotten, - - -	95
Account of Moneys, - - -	96

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW-YORK—*Sailor's Home*, Established by the American Seamen's Friend Society
No. 190 Cherry st. between Market and Pike sts. Captain Daniel Tracy.

Mariner's Home, No. 107 Greenwich st. J. S. Towne.

Other Boarding-Houses in New-York city.—William Sharp, 271 Water street;

William Huelat, 334, 336, Pearl street; Peter Oberg, 91 Market street;

Mrs. Alice Perry, 22 Oak st., Ben. F. Buck, 322 Pearl st.; Wm. Johnson, 9
Carlisle st.; Mrs. Johnson, cor. Cherry and Roosevelt streets.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend
Society, kept by Albion Lyons, 64 Oliver-st.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Sailor's Home, No. 17 Main st, by Andrew Spaulding.

BATH—Seamen's Mansion.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Edward C. Myers, corner of Market and Bow sts., Spring Hill.

BOSTON—The *Sailor's Home*, established by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society,
99 Purchase st. John O. Chany.

BOSTON—Mariner's House, North Square, by Mr. N. Hamilton.

“ North End Sailor's Home, No. 6 N. Square, by Mr. Roberts.

“ Richmond House, Richmond st., by Mr. Clark.

“ John Kennolly, Clark-st.

“ Murdock Matherson, Fleet-st.

SALEM—Ebenezer Griffin, No. 16 Vine st., clothing store, corner of Liberty and Vine
sts.; and Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket st. near Derby st.

BRISTOL, R. I.—Mrs. Ann Pearce.

NEW-BEDFORD—Wm. Cranston, 14 Bethel Court; A. C. Davenport, 25 Middle st.

For *Colored Seamen*, by Marshall L. Potts, corner Sixth and Bedford sts.

PHILADELPHIA—Sailor's Home, 204 South Front st., by J. H. Cassidy under the
care of the Pa. Seamen's Friend Society.

BALTIMORE—New Seamen's Bethel Home and Shipping Office, Capt. J. B. Corner,
65 Thames Street.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C.—Sailor's Home, by John Robinson.

CHARLESTON.—Sailor's Home, by Capt. P. H. Middleton, Market st., opposite State
st., Moses Levy, Tradd st. Dexter Prentiss, Tradd st.

SAVANNAH.—Foot of Jefferson st., O. C. Parker.

MOBILE—Sailor's Home, by Lewis Lawson.

NEW-ORLEANS—Sailor's Home, Capt. S. J. Duncan, corner of New Levee and
Suzette streets.

ST. JOHNS, N. B.—Seamen's Home, by Joshua Turnbull, keeper.

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. 27.

NOVEMBER, 1853.

No. 3.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE PARADISE IN THE
PACIFIC.

[Concluded.]

THE PASTOR OF PITCAIRN.

Not quite four months—viz: on the 15th of November, 1828—before the death of the island patriarch, there arrived at Pitcairn a remarkable man, destined to be his successor, in the confidence, affection and government of that little community. He seemed really to have been marked out for the post by Providence. The person here spoken of bears the by no means aristocratic name of GEORGE HUNN NOBBS. He was born in this country in 1799; went to sea at the early age of eleven years, when he became a midshipman in the British navy. He afterwards held a commission in the Chilian navy, under the present earl of Dundonald (then Lord Cochrane), and in consequence of his services, became lieutenant. He was at length, after a gallant and desperate conflict with a Spanish gun-brig, taken prisoner by the troops of the Spanish piratical general Benevedeis, who was a very fiend incarnate of cruelty. He shot all his prisoners except Lieutenant Nobbs and three English seamen, all four of whom lay under sentence of death, and in hourly expectation of

being shot, for three weeks; during which Lieutenant Nobbs daily saw his fellow-prisoners led out to death, and heard the reports of the muskets from which they suffered. This monster Benevedeis would invite the captive officers to an elegant entertainment; immediately after which he would have them marched into the court yard, and shot—their host standing at the window to enjoy the spectacle! Such was the man at whose mercy poor Lieutenant Nobbs lay for three weeks; at the end of which he was suddenly and unaccountably exchanged for a prisoner; Benevedeis himself being soon after taken prisoner, sentenced to death, tied to the tail of a mule, so dragged to the Palace Square, and there hanged. After many adventures and much dangerous service, Mr. Nobbs quitted Chili, and returned to England in 1822, in a vessel which had touched at Pitcairn. The captain gave such a description of the happiness of the little community, that Mr. Nobbs became irresistibly impelled to go and settle there, anxious only to pass the remainder of his days in peace and usefulness among his fellow-creatures. Early in 1826, having then been four times round the world, he quitted England, with the intention of going to Pitcairn. He went by way of the Cape of Good Hope, India, and Australia, and at

length reached Callao, in Peru, where he met the owner of a launch, who agreed to accompany him in it to Pitcairn, provided Mr. Nobbs would fit her out. This was done; and these two persons—as if emulous of the feat of Bligh and his companions—went alone in this frail launch to Pitcairn, a voyage of three thousand five hundred miles, which they accomplished in forty-two days—arriving in November, 1823. Soon after their arrival the owner died; the launch was hauled ashore, and her materials were used to build a house for Mr. Nobbs. Old Adams, on hearing his errand and his motives, and doubtless beginning to be apprehensive for those from whom death must soon release himself, received him with kindness, and he became a sort of schoolmaster in the Island. On the death of Adams in the March of the ensuing year, Mr. Nobbs continued at his post, and soon succeeded in establishing himself in the affections of the people, then only sixty-eight in number, serving them in the three-fold capacity of pastor, surgeon and schoolmaster. Three years after his arrival, however, there occurred a sufficiently ridiculous but vexatious affair. A person named Hill came to the island, professing himself authorized by the British Government to reside there as its representative! He soon sowed dissensions among the simple-minded inhabitants, whom he also terrified into obedience by the fear of giving offence to the Government. Honest Mr. Nobbs soon saw through the swaggering stranger, by whose intrigues, however, he was compelled to quit the island, leaving the new-comer boasting from time to time of his splendid rank and station at home. He said he was “a very near relative to the Duke of Bedford, and the Duchess seldom rode out in her carriage without him!”—Whilst the people were listening with awe to these magnificent statements, who should arrive at the island—positively as if for the purpose of discomfiting imposture—but Captain Lord Edward Russell, a veritable son of the Duke of Bedford! Mr. Hill was thunderstruck. Lord Edward would have made short

work of it, and removed him *instantly* from the scene of his impudent and mischievous intrusion and imposture. Lord Edward, however, would not do so without orders. But in the ensuing year another ship of war arrived, her captain armed with the requisite authority, and removed Mr. (or as he seems to have called himself, *Lord*) Hill to Valparaiso. He never made his appearance again in the island; and Mr. Nobbs having received a pressing and unanimous entreaty from the inhabitants to resume his old station and duties, complied with it, having been absent for the period of nine months, occupying himself as a teacher at the Gambier Islands, which were about three hundred miles distant from Pitcairn.

It may be remembered that a child, ten months old, accompanied the mutineers from Otaheite to Pitcairn.—She afterwards married a son of the unhappy Christian, by whom she had a daughter, and that daughter became the wife of Mr. Nobbs, by whom she has now eleven children. Since his return, on the occasion last referred to, this excellent man has never been interfered with in pursuing “the even tenor of his way,” but has evidently conciliated the ardent affection of all classes. He acted from the first as their chaplain, (as far as, being a layman, he could,) their schoolmaster, their physician, and, in fact, did every thing that could be expected from a man of kindly feeling, of no little experience of varied life, of sound education and devoted piety. His duties were constant and laborious, for all his arrangements were very systematic, and he adhered to them with punctilious exactness. Thus every hour of his time was devoted to the service of the islanders and of his own large family. But how was he himself supported all the while? it may be asked. Indeed, his remuneration was for years of the scantiest possible character, for the Pitcairn Islanders, were, as he knew, when he first went, very poor. In 1844, he thus explained, in a letter to a clergyman at Valparaiso, some of the straits to which he was driven: “My stock of clothing which I brought from Eng-

land is, as you may suppose, very nearly exhausted, and I have no friends there to whom I can with propriety apply for more. Until the last three years, it was my custom to wear a black coat on the Sabbath; but since that period I have been obliged to substitute a nankeen jacket of my own making. My only remaining coat, which is quite threadbare, is reserved for marriages and burials; so that it is customary to say, when a wedding is going to take place, 'Teacher, you will have to put on your black coat next Sunday,' which is equivalent to informing me that a couple are going to be married!"

Some little time afterwards, however, this grateful people placed him on a level with themselves, by assigning him sufficient land for his support.

A PITCAIRN DAY.

It may be pleasing to have an idea of a Pitcairn day. Let it be borne in mind that there is a difference of nine hours between their time and ours;—when, for instance, it is our four o'clock in the afternoon, it is their seven o'clock in the morning. They rise with the light; and the first duty in each house is to read prayers, including two chapters in the Bible. After a slight refreshment, the business of the day begins. Children are forthwith despatched to the school, during play-hours amusing themselves with kites and ball; but limited space—less in extent than Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens put together—necessarily curtails the diversions of young and old. The men's employment consists in cultivating their land, looking after their gardens, building and improving their little houses, fencing in their plantations, and making hats out of palm-leaves, and fancy boxes for barter with the crews of such ships as may call there. At twelve o'clock they have a plain substantial meal of yams and potatoes made into bread, saying grace before and after meals with scrupulous reverence. Both by day and by night they fish in the deep waters for a kind of cod, gray mullet, and red snapper, which, however, are scanty, and obtained with some little hazard. The

second meal of the day (they have but two) occurs at seven o'clock in the evening, consisting of yams, sweet potatoes, and such humble fare as may have been prepared by the females of the family. Once or twice only in the week can they afford the luxury of fish, meat, or poultry. The occupations of the women are their household duties, including especially making and mending clothes; and when they have leisure, they manufacture a sort of cloth out of the bark of the paper mulberry. There are no servants in the island, therefore the wives and daughters do all that is necessary for the family. They do not cook in the house, which, being of wood, might be often endangered, but in ovens at a little distance, let into the ground, big enough to contain a good sized pig. An animal of which they have but few. They have no candles, but use oil, and torches made with the nuts of the dodo tree. They have no glass for the windows, but only shutters, which are closed in bad weather. They occasionally have a modicum of tea as a luxury, but their ordinary drink is pure water, neither wines nor spirits being allowed in the island, except for strictly medicinal purposes. On high days and holidays they treat themselves with cocoa-nut milk, and water sweetened with ayrop extracted from the bruised sugar-cane. They retire early to rest, after having performed their family devotions. They sleep secure without the protection of locks, bolts, or bars: there is not such a thing in the island! Think, then, of a moonlight night at peaceful Pitcairn, Londoner, jaded with the uproar and dissipation of a London day or night!—See the moon walking in her brightness, and stars shining, vividly as you never saw them, and both reflected on the illimitable ocean, all calm and beautiful! Not a soul is slumbering there that has not closed his eyes—her eyes—after offering the heart's incense to their almighty Guardian!

The Pitcairn people are all well educated, and very fond of reading; but only books of sterling interest; and moral and religious characters, chiefly supplied to them by one of the

noblest societies which England can boast—that for Promoting Christian Knowledge. And now has arrived the time for explaining that our readers are indebted for all the interesting facts which may appear in this paper, as well those which have gone before as those which are yet to follow, to a little volume only just issued by that Society. Its pious and accomplished author* is the Secretary of that Society, and, as we learn from its pages, has personal cognizance of many highly interesting facts narrated in it, pledging himself to the authenticity of all, as far as careful enquiry has enabled him to do so. To us it has proved a delightful little volume, and we heartily express our obligation to the Rev. author. It breathes throughout a pure spirit of manly sympathy and piety. We should like to be at Pitcairn when its simple and affectionate inhabitants get their first copy—let us hope as many copies as there are islanders—of the volume which has presented so endearing a picture of that distant but *really* happy little family! How they will hang over its pages, by day and by night! But we must proceed. The great events in the Pitcairners' day is the arrival of a ship, for which they are always—not as were those before them, with terror, but with eager hope—on the look-out; and the volume before us contains numerous touching little episodes connected with these few-and-far-between ocean-island visitings. The crews are received with affectionate greetings, and the utmost hospitality which very limited means admit of; and not only has there never been an instance of Jack for an instant misbehaving himself in this sweet scene of peace and innocence, but he has himself often shed tears of sympathy and respect on receiving the civilities of this lonely but confiding little community, and returned their humble hospitalities

with such liberality as his captain felt authorized to admit. It is, however, on the arrival of a Queen's ship that the enthusiasm of the islanders is naturally most excited: and who can think unmoved of the twenty-one guns' salute from the stately structure on the bosom of the ocean, returned by the single solitary gun in the island? If anything could raise in our estimation the character of British naval officers, it is the accounts of their doings in these distant regions, to be found in this little volume. The tears have several times quivered in our own eyes, when reading the extracts here given from the journals and despatches of captains and admirals, all of whom have exhibited a noble spirit of tenderness and dignity in dealing with this little community. We would have every young officer in Her Majesty's navy read this record of manly sympathy and piety on the part of those entrusted with high and distant commands by the Queen of Great Britain—symboling at once of the authority and power of the sceptre which she wields, and the gentle spirit of benignity and piety which animate her heart. But we shall let our admiral speak for himself.

THE ADMIRAL ON THE ISLAND.

Before, however, we come to this great event, we must return for a minute to the Pastor of Pitcairn. On the 20th July, 1847, a memorial was addressed to the chaplain of H. M. S. *Phælia*, signed by seven of the islanders, including the *chief magistrate*! and the *two councillors*! (for such they have,) explanatory of their position and their wants. Their prominent want they shall themselves explain.

"One thing more, before we conclude, we earnestly present to your consideration; and as it comes in an especial manner within the province of your holy office, we would indulge the hope that our application will be attended with success. The case in question is this: Our teacher, who has been with us for nineteen years in that capacity, and whose services to us are invaluable, has never receiv-

**Pitcairn: The Island, the People, and the Pastor; with a Short Account of the Mutiny of the Bounty.* By the Rev. Thomas Boyles Murray, M. A., Secretary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; and published under the direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education, appointed by the Society. London: 1853. p.p. 280.

ed the license or sanction of the proper authority in that Church of which we are a component part. This circumstance is a source of much anxiety, both to him and us; and as our numbers amount to 138 (71 males and 67 females), and are rapidly increasing, we do most urgently, but most respectfully, solicit your application to the proper quarter for a pastoral letter, inducting or sanctioning our teacher into the holy office he has for so long a space of time unceasingly, untiringly, and worthily filled on this island. That he is deserving such a mark of ecclesiastical approbation and favor, is justly and cheerfully acknowledged by the whole community; and of the great benefit which will accrue to us therefrom, no one can be more competent to judge than yourself."

Rear-admiral Fairfax Moresby, commander-in-chief in the Pacific, had long felt a deep interest in the welfare of the Pitcairn islanders, and in the month of July, 1851, received the following beautiful and affecting invitation to visit the island, signed by thirteen female inhabitants, in the name of all their sex on the island:

PITCAIRN, July 28th, 1851.

"HONORABLE SIR,—From the kind interest you have evinced for our little community in the letter which you have sent our excellent and worthy pastor, Mr. Nobbs, we are emboldened to send you the following request, which is, that you will visit us before you leave this station; or if it is impossible for you to do so, certainly we, as loyal subjects of our gracious Queen, ought to be visited annually, if not more, by one of her ships of war.

"We have never had the pleasure of welcoming an English admiral to our little island, and we therefore earnestly solicit a visit from you.—How inexpressibly happy shall we be, if you should think fit to grant this our warmest wish! We trust that our very secluded and isolated position, and the very few visits we have of late had from British ships of war, will be sufficient apology for addressing the above request to you. With

fervent prayers for your present and future happiness, and for that of our Queen and nation,—We remain, Honored Sir, your sincere and affectionate well-wishers."

Signed by thirteen females, "in the name and on behalf of all the rest of the female sex on the island."

Who could resist this? Not an admiral in the service of the Queen of England—least of all good Admiral Moresby; and a year afterwards—viz., on the 7th August, 1852—at noon a ship was descried in the far distance, which at sunset was suspected to be a ship of war. The brief night passed in feverish excitement. Before sunrise the people were on the look-out from the precipice in the front of the town, waiting for the report of a gun to confirm their hopes. By and by, hark! the booming of a cannon electrified the little town! And as the stately ship drew near, behold—an admiral's flag waving proudly in the wind!—Would we had room for the description of this signal event, given by Mr. Nobbs, and the official despatch of the admiral containing an account of his landing, and three days' stay. It was Sunday morning, and he took his chaplain and several officers with him, all attending divine service, the chaplain preaching in the afternoon. We will, however, give the good admiral's own account of it, in a subsequent letter to a friend, describing the impressions produced by his visit.

"The Portland, }

At Sea, August, 1852. }

"Of all the eventful periods which have checkered my life, none have surpassed in interest, and, I trust, in hope of future good, the last—our visit to Pitcairn; and surely the hand of God has been in all this, for by chance, the most unexpected, and by favorable winds out of the usual course of the Trade, we were carried in eleven days to Pitcairn's from Borobora. It is impossible to describe the charm that the society of the islanders throws around them under the providence of God. The hour and the occasion served, and I have brought

away their pastor and teacher for the purpose of sending him to England to be ordained, and one of his daughters, who will be placed at the English clergyman's at Valparaiso until her father's return. The islanders depend principally for their necessary supplies on the whaling ships;—they are generally American. Greatly to their credit, they behave in the most exemplary manner, very different from what I expected. One rough seaman, whom I spoke to in praise of such conduct, said, 'Sir, I expect if one of our fellows was to misbehave himself here, we should not leave him alive.' They are guiltless and unsophisticated beyond conception. But the time had arrived when preparation for partial removal was necessary, and especially for the ordination of their pastor or the appointment of a clergyman of the Established Church. They are thoroughly versed in Bible history, which has hitherto kept them from listening to the advances of some overheated imaginations. I stayed four days upon that spee in the ocean, but rising like a paradise from its bosom. I believe there was scarce a dry eye in the ship when the islanders took their leave. We ran within hail of the settlement, hoisted the royal standard, fired a salute, and cheered them."

Here is Mr. Nobbs' own vivid picture of the noble old admiral's departure from the island:

"And now comes the leave-taking. The venerable and benevolent commander-in-chief of her Majesty's forces in the Pacific, standing on the rocky beach at Bounty Bay (the very spot where the mutineers had landed sixty years before)—himself the oldest person there, by fifteen years, surrounded by stalwart men and matronly women; youths, maidens, and little children—every one in tears, and most deeply affected, formed a truly impressive scene. The boat was some time in readiness before the admiral availed himself of an opportunity to embark. Some held him by the hand, the elder women hanging on his neck, and the younger ones endeavoring to obtain a promise that he would revisit

them. As a number of our men went on board with the admiral, a similar scene occurred there; and as the last boat pushed off from the ship, some of the hardy tars, standing in the gangway, were detected hastily brushing away a tear. The frigate now stood in for the last time; and hoisting the royal standard, fired a salute of twenty-one guns. The tars manned the rigging, and gave three hearty cheers, and one cheer more. The islanders responded; the band struck up 'God save the Queen,' and the stately *Portland* started on her track."

We said that this is a picture, as vivid as words can paint it, and worthy of the richest pencil at the command of the Royal Academy.

The islanders could only be induced with extreme difficulty, to part with their pastor for a while, when it came to the point, ardently as they had desired that he should be invested with the character of a clergyman of the church of England. On the admiral's promising, however, to leave his own chaplain at the island till their pastor's return, they allowed him to go. Listen to the testimony of the admiral's chaplain as to the people among whom he had been placed for a while.

September 5th, 1852.

"The accounts of the virtue and piety of these people are by no means exaggerated. I have no doubt they are the most religious and virtuous community in the world; and during the months I have been here, I have seen nothing approaching a quarrel, but perfect peace and good will among all." He also found Pitcairn, as did his admiral, a "paradise!"

THE PITCAIRN PASTOR IN ENGLAND.

Poor Mr. Nobbs had not fitting clothes in which to face the great world, when he quitted the island, except those with which the admiral furnished him. Having carried him to Valparaiso, the admiral then supplied him generously with the means of obtaining a passage thence to London, and presented him with £100 towards his expenses in England;

and also gave him very strong letters to the Bishop of London (urging the propriety of his ordaining so exemplary a person), and to various other persons, among whom was Mr. Murray, the author of the little volume before us, in which it appears; and a very interesting document it is. All honor to Admiral Fairfax Moresby! We have seldom seen more moving traits of unaffected and unassuming goodness than this volume contains, on his part. He cannot yet know that the public is thus made acquainted with them.

On Saturday, the 16th of October, 1852, after an absence of twenty-six years, spent at Pitcairn's Island, this excellent person arrived at London. What a Babylon it must have seemed to one so long accustomed to the profound silence and solitude of Pitcairn! We ourselves saw him, and sat beside him for some time in the month of November. He was indeed an interesting stranger, very modest and with a sort of sad and stern simplicity (with a dash of rough quaintness) in his manner, which comported well with the life he had led, and to which it was evident he was pining to return. He looked the age he was, viz. fifty-three. His features were characterized by a quiet decision; and he spoke with gravity and deliberation. Nothing seemed to surprise him—the result of a long life of anxiety, suffering, and labor. None of the attractions says a friend, or absorbing topics of interest—not even the great Duke's funeral which he witnessed—seemed to excite him. So sustained, and built up, and built round by previous experience of wonders and escapes amidst the battle of life, was this wonderful man, that he had literally reached the point of *Nil admirari*!

IS ORDAINED BY THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

The Bishop of London, yielding cheerfully to the strong concurrent testimony of Admiral Moresby, and many others who had enjoyed ample opportunities of learning the character and claims of Mr. Nobbs, during a long career of twenty six years at

Pitcairn's island, acceded to his request to be admitted to holy orders.—On the 24th October, 1852, he was ordained deacon in the parish church of Islington, by the Bishop of Sierra Leon, under a commission from the Bishop of London, who himself ordained him priest at Fulham church on the 30th November; his description, in the letter of orders, being "Chaplain of Pitcairn's Island." He was warmly welcomed and hospitably entertained by the greatest and best in the land; and a number of them subscribed towards raising a little fund for defraying the expense of his return to Pitcairn, and his outfit—a service of communion plate, and also various useful articles for the inhabitants, a bell for the church, two or three clocks, medicines, clothing, laborers' and carpenters' tools, simple articles of furniture, cooking utensils and stores of provisions.* These benefactors of the distant little community wisely determined to send them such articles only as shall contribute to their comfort, without communicating a taste for luxury; than which last, nothing could be more absurd or cruel. Since he left this country, we may mention that an excellent little church organ has been despatched to the pastor—we must now call him the chaplain—of Pitcairn, set to such of our plain and hallowed old English chants and psalm tunes, as he appeared, when in this country, best to like. By this time, it may be that our noble evening hymn, which is one of them, has ascended from that little rock to heaven's gate, a grateful offering!

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge granted £100 towards the fund for the purpose above mentioned, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel placed him on its list of missionaries, with a salary of £50 a year. In short all parties who became acquainted with him during his two months' stay, and with his story, seemed to vie with each

* "H. M. S. VINDIC," says Mr. Murray (p. 85, note.) "left calling for Pitcairn, in January, 1853, having on board singing-birds, rose trees, myrtles, &c., for the islanders." A touching circumstance.

other in paying attention to him, and exhibiting their interest by their liberality. At the admiralty he experienced, through the Duke of Northumberland, and other eminent functionaries, the utmost kindness, and assurances of the watchful interest with which the small settlement should ever be regarded there; and the Directors of the Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company provided him with a free passage in the *La Plata* to Navy Bay.

HIS INTERVIEW WITH THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT.

It was a matter of reasonable ambition to the Pitcairn chaplain, before quitting England for ever, to be admitted to the presence, though for but a moment, of his Queen; and as Her Majesty's interest in her distant subjects, especially as connected with the spread of Christianity, is well known, and the humble chaplain of Pitcairn had made many friends in high quarters his wish was gratified. On the 15th December, 1852, two days before he quitted England, the *Royal Fairy* conveyed him by appointment to Osborne. He was first introduced into the Presence of the Prince, who took an evident interest in him, asking a great many questions concerning Pitcairn and its people, and appearing greatly pleased with his answers. In a letter dated the next day, to the Rev. Mr. Murray, the most hospitable and zealous of his friends), through whose kindness it is now lying before us, he speaks of this as the "eventful day!"

Prince Albert was very urbane, and asked me many questions about our island, and appeared much pleased with the answers I gave him. He then enquired what he could do for the community? I said Her Majesty's community had supplied us with all we had need of at present; but that, if he would present us with Her Majesty's picture, including himself and the royal children we should consider it a great favor.* He smiled,

* "This highly valued gift," says Mr. Murray, "was taken out in February, 1853 in H. M. sloop *BATTLENAKE*, Captain Trollope, the commander being instructed to leave it in the charge of

and said I should have it. After a little more conversation, I saw he was designing to withdraw, and not a word had been said about seeing Her Majesty! No time was to be lost, so I screwed up my courage, and said, 'Will your Royal Highness permit me to pay my duty to the Queen?' He replied, 'I am just going to enquire if Her Majesty will see you.' After a few minutes, I went into the room where Her Majesty was?" and worthy Mr. Nobbs proceeds to say, that he was instantly set at ease by the affable condescension of Her Majesty. We regret that he has not left any written account of this interesting interview, for the worthy chaplain of Pitcairn had a little world of matters to attend to during the few remaining days of his stay in England. We have reason, however, to believe that the Queen exhibited a lively interest in his account of this distant family of her subjects, who, by this time, no doubt, have heard from their chaplain's own lips what Her Majesty asked and said of them. He received pleasing little mementoes from the ladies-in-waiting, and other distinguished persons in attendance, and so took his departure from the residence and presence of Her Majesty of England, to commence his ten thousand miles journey.

RETURN TO PITCAIRN.

He sailed from Southampton in the *La Plata* on the 17th December, and reached Valparaiso in safety on the 12th February. A letter from him is lying before us, dated Valparaiso, 6th March, where he was waiting for the *Portland* to convey him to Pitcairn. "Oh, how I wish," says he, "to be at home!" He was then dividing clerical duty with the chaplain of Admiral Moresby at the church on shore, and also on board the man-of-war stationed there. He says that he had a sufficiency of money to meet his expenses, and a trifle to spare, without trenching on my salary (£50 a year) which I shall endeavor to preserve intact for the benefit of my dear wife

the commander-in-chief in the Pacific, for conveyance to Pitcairn."—Pp. 219, 220.

and children, whom God preserve!" He complains sadly, however, of the expenses of passing the formidable Isthmus of Panama. It cost him £50. There a dismal mischance befell him; he lost the box containing his communion plate. "Oh, what anxiety of mind its absence cost me! and I believe this was the exciting cause of the fever by which I was attacked." Fortunately, however, after a week's suspense, the precious box was recovered, thanks to the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Perry, the British Consul at Panama. After many fervent expressions of piety and gratitude towards his friends and well-wishers in England, he concludes by hoping that his next letter will be dated Pitcairn's Island, when the thanks of the community will be appended to his own.

"From Valparaiso," says Mr. Murray, towards the close of his little history, "should all go on prosperously with Mr. Nobbs, Admiral Moresby will convey him to Pitcairn in the *Portland*, and the islanders will probably welcome him home before the end of March. May it please God to guide him in health and safety to his distant flock! Who can adequately imagine the scene which will be presented on his landing among his friends in the island, to be parted from them no more on this side the grave?" We can picture to ourselves, on reading this passage, the scene to which we formerly alluded of their reluctant parting with their pastor to come to England—to encounter the dangers of twenty thousand miles' travelling—perhaps never to return—following him down to the water's edge, embracing and sobbing over him; and it may be that he said to them in faltering tones, and in the moving language of the Apostle Paul on a similar occasion—"What mean ye to weep and to break my heart?"—Acts, xxi. 13.

THE PASTOR'S PEOPLE—WITH A GLIMPSE OF PITCAIRN STATISTICS.

"The number of persons now living on this little island is one hundred and seventy—viz., eighty-eight males and eighty-two females. When the nine mutineers established themselves

there, they divided the island into as many parts, which are now subdivided into twenty-two, that being the number of families. Misunderstandings now and then arise on the subject of boundaries, as was the case in patriarchal times; but those misunderstandings engender no animosity, and are soon settled by the chief magistrate and the two councillors; for, as we have seen, such august functionaries have for several years existed in this little community. The chief magistrate is elected on the first day of the new year by a general vote of all males and females eighteen years old; but if any of either sex be married under that age, they are entitled to the suffrage. On the same day the two councillors are chosen, one by the magistrate, the other by the people. The present chief magistrate is a son-in-law of Mr. Nobbs. His office is rather shunned than coveted; and sometimes exemption is purchased by killing a hog for the public good. Should any dispute arise which neither the magistrate nor he and the two councillors can settle, a jury of seven is called to decide it; and if it be so surpassing knotty as to defy the efforts of the seven sages, it stands over till the arrival of a British man-of-war, against whose decision there is no appeal—a fact not very pleasing to the gentlemen of the long robe practicing in the privy council, to whom, doubtless, a crumb from Pitcairn would in these times be far from unacceptable. During the interval—that is, till the arrival of the Naval Court of Appeal—"the matter drops, and no ill feeling remains; for it is a principle with them not to *let the sun go down upon their wrath*." Happy Pitcairners! would your border was enlarged, and one could come and cast in one's lot with you!

The powers of the magistrate are pretty fairly defined, but of a very simple nature. So are the public laws, the principal of which are as follows:—As to *landmarks*, the first duty of the new magistrate, and that on the day of his election, is, with a competent number of the heads of houses, "to visit all landmarks on the island, and replace those that are lost." As

to *spirits* or *intoxicating liquors* of any kind, their purchase from ships is peremptorily forbidden, except under a very strict condition—i. e., for medicinal purposes alone. No female is to go on board any foreign vessel of any description, without the magistrate's permission, who must either accompany her on board or appoint four men to do so. In the matter of "The Public Anvil," &c., the law is as follows: "Any person taking the public anvil and public sledge-hammer from the blacksmith's shop, is to take it back after he has done with it; and in case either should get lost through neglect to do so, the loser is to get another, and pay a fine of four shillings." And as to *money*, its equivalents are these:—

One barrel of yams,	-	-	-	8	0
" " sweet potatoes,	-	-	-	8	0
" " Irish ditto,	-	-	-	12	0
Three good bunches of plantains,	4	0			
One day's labor,	-	-	-	2	0

A shilling, or its equivalent, as above, is to be paid for each child per month, between the ages of six and sixteen years; if Mr. Nobbs' assistant attend instead of Mr. Nobbs, the former receives the salary; and be it observed, that as Mr. Nobbs is godfather to many of the children, all of *them* he instructs gratuitously. In respect of *CATS*—if ours knew the store set by them in Pitcairn, few ships bound for the Pacific would quit our ports without more on board than had been bargained for, or the captain was aware of! Thus stands the law:—"If a *CAT* be killed without being *positively detected* in killing fowls, however strong the *suspicion* may be, the person killing such cat is obliged, as a penalty to destroy *three hundred rats!* whose tails must be submitted for the inspection of the magistrate, by way of proof that the penalty has been paid." The stringency of this law is referable to the great number of rats on the island, which do much damage to the sugar-canes. Fowls are toe-marked; and if one be discovered destroying yams or potatoes, the owner of the plantation may shoot the fowl, and retain it for his own use; and may also demand of the owner of such fowl the

amount of powder and shot so expended as well as the fowl. As for a Pig, if he get loose and commit depredations, his case may be submitted to the magistrate; taken from him to a jury of seven; and finally to the captain of the next man-of-war coming to the island!

In features, dress, manners, and appearance, the Pitcairners seem to resemble the inhabitants of one of the better order of our own villages; but some are rather darker than Europeans, partaking of their half Otaheitan descent. As for dress, the men wear short trousers, coming down to within two or three inches of the knees, a shirt, and a cap or hat; shoes and stockings being reserved for Sundays. They are, however, badly off for clothes, depending on the precarious supply afforded by ships touching at the island. The women wear a petticoat from the waist downwards; and over that a loose gown, with a handkerchief sometimes thrown over their shoulders. A wreath of small white fragrant flowers, and others of a bright red, is often worn round the head; the hair being worn in bands, and twisted in a very becoming manner into a knot behind. "Though," says Captain Piper, of H. M. S. *Tagus*, "they have had the instruction of only their Otaheitan mothers, our dressmakers in London would be delighted with the simplicity, and yet elegant taste, of these untaught females." As we have seen that these young creatures are finely formed and handsome, there appearance must be both engaging and picturesque.

In the year 1850, the inhabitants of Pitcairn realized the truth of the old adage, that it is an ill wind that blows no one any good. Five gentlemen—one of them was Mr. Brodie, who afterwards published a very interesting account of his stay in the island—landed on the island, whose ship was blown off during the night, leaving them prisoners for a period of three weeks! They had nothing but the clothes they wore—with the exception of one, the Baron de Thierry, who being of a musical turn, had a tuning-fork with him. He proposed

to teach his hospitable hosts music, noticing how imperfectly they got through the vocal parts of divine service. They made remarkably rapid progress, being passionately fond of music; soon learning, as a visitor in August last testified, "to sing in parts beautifully." He adds, that he accompanied the chaplain of the ship to the island on Sunday the 8th August; "the hymns were sung in regular parts by the whole congregation. I doubt much whether any church in England, excepting cathedrals, can boast of such a good choir." Imagine them, good reader, on Sunday next, the 5th inst., perhaps singing to the accompaniment of their organ, and with their beloved chaplain in the reading-desk and pulpit!

Fearing a dearth of water (which would now appear to have been chimerical), the British Government, in the year 1831, removed the whole community, then only eighty-seven in number, to Otaheite, when Queen Pomare, since become a historical character, received them with great kindness, though herself harassed, at the time, by civil war. The licentious manners of the place disgusted almost all the virtuous visitants from Pitcairn; but some few were overcome by the temptations to intemperance. The unhealthiness of the climate then carried off twelve by sickness, and five more died almost immediately after their return. It is to be regretted that humanity should have been so hasty on this occasion, and to be hoped that such a step will not be taken again without grave consideration. They have ever since expressed their deep sorrow at having been removed, and their passionate love of home, from which they will never again be willingly severed. One of their *Records* states that, within three months after their removal to Tahiti, on one or two of their number returning to Pitcairn, "During our absence our hogs had gone wild, and destroyed our crops; and after our return we employed ourselves in destroying the hogs."

Though the climate is generally charming, the island is subject to be visited by terrible storms. One is re-

corded as having burst over it on the 16th April, 1845, occasioning extreme terror to the inhabitants, and devastation. What a scene! Thunder and lightning bellowing and flashing incessantly over the desolate little rock—a deluge of rain falling—the hurricane howling around, and tearing down the precious earth from the rocks into the sea—tearing up by the roots, and casting into the roaring and foaming ocean, three hundred coco-trees. A yam ground, with a thousand yams, entirely disappeared. Several fishing-boats were destroyed—all the plantain patches were levelled, four thousand plantain trees being destroyed, the one half in full bearing, the other designed for the year 1846: "So that," continues the *Record*, "this very valuable article of food we shall be without for a long time. The fact is, that from this date until August,"—i. e., four long, wearisome months—"we shall be pinched for food!" How bore the terrified little community this dispensation? Let us hear, for the *Record* thus proceeds: "But God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb: and we humbly trust the late monitions of Providence—namely drought, sickness, and storm, which severally have afflicted us this year—may be sanctified to us, and be the means of bringing us, one and all, into a closer communion with our God. May we remember the rod, and who hath appointed it; always bearing in mind, that our heavenly Father doth not willingly afflict the children of men." We envy not him or her who can read this without sympathy and admiration.

Here is a letter, from one of the Pitcairn women, which, in our opinion, cannot be surpassed in the solemn simplicity and beauty of its piety and gratitude. It is from *Miriam Christian*, and addressed to the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, chaplain of H. M. S. *Basilisk*, who had been very kind to them all:—

"PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.
"SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN,
"Lat. 25° 4' S., Long. 130° 8' W.
"Sept. 28, 1844.

REV. AND HONORED SIR,—Please accept my humble thanks for the interest you are pleased to take in our

welfare, and also for the presents you and our other friends in Valparaiso have sent us; and may they and you be rewarded a thousand-fold both in a temporal and a spiritual sense. And may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.

"I am, Rev. Sir,
"Your grateful servant,
"MIRIAM CHRISTIAN."

The community, as we learn from Admiral Moresby, 'are strictly brought up in the Protestant faith, according to the Established Church of England;' and Mr. Nobbs stated in a sermon which he preached in London shortly before his return, that "there is but one form of Church government, that of the Church of England. The Holy Bible and the Church Prayer-Book are their chief rules of guidance; their motto—'One Faith, one Lord, one Baptism.'"

Divine service is performed in the school-house, a substantial building, fifty-six feet long by twenty wide, with a pulpit at one end. It is amply supplied with desks, forms, slates, books, and maps.

These worthy people, happy in so many other respects, are by no means exempt from the ordinary ills of humanity, and suffer occasionally very severely from prevalent illness, chiefly the influenza, and also the more formidable diseases. There is a painfully interesting account given of the death—perfectly resigned, and even happy—of one of the women, from cancer. On all these occasions, for now a quarter of a century, this exemplary man has acted both as physician and chaplain.

How long this singular and interesting community may be able to remain at Pitcairn, is problematical; for Admiral Moresby tells us, in August, 1852, that "the crops on the tillage-ground begin to deteriorate; landslips occur with each succeeding storm; and the declivities of the hills, when denuded, are laid bare by the periodical rains." Symptoms in reality appear of an evil sometimes chimerically apprehended at home—population

pressing on the means of subsistence. It will thus become the duty of the British Government to deal prudently and tenderly with the little community; not tearing them all, with bleeding hearts, from the land of their birth, and the seat of their sweets, and sympathies, and associations, but assisting them from time to time, as they themselves perceive the inevitable necessity for so doing, to migrate to the numerous islands in that remote locality—each family, and each member of it, becoming a radiating centre of Christian civilization. At present, they themselves fondly declare—but it must be often with a heavy sigh, as they behold their steadily diminishing resources—that "they will not remove elsewhere whilst a sweet potato remains to them;" and as for their chaplain and pastor, he is rooted to the spot. As he told Mr. Murray, "as long as two families shall remain at Pitcairn, I will remain also."

We know not how our readers may have been while perusing the foregoing pages, but we ourselves, in writing them, have felt as though freshened and cheered in spirit, by a brief sojourn in this little Paradise in the far Pacific; as though we had glided for a while out of the glare and hubbub of the great world—its fierce rivalries, ambitions, covetousness, and ostentation—and been at peace in Pitcairn. It is a small type of a state, having its laws and constitution appropriate to its position and exigencies; but, at present, almost necessarily free from those subtler and fiercer temptations which so incessantly, and only too successfully, assail highly civilized communities. Both, however, have had the pure light of Revelation to guide them—with what different results, while man conjectures, God *knows*. But no thinking person can read the history of Pitcairn, without being profoundly affected by contemplating the results flowing directly and indubitably from the presence of the Holy Volume in which is enshrined the Revelation of God to man. It sufficed, indeed, to make the rough places smooth, and made the wilderness blossom as the rose.

We cannot part with the little volume,* to which we have been exclusively indebted for so much instruction and gratification, without again expressing our thanks to its excellent author. We feel as if we had been suddenly led by him out of a thick cloud into the blessed sunshine, and walked hand in hand with him through a sort of happy valley. It is a book written without pretence of any kind, but breathing throughout, as we have already said, a spirit of manly piety and benevolence. The style is plain and vigorous—admirably adapted for its writer's purpose. It is calculated to do great good among all classes; and as for sailors, had we our wish, half a dozen copies should be presented to every ship in Her Majesty's service, that Jack might see what comes of mutiny, and that captains and admirals may see how their brethren manage matters in the Pacific.

Mr. Murray truly states, in his preface, that "the eventful history connected with Pitcairn, proves that real life may be as romantic as fiction." We have, in these few pages, the romance of reality, and many shadowings, in the annals of this distant speck amidst the waters of the Pacific, of the grandest truths which can concern nations or individuals, as relating to the sources of vice and virtue, with their attendant misery or happiness.

And thus we say, in a kindly spirit, adieu to the *Paradise in the Pacific*!

THE SKELETON OF THE WRECK.

Those who follow the occupation of a mariner, are exposed to many perils, among which are shipwreck and starvation. It is a terrible thing to be destitute of food and drink, and to pass day after day in an open boat, or on a shattered wreck or a raft, far from human assistance, gradually losing strength and suffering all the crav-

ings of hunger and thirst, until death comes at last and puts an end to agonies which cannot even be conceived. It is said that a man possessed of a good constitution may live for seven days without any sustenance whatever; his frame will gradually waste and wither, as the gnawings of hunger increase; and a morsel of bread or a drop of water will then be more valuable to him than all the precious mines or diamond gems in the world. If he falls asleep, he forthwith dreams of rills of clear, sparkling water, of gushing springs, of delicious fruits, and tempting viands, and suddenly awakens in a few moments to a full sense of the horrors and helplessness of his condition.

One of the most touching descriptions of shipwreck, connected with starvation, was published a number of years ago in an American periodical, and gives a vivid picture of the horrors which surround a poor wretch in that sad condition.

Many years ago, when the brave Commodore Truxton, in the United States frigate *Constellation*, was returning from his famous cruise in the West Indies, the look-out at the mast head one morning, ere the sun had risen above the horizon, descried at the distance of three or four miles an object which looked like the wreck of a vessel. The course of the frigate was altered, and in half an hour the Commodore had ascertained that the object was indeed the wreck of a merchant vessel. Her masts were broken off about fifteen feet from deck, and the hull was full of water. They saw no living thing on board, but there was a camboose-house on deck, which had apparently been recently patched with old canvass, or tarpaulin, as if to afford shelter to some remnant of her crew. And, although it blew a strong gale at the time, the humane Commodore determined to send off a boat, with instructions to board the wreck and ascertain whether there were indeed any human being still surviving whom the help of his fellow-men might save from the grasp of death.

The boat proceeded towards the drifting wreck, and while the men

* It contains several plates, including an excellent daguerrotype likeness of Mr. Noble, and another of John Adams, the last of the mutineers, and finally the patriarch of Pitcairn. There are also several views of the island, and of the houses, school houses, &c., &c.

were rowing and struggling with the difficulty of getting alongside, while a heavy sea was running, and shouting all the time as loud as they could, an object which resembled in appearance a bundle of old clothes was seen to roll out of the camboose-house, apparently against the lee-side of the vessel. With a boat hook they contrived to seize it and haul it into the boat, when it proved to be the body of a human being, bent head and knees together, and so wasted as scarcely to be seen in the ample garments, which fitted him when he enjoyed health and strength. He seemed a pigmy in the clothes of a giant. He looked pale and ghostly indeed; but, although he was unable to speak, he still breathed.

The boat's crew hastened back to the *Constellation* with this miserable remnant of humanity. This poor starving wretch was reduced to such a diminutive size that a lad of fifteen years old was able to lift him from the boat. When placed on deck he showed, to the astonishment of all, signs of returning life and consciousness. He tried to move; then opened his parched and blanketed lips, and strove to speak. After two or three attempts, he succeeded in uttering, in a faint, hollow, and sepulchral tone, "*There is another man!*"

Commodore Truxton immediately ordered the boat to shove off again for the wreck, and after several abortive attempts, the crew succeeded in boarding the wreck. In the camboose-house they found two other human bodies, wasted like the one they had taken on board the frigate, to the very bones, but without a spark of life remaining. Unfortunate men, they had suffered every thing which it is possible for men to suffer, and had died the dreadful death of starvation.

The boat's crew, after completing their melancholy survey returned on board, where they found the attention of the ship's company engrossed by efforts to preserve the life of the poor fellow, who, on being brought on board, seemed to have just life enough remaining to remind his preservers that there was still "another man," a companion to be saved.

It is needless to say that no possi-

ble efforts were spared to restore to health this generous sufferer, who seemed a living skeleton. Food was administered to him with caution, and under the direction of the surgeon, who exerted all his skill to save his life. The undertaking seemed a hopeless one; but, strange as it may seem, was crowned with success. In a few days the skeleton began to resemble a living human being. The poor fellow was able to stand, and even to walk, and afterwards rapidly gained strength, and his bones soon became covered with flesh. Before the frigate arrived in port the crew were astonished to find in the feeble, wasted, corpse-like being whom they had rescued from a dreadful situation, a stout man, nearly six feet in height. He was no longer "the skeleton of the wreck."

It appeared that the vessel from which this man was thus providentially saved, was a Dutch brig, bound from Curacao for Amsterdam. It had been capsized in a furious hurricane; the masts broke off, and it righted full of water. The officers and crew, with the exception of three seamen, were drowned. The survivors, for the first few days, managed to obtain a little provision as it floated out of the hatchways. But these resources soon tailed them, and the only water they could get to quench their feverish thirst was the rain as it descended in slight showers from the clouds. Thirty-two days had these poor wretches dragged out a miserable existence on the wreck, growing weaker and weaker every day; and it was only a day or two before the *Constellation* fell in with the wreck that two of these miserable men overcome by their sufferings, died a dreadful death.

REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER.

About forty years ago, when I was a subaltern in the royal marine corps, two other officers and myself were ordered to embark, one in each of the three guardships then stationed in the Medway. Two of them lay close to the Dockyard, affording at all times easy access to the shore; but the

other, the Resolution, of 74 guns, was moored half way down the river, toward Sheerness, from whence in winter and bad weather it was troublesome to land, and sometimes impracticable. For this reason it was natural for each of us to wish for one of the Chatham ships, and strong interest was accordingly made by us respectively, with the commanding officer, for this purpose. But he, finding that he must necessarily disoblige one of the three, ordered us to attend the parade next morning, and draw lots for our ships. This, of course, drove me to my strong hold, and if ever I prayed with fervency in my life, it was now. I pleaded hard with the Searcher of hearts, that he knew my chief motive for desiring one of the Chatham ships was, that I might constantly attend the means of grace, and the ordinances of his house, and I felt confidence that if I really was a child of God, he would grant my request—since the “lot thus cast into the lap” was wholly at his disposal. The important morning came, and I drew the dreaded ship down the river. Had I drawn my death-warrant, I hardly think it would have affected me more. My prayer was now apparently rejected, and the enemy of souls taking advantage of the agitated state of my depraved heart, easily made me draw the conclusion, that either I was no Christian, or that God paid no attention to those who professed to be such. In this gloomy, desponding state, like a criminal going to execution, I embarked the same forenoon in his majesty's ship Resolution, lying in a dreary part of the Medway, about two or three miles from Sheerness. I had just time to be introduced to the officers in the wardroom, when dinner came in. The third lieutenant being caterer that week, of course stood up at the head of the table, and asked a blessing: but with so much seriousness as quite astonished me; for being well acquainted with the customs of the wardroom in a king's ship, I had never heard any thing of the kind so solemnly pronounced there before, and I determined to mark every word that proceeded from that gentleman's

lips, in the hope of hearing something that might enable me to ascertain his character: nothing decisive occurred during dinner, but no sooner was the wine placed upon the table, than he was attacked by several of his messmates on his religious sentiments, and soon discovered that he bore the genuine marks of a true Christian, by his judicious reproofs, and the very able manner in which he confuted all their infidel arguments. Wishing, I suppose, to know what spirit I was of, they frequently appealed to me for the truth of what they advanced: but having always decided against them, I was imperceptibly drawn into the disputation on the side of the caterer.

When the allowance of wine was drunk, (for it was a sober, well regulated mess) the purser rose and broke up the company, exclaiming, with an oath, “Our new messmate is as great a Methodist as Tomlinson.”* I smiled, well pleased to be associated with such a man. As two needles touched with the loadstone, when they fall near to each other among chaff, will soon come together, so this Methodist lieutenant and I myself speedily came into contact. After having exchanged a few questions, we went down to his cabin in the gun-room, had an hour's comfortable conversation, and concluded with prayer, although a few hours before we had never seen one another's faces. This singular circumstance could not fail to bring to my recollection the prayer I had so culpably forgotten, now completely granted, and I began to be reconciled to the ship Providence had assigned me; but that God, who abounds in goodness, and delights in mercy, never confers his favors by halves. A few days had hardly elapsed, when an order came from the Admiralty, to send the Resolution up to Chatham, and one of the ships there to take her place. This was such welcome news

* Lieutenant Tomlinson was a pious, sensible, and well-informed man, then well known in the Christian world. He was long a commander in the navy, and would have been high among the admirals, had he not disobliterated the Admiralty of that time, by publishing a plan for manning the navy without pressing, which that board would not countenance. I enjoyed his friendship for many years.

to all on board, that lest the order should be countermanded, we obeyed it the same day, for the wind and tide favoring, we weighed, and came to an anchor off the Dockyard before two o'clock. Thus my prayer, at first apparently rejected, was now completely answered, but it was in the Lord's way. Had mine been attended to, and I had drawn the ship that afterward went down the river, I should have been miserable. So true it is, we "know not what to pray for as we ought."—*Life of Maj. Gen. Burns.**

VALPARAISO CHAPLAINCY.

Extracts from the Chaplains monthly report.

I have been graciously sustained in my labors among the Seamen another month; and I now sit down to forward to you a brief outline of what I have been doing.

July 31. Sabbath. Went on board of the ship *Eleanor Dixon*, and preached at 11 A. M. to about 27 persons. The blessing of God appeared to be with his word. Some shed tears during service. My earnest prayer is, "O Lord convert sinners."

Aug. 3. Went afloat in the bay, with books and tracts.—Visited eight vessels and supplied them with tracts. In the afternoon called on Mr. Jones who is sick with consumption and will soon die. He says he is entirely resigned to the will of God: and enjoys a deep abiding peace; read a portion of the word of God and prayed with him. Then went to the prison and distributed tracts; thence to the American hospital. Here are several patients who have lately arrived. They look bad and have evidently had bad usage both for soul and body. I left some tracts and papers, and called at the English hospital and did likewise.

Aug. 4. Attended the funeral of Emily Spencer, infant daughter of Rev. George Spencer and wife, missionaries lately arrived from Tahiti.

* Major-General Burns was a Scotch Presbyterian.—Ed.

They were compelled to leave there an account of the interference of the French in the affairs of that island.

Aug. 5. Attended the funeral of Mr. Jones, in company with Mr. Trumbull. He has been lingering some weeks and during that time, under the instruction of Mr. Trumbull, has professed to have experienced a change of heart, and the pardon of his sins; and we trust has become really a child of God.

Aug. 7. Sabbath. I went on board of the bark *Warratah* and preached to about 20 persons, who were serious and attentive. In the evening preached to about 60 persons in Mr. Trumbull's chapel. The people were very serious, and when they retired from worship, I did not hear a loud word spoken.

Aug. 10. Visited the American hospital and distributed tracts and religious papers. One of the patients, Mr. James T. Fogg, has been here about six months. He was not very sick when he came here, but lately he appears to be going into a consumption. I conversed with him freely on the subject of religion. He said he had been skeptical owing to bad treatment that he had received from the master of a vessel some years ago, who was a professor of religion. But since that time he had seen his sister die happy and felt convinced that there is truth in the bible. He appeared very serious when I conversed with him but made no promises of repentance. Went to the English hospital and gave away tracts; thence to the prison and distributed tracts there. There has been an increase of English prisoners here since my last visit. The keeper of the prison must always have his tract with the others and the Chilian prisoners are very anxious to get what I have to give them.

Aug. 11. and 12. Visited a number of vessels and gave tracts to the seamen; among them the *Walter*, from Hamburg, where I sold a number of German books and gave them a package of German tracts. They were very thankful and desired me to bring more books.

Aug. 13. Visited the hospital and took the names of the following per-

sous with a short account of each. Thos. Jefferson Snell of Fall River, Mass. He left home the last of April, 1852. Was sick four months in Payta, Peru. Sailed from the United States in the ship Congress, of New Bedford, Capt. Hathaway. Came to the American Hospital in Valparaiso Aug. 6, 1853. He says he is destitute of religion, and of a knowledge of the Scriptures, except what his mother taught him. He thinks the Bible is true but knows little about it. The above is the account he gave of himself. His age is twenty-six years. Anthony J. Hale, is from Newburyport, Mass.—Left home June 12, 1852. Sailed from Bangor, Maine, 16th Sept. following, in the ship Alkmaar, Capt. John Simpson. Has been on the Pacific coast eight months. Came to this hospital the 8th day of last April, aged 40 years. Has a brother by the name of Jacob Hale, in the same town. James T. Fogg is from Portland, Maine. Left home July 1st, 1852, in the Liberia Packet, Capt. White. Has been on the Pacific coast about eight months, and in the hospital about six months. Has a mother at Portland, Maine, named Harriet Hubbard. He is serious, and thinks much of obtaining the forgiveness of his sins. I tried to deal very plainly with him. Assured him that he must repent and do it now, or perish; that there is no help or hope for him only in the renunciation of all sin, and entire submission to God. He said that he intended to live a religious life when he returned home. I told him that course only grieved the Holy Spirit, and made sure his own destruction, that it was not honest with God or with his own soul, and that instant repentance was his only chance of escape from hell, and afforded him the only hope of salvation. He said very little but wept, I left "James' Anxious Enquirer," which he promised to read. The day following I visited him, and when I entered his room his countenance was altered and cheered with a pleasant smile. He said during the night he had engaged in prayer and was able to give himself up to the Lord, and

felt peace in his mind. I told him if he had confidence in God, to hold on to it and look for its increase. I have some fears however, that he is not converted.

Aug. 16. Went on the bay in the forenoon. Among other vessels I visited was the American clipper Rattler, lately from California. The chief officer told me, that on leaving the United States, the American Bible Society had supplied the vessel with bibles, but the sailors on leaving the ship sold the bibles, and now the ship is without them. Left them a small supply of tracts and pamphlets, and a few newspapers of a religious character. I was well pleased with the courtesy and kindness of the chief officer. Sold one bible to the steward. I then went on board the clipper ship Mischief, of the United States, and was very kindly received by the chief officer. Supplied them with magazines and papers as above, and left them apparently well pleased with my, to me, interesting visit.

Aug. 17. Went on board the ship General Blanco, and gave them a supply of tracts. Mrs. Ross, the Captain's wife, bought several books, and said that she was fond of reading religious books, but was not a church-going or a religious person. She has three very interesting little boys, and I obtained a promise from her that she would send them to Sabbath School as soon as she moved on shore, which will be soon. I visited several other vessels and gave away German, Danish, Spanish and English tracts.

Aug. 18. Rev. George Spencer and myself went to the Prison and gave the prisoners a few tracts. I can give them only a limited quantity, for my tracts are nearly all gone.—Some of the prisoners look very bad and in feeble health. At the American hospital we left a small supply of reading matter for the patients who are able to read. Mr. Fogg is slightly better. He says he tries to pray frequently, and keeps his thoughts on religious subjects. He thinks he would prefer to die here and not see his friends, than live and go home and again openly violate the law of God.

Aug. 20. To-day I again visited Mr. Fogg, found him cheerful and willing to converse. He says he is happy all the time,—feels anxious to get well, and attend church. He is gratified with James' Anxious Enquirer, and spends considerable of his time reading it. He says he feels quite resigned to the will of God, either to live or die. He expressed a desire to get the tract, Dairyman's Daughter, and I took it to him to-day.

Aug. 21. Rev. Geo. Spencer and myself went on board of the "Waratah," and he preached to a congregation of eight persons. They were serious and I believe good was done. May the blessing of the holy Spirit attend these labors among seamen.

Aug. 22. Went on the bay, and visited some vessels from Hamburgh and supplied them with tracts in German and Spanish. Some of the Chilians would not receive them. I sold very few books for the seamen have no money. They obtain money, and on shore spend it foolishly, and then complain that they have none to purchase books; and this makes me very careful about giving books away. I left one Spanish bible on the Waratah for the use of the Chilian passengers, but the chief officer agreed to lend it to them lest they might destroy it. The Germans are generally steady, sober, well-disposed men, but rest in morality, and in the outward services of religion. They appear to have no clear idea of an inward change of character, and of course are in the dark on the subject of vital piety. And if the truth of God and the Holy Spirit, does not awaken them, and open their eyes, they will forever remain in that darkness. This evening I visited Mr. Fogg at the American Hospital, and had a lengthy conversation with him, and with Mr. Armstrong. Mr. Fogg stated that he is far happier now in his afflictions, than he ever was in the ball-room, in the midst of mirth.

Aug. 23. Went afloat in the morning and gave Magazines and papers to several vessels. On the ship Fortunata, I gave German tracts, and had conversation with one of the officers. he gave me to understand in German

and broken English that his heart loved the good books I gave him. I trust this visit was productive of good to others, for it was to my own soul.

Aug. 26. In the morning I visited Mr. Lindsay, one of the deacons of Mr. T.'s Church, and found him very ill. I read the scriptures and prayed with him. At the close of my interview, I said something to him about his children, three in number, who are scattered up and down this coast and in England, and he began to weep, and then to sob aloud, and I was obliged to leave him in this condition. Went to the Prison with tracts and papers and magazines.—The Chilians are almost unmanageable, and if I do not give them as many tracts as they want, they try to take them from me by force. Here I gave German, French, English and Spanish tracts, and one French testament. One Frenchman to whom I gave tracts, thanked me over and over again for them. Went to the hospital and conversed with Mr. Fogg, who still professes to retain his integrity. Conversed with a Mr. Hale who professes to be anxious on the subject of his salvation. Let him have Baxter's Call to the Unconverted. He said he would read it through. Saw another man who is sick with rheumatic fever. He says he has been a great sinner and desires pardon. I have conversed with him several times and prayed with him, but he is so stupid under the influence of sin and long continued transgression, that the terrible thunders of the law will not awaken him. He exhibits no life or power beyond the feeble desire to be saved, and he appears to be perishing because of his feeble faint-hearted state of mind. O! how dreadful! how heartrending to see a man who has thus spent his life in sin, on the very brink of destruction, and yet no heart to help himself, and thus perish in sight of life! I have tried to deal faithfully with him, but fear the result.

A brief account of Geo. N. Armstrong. He entered the hospital June 16, 1853. He is a son of Ferdinand and Mary Armstrong, of Hampden, Me., aged 26 years. Yours &c.,

D. H. WHEELER.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

LIGHTNING AT SEA.

No. 2.

The following additional vessels have been destroyed by lightning at sea :

The bark *Bayfield*, with a cargo of gunpowder and spirits, bound from Liverpool to Bonny River, was struck by lightning and set on fire on the 26th of Nov. 1845, when off the west coast of Africa. The mate, and the whole crew on deck were knocked down. They endeavored in vain to extinguish the flames, and as it was on fire directly over the magazine, they were compelled to take to the boats. They were unable to save any water or provisions, and in this pitiful condition steered for Sierra Leone, then distant three hundred miles, which port they reached after being nine nights and eight days in open boats, without water or other necessaries, and having lost three of their men by starvation.

The packet ship, *Thomas P. Cope*, of Philadelphia, was struck by lightning and set on fire, on Sunday, the 29th of November, 1846, at six and a half P. M., at which time most of the passengers had retired to rest. A scene of terrible confusion at once commenced. The passengers rushed on deck on discovering the ship was on fire below, and one poor woman, Mrs. McNeil, while saving an infant child, left below a little girl of 5 years who was suffocated by the smoke.—The mother's agony was heart-rend-

ing in the extreme. Still the gale blew with unabated fury, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and the sleet, snow, and hail descended with bitter violence. The hatches were calked down that the flames might if possible be smothered.—Every precaution was used to keep the flames under but in vain ; but the means adopted proved successful in preserving life. The decks were constantly kept wet, and occasionally holes were bored in them to turn water down. For the first night, men, women and children were exposed to a violent storm of snow and sleet, and it would be difficult to imagine a more distressing sight than poor Mrs. L. with her infant and other children thus exposed. As soon as circumstances would permit, the women and children were got into the fore-castle, though it was impossible to remain in such a situation long at a time. The crew and male passengers were of course obliged to keep the decks day and night, and it is said that Capt. Miercken, whose conduct was admirable throughout, never quitted the deck. In this situation the ship remained until the next Saturday afternoon, the decks growing hotter, thus giving evidence of the increasing fire and threatening all with a horrible death. Several sail were seen during the time, but at a great distance. On Saturday, December 5th, just as hope was giving away to despair, they providentially fell in with the British barque *Emigrant*, Captain

Taber, bound to St. John, N. B. Although short of water and provisions, Capt. Taber could not hesitate in regard to his duty. He commenced transferring them on board on Saturday evening, and when his work was half done, darkness and a gale set in. The feelings of Capt. Miercken and those who remained on board, may not be described. The fear that the flames would burst out upon them at any instant, and that the gale might separate the vessels, must have constantly preyed upon their minds, but the dawn of morning showed their succor near at hand, and they soon joined their companions. As they left, the hatches were taken off, and the noble ship was soon wrapped in flames. The conduct of Capt. Taber is spoken of in the highest terms. He, with his crew, cheerfully went upon the same allowance of a half pint of water each, which was all that could be afforded to his numerous guests. A few days afterwards, the *Washington Irving*, a Boston Packet, Capt. Caldwell, homeward bound, hove in sight. Capt. C. cheerfully took them all on board, and supplied the emigrants with provision and water. The unremitting kindness of Capt. Caldwell will never be forgotten. They were just such as every one who knows that gentleman would have expected of him, and one can scarcely conceive of a purer satisfaction than he must enjoy in being the instrument of Providence in feeding the hungry and caring for the destitute. The *Washington Irving* arrived safe at Boston with the sufferers, consisting of Capt. Miercken, George Dodd, Isaac Walton, Mrs. Mary Loughridge, four children and servant, officers and crew, and fifty steerage passengers, from the packet ship *Thomas P. Cope*. Within a few months we have seen the death of Captain Miercken announced in the newspapers, with a remark that his suffering on board the *Thomas P. Cope*, when that vessel was struck by lightning, had hastened his exit.

She ship *Christophe Colomb* sailed from New Orleans on the 7th February, 1847, with a cargo of cotton and corn bound to Havana.—

There were many invalid passengers on board. On the 11th February the ship was struck by lightning, and in three days after was wrecked in sight of land, at three o'clock in the morning. The passengers and crew expected every moment that she would go to pieces. At daylight three of the passengers were conveyed through the breakers to the shore, and there experienced much suffering from efforts to find habitations. From this they were taken back on the succeeding day by a boat, and conveyed to a schooner which had come to the relief of the ship. While awaiting the departure of the latter for Havana, in the middle of the night, the cry of fire was heard, and all who were able to, directed their attention to the ship a few miles distant; it was enveloped in flames and with its whole cargo consumed. The lightning which it was supposed had spent its fury on the mast, had gone into the hold, and when the ship began to open, the air fanned the slumbering elements, so that the cotton and whole cargo was one sheet of flame, leaving not a vestige of the ship to mark the spot where she struck. The excitement attendant upon the varied efforts to escape from the wreck in the first place, and in pursuing the journey to Havana in a small and crowded schooner were too much for the ladies who were passengers, and they had to remain at the small sea port of El Mariel, about thirty miles from Havana, with a view if possible to gain strength to proceed. It was the will of Providence that Mrs. Julia Ann Haven should be the first taken from the midst of her fellow sufferers. After lingering about two weeks she expired in the arms of her husband without a murmur or a struggle—none of those who were around her knowing at what moment her soul took its flight to the arms of her Saviour, in whom she believed and on whom she depended. Mrs. Haven was the wife of Charles H. Haven, of New York, and only daughter of Daniel Thatcher, of Bridgeport, Ct.

The ship *Robert G. Shaw*, of Boston, with a cargo of cotton bound from Charleston, S. C., to Havre, was

struck by lightning on the 6th of December, 1847, and burnt to the water's edge. The officers and crew took to the long boat and arrived at Brest on the 10th.

The *Rebecca C. Fisher*, from Apalachicola, Florida, bound to New York with a cargo of cotton, was struck by lightning and set on fire at 5 A. M., of April 18th, 1848. The British brig *Margaret*, Capt. Montgomery, at 11 o'clock of the same morning, fell in with the burning vessel, and at 4 P. M. of that day took on board the officers and crew, eight in number. They passed the wreck the next morning, burnt to the water's edge.

The brig *Lincoln* of Boston, left that port on the 29th January, 1850, for California; on the 4th of March, at 11.30 P. M., in lat. 40 deg. N., lon. 45 deg. W., during a heavy shower of rain, and without any menacing appearance of lightning, was struck by an electric discharge which shivered the mainmast and forced its way into the hold; on opening the scuttle, volumes of smoke were emitted, and finding it impossible to extinguish the fire, they endeavored to stifle it by closing every aperture. In this state they remained for more than four days with the fire burning in the hold, when they were relieved from their perilous situation by the German ship *Maria Christina*, of Altona, Vass, master, which providentially came to their rescue. Previous to leaving the illfated brig the hatches were opened, when the flames burst forth, and in thirty minutes afterwards the mainmast fell over the side. Capt. Averill, of the *Lincoln*, is anxious to bear testimony to the very kind treatment he and his crew received from the captain and crew of the *Maria Christina*, on board of which vessel he was for thirty days. There were thirteen persons in all on board the *Lincoln*, two of whom were passengers.

The clipper ship *Golden Light*, 1,140 tons register, left the port of Boston on the 12th of February, 1853, with a cargo valued at three hundred thousand dollars. On the night of the 22d of February, in lat. 22 23 N., long. 47 45 W., was struck by light-

ning and set on fire. All hands were driven to the boats, numbering, with the passengers, thirty-five persons.—The ship was shortly after enveloped in flames and burnt to the water's edge. The boats, five in number, were abundantly supplied with provisions and water. One of the boats was missing on the morning of the 24th, and another parted company on the fourth night after leaving the ship. After five days exposure, the remaining three boats were picked up by the British ship *Shand*, Captain Christie, from Calcutta, and arrived at Boston on the 20th March. The Captain and crew of the *Shand* treated the Captain and crew of the *Golden Light* in the most hospitable manner. One of the missing boats arrived at the Island Antigua in safety; the other boat, with eight persons on board, has not been heard from.

In my next, I shall mention several other cases, in which vessels and their cargoes have been destroyed by fire, the result of a stroke of lightning.

Your truly.

E. MERRIAM.

THE HORRORS OF SHIPWRECK.

Captain Young and the only known survivor, ten in number—of the ill-fated bark *Argyle*, from Bristol for Quebec, laden with iron, before reported as having foundered at sea, arrived at Quebec 5th inst. Their sufferings have been dreadful. It appears they were nine days in one of the ship's boats, drifting about on the ocean, and that six of these days were passed without food or water—during which time several of the men in the boat died of exhaustion and hunger. Of the survivors, two are females—one of whom is an old lady, turned, we should say of 50, who, to add to her sufferings, was doomed to see her son, a fine strong young man of 23 years old, die of hunger by her side. The other female is a young woman—and strange to say, both these females were exposed to the same privations that the men were, and yet they lived through them. There were twenty-five persons on board the *Argyle*, including three

passengers, viz. the young woman, the old lady and her son, all of whom took themselves to two of the ship's boats; one of which has not since been heard of, and it is feared that but nine of the twenty-five have been left to tell the sad tale.

DISASTERS.

Br. schr. Thos. Pierson, from New Orleans to Balize, Hond, was lost 12th Aug.

Ship Massachusetts, of and for New York, from Newport, England, sprung a leak 26th Aug. in St. Georges Channel, and put back for Cardiff, but sunk 27th in four fathoms water off Sable Island, near Cardiff.

Brig Lydia Farnham, from St. Jago for New York, went ashore night of Aug. 21st, on a reef near the Isle of Pines. Crew saved, and arrived at Havana. The vessel was sold for \$351.

Brig Argus, of and from Charleston for Trinidad, was wrecked on Cayo Blance 31st Aug. and would prove a total loss.

Barque Nova Scotian, of Yarmouth, N. S. which sailed from St. John, N. B., 6th Sept. for Greenock, is reported ashore on Mud Island, and is supposed a complete wreck.

Schr. Antelope, of Beverly, was lost at Cape Mabou, River St. Lawrence, 4th Sept. Her crew arrived at Newburyport 16th in schr. Mary Frances.

Schr. Cape Fear, from Boston for Portland, while lying at anchor near House Island, about 4 o'clock morning 15th Sept. was run into by fishing schr. J. E. Steele, of Harwich, and immediately sunk.

Br. barque Cario, Le Brun, was fallen in with 10th Sept. on the southern edge of the Gulf Stream, with loss of spars, and in a sinking condition, having been thrown on her beam end the day previous, in a violent hurricane. Crew taken off by schooner Waldron Holmes, at Provincetown, 14th.

Capt. Jewitt, of brig Industry, arrived at this port Thursday from

Jacksonville, reports: On the 8th Sept. fell in with the schr. Viola, Mathias, from Norfolk bound to Antigua, 7 days out, having on the 7th in a hurricane, lost her mast. Took off the crew and two passengers.

Schr. Susan M. Young, Matthews, from Philadelphia for Bath, was driven ashore one mile east of East Hampton Village, near Sag Harbor, L. I., 15th Sept. and became a complete wreck.

Schr. Marinah N., at Philadelphia, 18th Sept., from Hamilton, N. C., reports: 14th inst. having fell in with the ship Harkaway, of New York, which had been wrecked on Diamond Shoal, Cape Hatteras. The H. which was loaded with guano, and bound to Hampton Roads, had on board at the time, the crew of the bark Croton, Capt. Knowles, having picked them up Aug. 3d, in lat. 25° 50 S., lon. 26° W. Three days previously the Croton had been dismasted—her mate, Henry Stevenson, belonging to Salem, Mass., being killed by the fall of the masts; and when the Harkaway came to her relief, she was in a sinking condition. The last named ship was wrecked about 3 o'clock P.M., 14th Sept., and at sunset her own crew and that of the Croton, were rescued by the Marinah N., and taken to Philadelphia.

Schr. Falcon, Dyer, at this port, from Hillsboro', reports: 15th Sept., 25 miles N. N. W. from Cape Cod, fell in with a boat containing Capt. Doane and crew of the schr. J. H. Small, of Harwich, which had been hove on her beam ends, filled and sunk.

Schr. Z. H. Small, Doane, from New York for Boston, was capsized in Boston Bay, and sunk in the S. E. blow of 15th Sept.

A schr. with a cargo of ship timber, went ashore off Easthampton morning of 15th Sept., during the S. E. blow, and became a total loss.

Ship Joseph Holmes, at this port, from Bremen, reports: Sept. 17th, spoke ship Corsica, of Boston, Melcher, from St. Johns, N. B. for Bristol, Eng. Took from her Capt. Rogers, and crew of the Br. brig Conqueror,

of and from Yarmouth, N. S., bound to Antiqua. The Conqueror, on the 8th Sept., experienced a hurricane, which carried away fore and main mast, and hove the vessel on her beam ends, when she filled with water. Also took from her two seamen of the Norwegian brig Haabet, of Arendale, Capt. Bentrose, hence for Norway, 23 days out, with a cargo of naval stores. She had been dismasted in the hurricane of the 8th Sept., and was left in a sinking condition. The captain and remainder of the crew remained on board of the Corsica.

Brig Tornado, M'Carty, at Bermuda 12th Sept., from Baltimore, reports: 8th Sept, picked up on the hatch of a vessel, a seaman named Wm. Bradley, who reported that he was the only survivor of the crew of the American brig Albermarle, Curry, which vessel was capsized on the previous night, at 12 o'clock. The Albermarle left Norfolk on the 4th with a cargo of staves, loaded by Messrs. Dickinson, bound to the West Indies. The crew consisted of two mates, a cook and five seamen, all of whom were drowned with the exception of Bradley.

Schr. Orange, Smith, of and from Windsor, N. S. for Boston, with plaster, went ashore on Long Island, Penobscot Bay, eve of 6th Sept., in a severe gale and thick weather; a total loss.

Brig Daniel Weld, from Windsor, N. S., for a port in the United States, in attempting to enter the harbor of St. John, N. B., in the gale night of 24th Sept., struck on the Foul Ground, and sank near the Beacon. The crew had barely time to take to their boat before she went down, saving nothing but what they had on.

Fishing schr. Vesper of Dennis, sprung a leak night of 22d Sept., about ten miles S. of Cape Elizabeth, and went down in about an hour.

Ship Asia, of Boston, Robinson, from Mobile for Cork, and a port in France, went ashore in Mobile Bay, about 2d Sept., and is expected to be lost.

Sloop Cabinet, from New York for

New London, was wrecked 24th Sept. at Millers Place, Long Island.

Schr. Gipsy, Miller, of and from New York or Corpus Christi, got ashore at Star Key 2d Sept., and bilged.

Schr. Virginia, from Alexandria for Fall River, went ashore about 3 o'clock on Monday morning on the rocks on S. W. part of Point Judith, near the light house, and is reported to have bilged and will be lost.

Br. schr. Orange, Smith, from Windsor for Newport, R. I., with plaster, got ashore on Mt. Desert, L. I., 6th Sept., in a thick fog, and will be a total loss.

The large schr. before reported sunk on the North side of Delaware Breakwater, is the Rainbow, from Philadelphia for an Eastern port.

Schr. Emily B. Sonder, Stowell, of Newport, from Norfolk for Hingham, struck a rock on Sunday last near Seaconnet, and while attempting to run her ashore at the mouth of that river, filled and sunk in thirty feet of water.

Schr. James Ward, at Philadelphia, from Rum Key, had on board the crew of schr. Gipsy, of and from New York, which got ashore at Star Key, Sept. 2d; vessel bilged.

Capt. Bird, of steam tug Achilles, reports having been run into, night of the 4th Oct. off Pollock Rip Light Boat, while towing the Dutch schr. Adrianus & Willem from Boston to this city, by the barque Homer, from Philadelphia with a cargo of coal, bound to Salem. The captain and crew abandoned the barque, and were taken on board the steam tug.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

LIGHT AT THE ENTRANCE OF MANILA BAY, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.—Official information has been received at this Office through the Department of State, of the establishment on the 1st day of February last of two lights in the entrance of Manila Bay.

The first is a Revolving Light, eclipsed every minute, in 14° 23 5 N., and 120° 33 56 East of Greenwich;

it stands on the summit of Corregidor Island, at an elevation of 648 feet above the level of the sea, and the Spanish account adds, that it is visible at the distance of 40 miles.

It bears from the Monja Rock North 86° East.

The second is a Fixed Light, and placed on the small steep Island of Caballo, at an elevation of 417 feet above the sea, about two miles to the eastward of Corregidor. This light can be seen but 9 miles, and only when it bears to the northward of East or West; so that a vessel having entered the Bay, will lose sight of it as soon as she has passed Caballo Island, and will have to rely on the great Light of Corregidor to guide her to the anchorage off Manila.

Fraila Island is $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Caballo, the Light on which is useful in dark nights to ships passing between them; but none of these Islands should be approached within half a mile as the current is strong. By order,

THORNTON A. JENKINS,
Secretary.

Treasury Department Office, Light-house Board, August 26, 1853.

The official notice of the Light-house on the Sisargis Islands, Bay of Biscay, contained an error stating that it consisted of a fixed red light, when it ought to be a fixed pale (literally white) light, varied by red scintillations emitted every four minutes.

One of Jones's Fog Bells has been placed on Petit Menan Island, Maine. It should strike every twenty seconds.

NEW LIGHT IN THE CATTEGAT.

—Official notice is given that during the month of September, of the present year, a Light-ship will be placed on the Copperground (Kobbergrund,) in the Cattegat, in lat. 57° 68½ N. and lon. 11° 20½ E. of Greenwich.

This vessel which has two masts, schooner rigged, and whose sides will be painted red with a white cross, will be moored S E and S, three or four cables length from the so-called Nyvager (new vane buoy.) The vessel will show three lights.

Further notice will be given as soon as the lights are burning.

MEDITERRANEAN SEA COAST OF AFRICA.—Lighthouse of Alhucemas.—From the 1st of August last there has been lighted every night, from the setting to the rising of the sun, on the watchtower in the squares of Alhucemas, the most elevated point of the fortress, a signal lantern whose light is fixed—the same being formed of two lamps with large wick, and reflected by a metallic glass.

Its height upon the level of the sea is 135 feet of Burgos, its reflection extending nearly nine miles.

MISSING VESSEL.

The Salem Register states brig Joshua Brown, George H. Williams-master, sailed thence October 5, 1852, for West Coast of Africa, since which nothing has been heard of her.

A MEAN HABIT.

There are but few habits more prevalent, though there are few meaner, than that of speaking slightly of ourselves with the design of making those we address talk in our praise. Weak and vain persons are often guilty in this respect. They fall that you may lift them up. They fish for food to their pride with the habit of humilitv.

From the Sandwich Islands.

News up to Dec. 15. The agricultural convention voted to raise a stock company with \$50,000, to establish a plantation for cultivating sugar and oranges. The *Polynesian* publishes a list of 200 whale ships that have touched at Honolulu, 102 at Labaina, and 38 at Hilo; a total of 339, valued at \$11,000,000, with cargoes valued at 8½ millions; the seamen were 10,000, besides the masters and officers.

A modern writer has discovered that the human hair is a vegetable. He does not say how it should be cooked.

New York, November, 1853.

"WHAT IS TO BE DONE?"
Will Ship-owners and Merchants Answer?

BY A SHIPMASTER!

GENTLEMEN, of the *Seamen's Friend Society, New York*:—I respectfully beg leave to address you, upon a subject which undoubtedly will occupy your serious attention—viz, the welfare of those young men who are about to embark upon a sailor's profession. My object is not to touch upon the degraded and demoralized life of the sailor, who is corrupted more from the peculiar circumstances by which he is surrounded, when ashore, and in some instances, is made reckless by unjust, tyrannical treatment on shipboard, than by other causes; but my intention is to point out a new game—one at least somewhat modified for the worse. This game is carried on by fiends in human shape, who outrage humanity. They do not only plunder and debase the simple ones they ensnare, but they practise a system of the most bare-faced imposition, I may say robbery, upon owners of vessels.

What is to be done? Will merchants exert themselves in a matter which so closely effects their own interests? I am afraid not. I do not pretend to say but that there are many

good men, merchants, who would devote their spare time, and a part of their means to effect a reform. Without united action, however, by those who ought to feel the most interested, all efforts by a few individuals must prove abortive.

The ship which I command is rising of 1000 tons burthen and carries a crew of 24 men, exclusive of officers.

VOYAGE NO. 1.

William Wilcox, aged 25, born in the State of New York, and is by profession a farmer. On being closely questioned, he stated that he saw an advertisement in the papers signed by a man named H——, for nice young men from 18 to 24 years of age to go to sea. That he called upon said H——, in Water Street, by whom he was shipped. He was supplied by the said H—— with about \$6 worth of clothing. Knew nothing of the remaining part of the advance money. Wilcox never was at sea before, but is shipped as an able seaman, and the ship is charged \$20 advanced to him.

John Dillon, Oneida Co., N. Y., aged 18, never was at sea before, is useless as a sailor. Came to the city in company with Wilcox, and was shipped by said H—— as an able seaman. Received from that man \$6

worth of clothing, knows nothing about the remainder of the advance money. The ship is charged for this lad \$20 advance.

John E. Byner, city of New York, aged 18, never was at sea before, is not only useless, but perfectly helpless. He says he was shipped by the said H— as an able seaman, and from whom he received about \$6 worth of clothing, knows nothing of the remainder of the advance.— The ship is charged for this boy \$20 advance money.

James McKinre, aged 17, born in England, is no sailor, next to useless. Ship charged \$15. Little or no clothing.

Samuel Clark, aged 18, born in England, says he was shipped, as he was told, for \$12 per month. Received out of his advance \$4 in clothing, had been boarding at one house two weeks. Is on the articles as an able seaman, and the ship is charged \$20 advance money, is of no account as a seaman.

Arcaden Villecruz, 15 years old, Manilla, speaks no English, is not a sailor, and destitute of clothing. Ship charged \$20 advance.

Two more Manilla men and three Kanaka's from Waohoo, are not sailors, destitute of clothing. All shipped for able seamen, and the ship charged \$20 advance for each one. They are perfectly useless.

Lawrence Freeman, aged 18, born in Ireland, has been one passage from Europe, is useless as a seaman, is destitute of clothing, ship charged \$20 advance.

Samuel Brazen, aged 21, Ireland, has been in a sloop, is quite useless and destitute of clothing, ship charged \$20 advance.

The above 13 individuals are part of the crew of 22 souls.

VOYAGE NO. 2.

Jacob Patre, aged 19, Dutch, speaks no English, states through his interpreter, Rev. Mr. McCormick, that he was shipped by a man named L—, was told by said L. that the officers of the ship were Dutch, and that he would receive wages at a future time. Received from said L. three meals, one shirt, one belt and knife, and a tin pot, received no advance money, shipped as an able seaman, though never at sea before, except the passage across from Germany. Ship charged \$20 advance. Is useless.

Thomas McClane, aged 18, Philadelphia, has been three years in steamboats, boarded with a Mr. P. three weeks, received only one pair of boots, shipped as an able seaman, is entirely useless. He says the said P. received his advance money. Ship charged \$20 advance.

Thomas May, aged 17, Scotland. Is not on the articles by that name, was shipped by a man named M. who told him he was shipped as third cook. States that he received no money nor any articles of clothing. Ship charged \$20 advance. Is useless.

John Morris, Milford, Wales, is no seaman, though on the articles as an able seaman, boarded two days with a man named M., was told by said M. he would get his wages at Liverpool, received no advance money or clothing, ship charged \$20 advance.

Patrick Nisbill, aged 20, Ireland, is not on the articles by that name.— Boarded three days at 177 Mott St., met some person in the street who shipped him without delay. Received from said man one belt and knife, one shirt, one lb. tobacco, one tin plate and pot, one straw bed and a rug. Received no money. Ship charged \$20 advance. Is no sailor. Useless.

John Barrett, aged 16, New York. Boarded six weeks at 240 Cherry st. Says that he invariably paid his board in advance. Was shipped by a man named L., from whom he received two shirts, two pair trowsers, one straw bed, and one rug. Received no money. Never was at sea before. Is useless. On the articles as an able seaman. Ship charged \$20 advance.

One lad fell overboard, in the East River, off the jib-boom, and was drowned. Stated when he came on board that he was told the ship was bound for California. Received no advance money, said he had been working on a railroad. Ship charged \$20 advance.

One young man about 22, who was not a sailor, had been working on a railroad, was told the ship was bound for California. He died suddenly when going down the lower bay, of delirium tremens. He was afflicted with a most loathsome disease. Ship charged \$20 advance.

Comment is unnecessary.

At Sea, July, 1853,

F.

A Sensible and Acceptable Letter.

From a Merchant Shipowner in New York, to the Treasurer of the American Seamen's Friend Society.

"DEAR SIR.—I enclose my check on Union Bank to your order for One Hundred and Ninety Dollars, for the purpose of constituting as Life Director of the Am. Sea. Friend Society, Captain ———, and as Life Members Captain ———," here follow the names of seven Captains, "who are all engaged in my employment, and have been for several years as Officers and Masters of my vessels. If agreeable, please appropriate this donation towards the support of your Chaplain at ———.

I am very truly yours."

NOTE: We have designated the

above as *sensible* for a three-fold reason; first, as a mark of respect and interest for the Masters in his employ; secondly, as a means of calling their attention to the improvement of the men they command, and their class generally; and thirdly, as generously aiding in a work of acknowledged importance at home and abroad. We publish the letter with the hope that it may be as *suggestive* to other ship-owners as it is *sensible*, and prompt them to go and do likewise. Eds.

BURNING FLUID VERSUS INTOXICATING FLUID.

Mr. E. Merriam has made up from the files of the Journal of Commerce, New York, for one year, commencing with Sept. 1, 1852, and ending with Aug. 31, 1853, a *Statement* of deaths and injuries caused by the use of various Burning Fluids. Says Mr. M.:

"This record presents the account of the death of nineteen persons, and twenty-three fatally or severely injured, and of three slightly injured, and of four fires,—all resulting from the use of camphene, or burning fluid, spirit gas, rosin oil, or some of the kindred preparations sold for the purpose of illumination. We have not looked through the files of our other papers, but the statement here presented from the files of one journal, is enough to awaken inquiry as to the propriety of some legal enactment to prevent such waste of life and such extent of suffering.

We will endeavor to collect together, all the records within our reach bearing on this matter, and present them to the next Legislature for the consideration of that body."

Now suppose Mr. Merriam were to submit also a *statement* of deaths and injuries, caused by the use of intoxicating fluids, within the same time, and within the same limits; instead of 19 persons killed, would he not find 1900;—instead of 23 fatally or

severely injured, would he not find 2300;—instead of 3 slightly injured, would he not find 3000; and instead of 4 fires, would he not find 40 or 400!

And if the evils occasioned by Burning Fluid, are enough to awaken inquiry as to the propriety of some legal enactment for their prevention;—if such a record is worthy the consideration of the next Legislature, shall no inquiry be awakened, and no consideration had on the evils resulting from the use of Intoxicating Fluids? Call all the engines in the city to put out a blazing cake and beer shop, while a thousand palaces are burning down! Mr. Merriam, we presume, is on the right tack; and having duly called attention to a minor list of evils, he will in due time bring down an avalanche of statistics to arouse the popular mind to correct evils far sorer than those occasioned either by the yellow fever or the cholera, or all the burning fluids in existence.

RIO DE JANEIRO CHAPLAINCY.

AUGUST, 19, 1853.

DEAR BRETHREN:—The Bethel flag still floats, and under its peaceful folds are gathered from Sabbath to Sabbath, the energetic Captain, who has braved the deep all over the world, the adventurer, hieing to the gold fields of Australia, or the rich diggings of California, and the American sailor, that sturdy denizen of the fore-castle, for whom no one cared some 30 years ago, but for whom now chapels are built, preachers are sent out, tracts and bibles are printed, and thousands of prayers go up to Him who "stilleth the noise of the waves and causeth the people to praise him." I have still to recall the goodness of God to us in this beautiful city of the tropics.

Since I last wrote you, I have preached every Sabbath upon the waters, with the exception of two in the month of April, when I was absent on a missionary and exploring tour, some two hundred miles in the interior of the great and fertile Empire of Brazil. My last dates to you were near the end of February. In that month I witnessed what I never wish to see again. I do not refer to the dreadful ravages of the yellow fever; I do not mean the sight of the body racked with pain, and the emaciated jaws gasping for breath, but to the scene of a fellow creature dying without God, and even rejecting Him who is full of mercy and tenderness towards us creatures of clay. I had observed in one of the ship-chandleries a tall young man upon whom the mark of consumption was as clear as the day. He went to a private hospital. I followed him and spoke to him of Christ, and told him of a poor woman whom I had just visited, and who was in deeper suffering than himself from consumption's ghastly touch, and had in addition to bodily ills the harassments arising from most outrageous treatment on the part of those who should have been her protectors, yet in the midst of all this, she was borne up from this world to another, and all her pains were drowned in the ocean of God's love;—that boundless love manifested through Christ Jesus our Lord. I described to him how I had sat by the bedside of that poor Christian, whose death was as certain as the sun which shone upon us, and that I had been astonished at the power of Christ in her soul to make her forget her tortures, which were most excruciating. It was all owing to her faith which God had implanted in her heart, and she felt that she was soon to be with Jesus, and that one thought was to her transporting and

joyous. "Oh, what a faith!" he exclaimed, "how wonderful! I would give anything to have it." It can be yours, I replied, only you must feel your own unworthiness, and rely only upon Christ. I then addressed him directly on the subject of his soul's salvation and told him that soon he would be placed beneath the ground, and that he must immediately set about it and accept the mercies of God before it was too late. He had no Bible, had never thought of these things, though some of his relations were religious. He had one of Duma's novels in his hands, though he was shivering with his skeleton frame on the very brink of eternity. I told him I would send him a Bible, and gave him some very pointed tracts suited to his case. I prayed with him and left him. I called again. I found him stretched upon his bed, his eyes glassy, and almost fierce. No attendant was in the room, and, as the shades of evening were settling down, everything seemed most gloomy. Before I had time to say anything to him, he commenced in a hurried manner thus to address me: "Mr. Fletcher, I tell you before hand, that I do not wish you to say anything to me on the subject of religion. My convictions are too strong. I cannot stand it. I cannot reconcile these things. I know that your motives are pure, but say nothing. They are killing me here, and why don't you and so come to see me. You have been my friend, but I will pay them, (naming the persons) when I get well." I said to him, do not talk thus, you will soon be no more, and you ought at this hour to be at peace with God and man. Oh, seek Christ before it is too late; man can no longer help you, believe in him who alone can help you. He shook his head, and said it was no use, and was unwilling to allow me to say anything

more to him on the subject. But I told him that there were good Christians who were praying for him now, and even the poor woman whom he would so soon meet at the judgment seat of Christ. He begged me to desist. I found that it availed nothing to continue the conversation, but I told him as he would not allow me to hold out to him Christ, as he would not permit me to pray *with* him, he could not hinder me from praying *for* him. I kneeled, and lifted up my heart in prayer and pleaded for him who had rejected mercy. I left him with great sadness. He rejected God. Twenty-four hours after he was found dead in his room with the most horrid expression upon his features, so dreadful, that those who saw him could not bear the sight. Some of my friends who saw him after my last interview, said that he was constantly swearing and breathing vengeance. Two weeks afterwards I stood by the death-bed of the poor woman referred to. It was a scene of joy and triumph. She sang with us "there is a land of pure delight," and "Jesus lover of my soul," with fervent gratitude, and said that soon she, like the returned prodigal, should be clothed with the robe of holiness and immortality. I was with her to within one half hour of her death, and so calm, so resigned, and so triumphant was her situation, that some Roman Catholics, who stood near her, wept, and told me that they had never seen anything like it. When near her end she said to me, "Sir, I suffer the most excruciating pains. I am in constant agony, but I would endure ten years of such suffering for this moment's glory!" Laying her hand across her emaciated form she murmured—

"And not a wave of trouble rolls
Across my peaceful breast."

After this scene I can truly say,

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

I mentioned in my last the conversion of a son of Capt. H., in this harbor. He was brought hither to see if this warm climate would ameliorate his condition. He was evidently in a decline,—I might almost say, in next to the last stages of consumption. His mother and brother, (who was first mate of his father's vessel,) his sister and sister-in-law, accompanied him. Their whole attention seemed to be devoted to that son and brother. In my weekly rounds I had visited a number of times the Barque S. (Capt. H's vessel,) and thought I observed a disposition on the part of some to fear that I would talk to the young man about death. He was generally very silent, but I always improved the occasion to speak of the sick in the harbor, who had Christ for their all, and by what means they found him. These communications doubtless had their effect, for I was soon sent for by Capt. H. to converse with his son. It seemed that in addition to consumption the fever had attacked him, and there was danger of his being carried rapidly to the grave. I was soon upon the vessel and our conversation resulted in the young man learning his own unworthiness, and placing all his trust in Christ. God visited him and opened his heart. The next day I found him enjoying a sweet peace in Jesus, and whereas, he said, things all went wrong once, all was just right now, for it was as God wished it. I never saw a clearer case of conversion, and it rejoiced my heart to see him delighting in God's word and prayer. The effect of his change was also seen in every one of the family. But each one of that family (who came here for the sake of this young man) were taken down by the fever with the exception

of the father. Thus mysterious are the ways of Providence. The poor mother sank down, when she saw that her children were attacked with the awful pestilence. She lost her senses, but her hopes were in Christ. The eldest son lingered several days, and for three days before his death resigned himself to the will of God, and Christ became his all in all. It was most touching to see his sick, consumptive brother in the next cabin, so calm, and yet so sympathetic, engaged in constant prayer until God converted his elder brother. The latter, on the day before his death told me with his last words that all was happy, and that he was going to be with Jesus. The other members of the family were removed to the shore and their recovery was for a long time doubtful, but God finally raised them up. The mother and the son were buried the same day, together with Mr. Libby, of Portland, Me., (2d mate of the barque Rhone) whose death was triumphant and glorious. It was moving to tears to hear him sing with his failing voice, "I would not live away." I took the Seaman's Hymn Book and commenced to sing the hymn commencing "No more my God I boast no more," etc. He joined me and sang with his whole soul until the terrible vomiting took place. He fell asleep sweetly in Jesus. He dated his conversion from the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. It was a solemn scene when their three coffins entwined with the American flag, were borne to the cemetery of Gambos, followed by a large concourse of Captains and other Americans; and during my remarks and the service, there was scarcely a dry eye. That week was the saddest of all in Rio. More than one-eighth of the Americans in port died. God grant that the like may never again return. I was great-

ly assisted in my labors by Mr. Bartlett, of the late senior class of Yale, and by his brother, Captain Bartlett, of Portland, Me., who remained here some months, and whose kind attentions and constant presence at the Bethel service, were one of my greatest encouragements. May God bless him on the deep, and cause him to be directed by the Great Pilot. The consumptive son of Captain H., left this port (accompanied by young Mr. Bartlett, of Yale College,) in better health, but he cannot live long. He is, however, ready to go in peace, for Jesus is his portion. In the months of April and May there was much sickness, and another young man was by the Grace of God converted. Now there is comparative health and the cause is progressing. J. C. F.

P. S. My Bethel flag, which was carried off to California has returned and I had the privilege of preaching once more on the same ship in which it was passenger. The Captain had lost his only child in the passage, and his heart was tender, and he desired to know the Lord. I conferred with him most seriously and pointedly. I forgot to say that Capt. H., mentioned in my letter above, went away from this port fully resolved to live for God and to meet his wife and son in Heaven.—I am encouraged in visiting the hospital, to see how eagerly tracts are read, not only by Americans, but by seamen from the most bigoted Roman Catholic nations.

In the month of May, God afflicted us very severely in suddenly removing from us by the yellow fever Mrs. Charlotte Rudge, eldest daughter of Ex-Gov. Kent, late Consul to Rio. This blow so terrible and unexpected, has been most afflicting. She placed her trust in Jesus, but her loss is most deeply felt. The broken hearted

parents (who have always been fast friends of the Bethel cause here) are now on their way to the United States. May God give them that consolation which man cannot give. Our prayers and sympathies go with them.

J. C. FLETCHER, Chaplain.

DIED. Of Yellow Fever on board bark R. H. Gamble, from Mobile, on the 31st of August last, William H. Anderson, about 27 years of age, a native of Philadelphia. Further information may be obtained by inquiring of Mr. S. Brown, 80 Wall Street.

List of Members of Light House Board.

OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.
 HON. JAMES GUTHRIE, *Sec'y. of the Treas. Ex Officio President.*
 Commodore W. B. SHUBRICK, U. S. Navy, *Chairman.*
 Gen. Jos. G. TOTTEN, Chief Corps U. S. Engineers.
 Col. JAMES KEARNEY, U. S. Corps of Topl. Engineers.
 Prof. A. D. BACHE, L. L. D., Supt. U. S. Coast Survey.
 Prof. JOSEPH HENRY, L. L. D., *Sec'y.* Smithsonian Institution.
 Commander S. F. DUPONT, U. S. N. SECRETARIES.
 Lieut. THORNTON A. JENKINS, U. S. N.
 Capt. Ed. S. F. HARDCASTLE, U. S. Topl. Engineers.

NOTHING FORGOTTEN.

"It is a terrible thought," says Cooper, in his "Two Admirals," "at an hour like this, to remember that nothing can be forgotten. I have somewhere read, that not an oath is uttered that does not continue to vibrate through all time, in the wide-spreading current of sound—not a prayer lisped that its record is not to be found stamped on the laws of nature by the indelible seal of the Almighty's will."

Rev. James P. Stone, by Con. Soc., Greensboro, Vt.	22 00	From William Stebbins, Colchester, Ct.,	1 00
G. W. Gritten, by Michael Gritten, Richmond, Va.	20 00	" First Con. Soc., Black Rock, Ct.,	11 44
Rev. Halsey Dunning, by Third Pres. Ch., Richmond, Va.,	20 00	" Second Pres. Ch. Brooklyn, in (addition to \$190 prev. ack.),	207 34
Samuel Reeve by United Pres. Ch., Richmond, Va.,	20 00	" First Ref. Dutch Ch., Pokeepsie, N. Y.,	46 41
Charles B. Williams, do do.,	20 37	" A Friend in Aquackanonk, N. J.,	5 00
Rev. Dr. McGuffey, by Pres. Ch., Charlottesville, Va.	20 00	" Pres. Ch., Southampton, N. Y.,	24 54
Rev. Mr. Brodis, by Bap. Ch., do (in part),	15 00	" Nath'l Post, Newport, N. Y.,	10 00
Rev. Corban Curtice, by Con. Soc. Sanbornton Bridge, N. H., (in part),	16 00	" Jane H. Faries, Williamsport, Penn.	1 00
George Reid Mac Gregor, by Mrs. David Mac Gregor, Derry, N. H., (balance),	10 00	" G. W. Gritten, Richmond, Va.,	1 00
Deacon Levi M. Nelson, by Con. Soc., New Gloucester, Me.,	20 00	" First Pres. Ch., Petersburg, Va.,	34 50
Rev. Alfred B. Burdick, West-erly, R. I., by his Con. (bal),	13 77	" Con. Soc., Brewer Village, Me.,	11 61
		" Second Ch., Milbury, Mass.,	17 14
		" First Ch., Bangor, Me.,	45 00
		" Con. Soc., Stonington, Ct., (in part),	100 37
			<hr/> \$1,330 52

Donations.

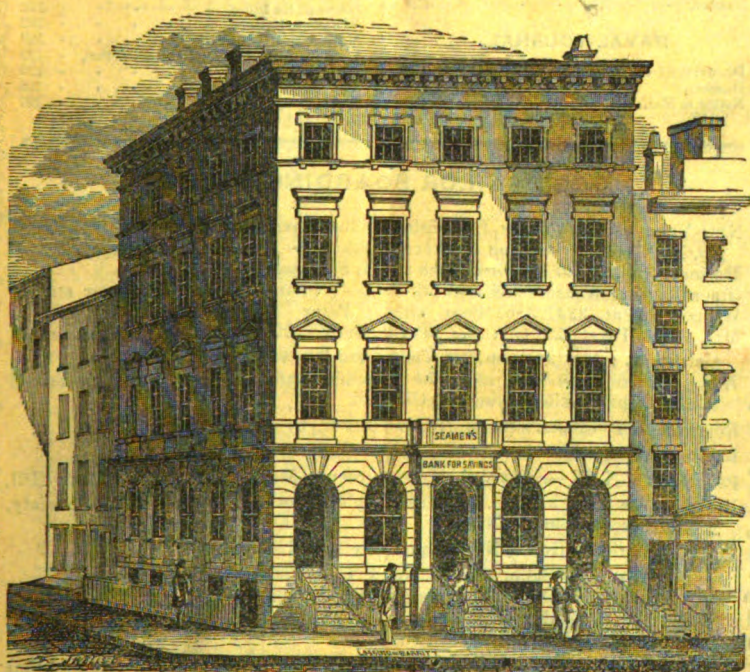
From Mrs. Abby Salisbury, New Haven, Ct.,	20 00	<i>Sailor's Home, N. Y.</i>	
" Three Friends in Jasper, N. Y.,	3 00	From Joseph Walker N. Y.,	25 00
" Female Ben. Soc., Edward's Church, Northampton, Mass.,	26 50	" J. S. ———, N. Y.,	25 00
" Gentlemen, do do.,	39 66	" Mrs. Anna Halsey, 12 prs. woolen socks for shipwreck'd seamen.	
" Pres. Ch., Newtown, L. I.,	30 00		
" Center Ch., New Haven, Ct., (balance),	5 00	<i>Moneys received into the Treasury of the Boston Sea. Fr. Soc'y.</i>	
" A Little Child in Bristol, Ct. (collected),	1 62	First Con. Ch., Lowell, additional,	2 00
" First Pres. Ch., Morristown, N. J., (bal.),	16 75	Benev. Asso. Belchertown,	46 00
" Orleans Co. Conference, Charleston, Vt.,	12 00	Con. Ch. in Marshfield,	18 71
" Con. So. Craftsbury, Vt.,	5 00	Evang. Ch. in Dunstable,	19 96
" First Parish S. School, Bangor, Me.,	20 00	Con. Ch. in Marblehead,	90 00
" First Con. Soc., Lisbon, Ct.,	6 36	to constitute Sarah Cressey, Elizabeth Nutting, Mary I. Goodwin and Susan G. Knight, L. M.,	
" Con. Soc. Townsend, Mass., (in part),	30 00	Eliot Ch. in Roxbury,	107 75
" Con. Soc., Cheshire, Ct., (in part),	35 19	Park St. Ch., Boston,	131 24
" South Con. Soc., New Haven, Ct., (bal.)	1 00	Bowdoin St. Ch., do.,	90 56
" E.G. Swift, Chester, Ct.,	5 00	Mount Vernon Ch., do.,	235 00
		Old South Ch., do.,	87 00
		N. Harris donation to Home,	25 00
		William Lincoln, do do.,	25 00
		Evan. Ch. and Soc., Sherburne,	16 89

Vol. 26.

DECEMBER, 1853.

No. 4.

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.



SEAMEN'S BANK FOR SAVINGS.

New York:

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

No. 80 WALL STREET.

\$1 Per Annum—Postage, in N. Y., in ADVANCE, 3 Cts., a Year; Elsewhere, in the U. S.,
6 Cts.; Single Number 1 Ct.

JNO. H. SCHULTZ & CO., BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS, 122 NASSAU STREET.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

	Page.
Rio de Janeiro Chaplaincy, . . .	129
Address occasioned by the death of Capt. Benjamin, . . .	133
The Oldest Sea Captain Gone, . . .	136
Capt. E. Knight, . . .	138
Remarkable Discovery of murders by Russian Sailors, . . .	141
The only home we have, . . .	142
Loss of ship Citizen, of New Bedford, . . .	143
Washington's Charmed Life, . . .	144

NAVAL JOURNAL.

The Great Republic, . . .	145
Disasters, . . .	146
Notice to Mariners, . . .	149

NEW YORK DEPARTMENT.

	Page.
New Year's Greeting, . . .	151
Sailor's Home New York—Temperance Meeting, . . .	152
The Ocean Cemetery, . . .	152
Anson G. Helps, . . .	153
Facts from the Reports of the Secre- taries of the Treasury and Navy, . . .	153
Seaman's Chaplain at St. Thomas, . . .	154
Letters from Polynesia, . . .	154
It will do to put in the Plate, . . .	156
United States Navy, . . .	157
Panama Chaplaincy, . . .	158
Account of Moneys, . . .	159

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW-YORK—*Sailor's Home*, Established by the American Seamen's Friend Society
No. 190 Cherry st. between Market and Pike sts. Captain Daniel Tracy.

Mariner's Home, No. 107 Greenwich st. J. S. Towne.

Other Boarding-Houses in New-York city.—William Sharp, 271 Water street;
William Huelat, 334, 336, Pearl street; Peter Oberg, 91, Market street;
Mrs. Alice Perry, 22 Oak st.; Ben. F. Buck, 322 Pearl st.; Wm. Johnson, 9
Carlisle st.; Mrs. Johnson, cor. Cherry and Roosevelt streets.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend
Society kept by Albro Lyons, 64 Oliver-st.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Sailor's Home, No. 17 Main st., by Andrew Spaulding.

BATH—Seamen's Mansion.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Edward C. Myers, corner of Market and Bow st., Spring Hill.

BOSTON—The *Sailor's Home*, established by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society,
99 Purchase st. John O. Chany.

BOSTON—Mariner's House, North Square, by Mr. N. Hamilton.

“ North End Sailor's Home, No. 6 N. Square, by Mr. Roberts.

“ Richmond House, Richmond st., by Mr. Clark.

“ John Kennally Clark-st.

“ Murdock Matherson, Fleet-st.

SALER—Ebenezer Griffin, No. 16 Vine st., clothing store, corner of Liberty and Vine
sts.; and Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket st. near Derby st.

BRISTOL, R. I.—Mrs. Ann Pearce.

NEW-BEDFORD—Wm. Cranston, 14 Bethel Court; A. C. Davenport, 25 Middle st.

For Colored Seamen, by Marshall L. Potts, corner Sixth and Bedford sts.

PHILADELPHIA—Sailor's Home, 204 South Front st., by J. H. Cassidy under the care
of the Pa. Seamen's Friend Society.

BALTIMORE—New Seamen's Bethel Home and Shipping Office, Edward Kirby, 65
Thames Street.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C.—Sailor's Home, by John Robinson.

CHARLESTON—Sailor's Home, by Capt. P. H. Middleton, Market st., opposite State
st., Moses Levy, Tradd st. Dexter Prentiss, Tradd st.

SAVANNAH—Foot of Jefferson st., O. C. Parker.

MOBILE—Sailor's Home, by Lewis Lawson.

NEW-ORLEANS—Sailor's Home, Capt. S. J. Duncan, corner of New Levee and
Suzettes sts.

ST. JOHNS, N. B.—Seamen's Home, by Joshua Turnbull, keeper.

THE SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. 27.

JANUARY, 1854.

No. 5.

RIO DE JANEIRO CHAPLAINCY.

*Feel at home—The aged negro—
A faithful man—Journal of vis-
iting the "water parish."*

RIO DE JANEIRO, }
Sept. 20th, 1853. }

This tropic city with its inhabitants so un-American, with its scenery, tastes, and almost every thing so totally different from the United States, is no longer strange to me. I feel that this is my home; for here I find my duty binds me, and each day I discover the great importance of that duty which has called me hither to preach to our countrymen who go down to the sea in ships. Recently my heart has more than ever been struck with the blessedness of religion. The very want of all godliness which I see around me in general, causes me renewedly to say, "bless the Lord, O my soul!" And when from time to time I find, in visiting my parish on the water, some old soldier of the cross, valiant and full of faith—tried and ever ready at the command of the Captain of his salvation, I thank God and take courage. I recently encountered such an one. Twenty-six years had the good old negro-man

floated on the billows, but feared no danger, for He who calmed the angry waves on a dangerous little lake in Palestine, had been with him in the wildest storms. In serenity and peace does he look up to Him who hath spoken peace to his soul. For three weeks the barque was in the harbor upon which was this aged African. Many a time did I visit him and listen to his truly edifying conversation, which was as humble as it was evangelical. He had no confidence in himself; but Christ strengthening him he could do all things. Just before the vessel to which he belonged left I went aboard to say farewell.—After some conversation we parted, but when I was about a stone's throw from the barque he shouted out to me "good-bye, I shall see you *over there*"—I inquired, "*over where?*" "Why, to be sure, on the other side of Jordan!" Blessed old man! when he has finished the voyage of this life he will land safely on Canaan's happy shore,

"Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet.
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet."

August 13, (Saturday). This day visited twenty American vessels, and a number under the English flag, to

invite all hands to Bethel service tomorrow. Was delighted to find the Captain of the A. T. and his wife active agents and colporteurs for the Bible and Tract Societies wherever they go. The captain is a Frenchman born in Canada, and his wife was from Belgium, near the line between that country and Flanders.—She had been a Romanist, but will never again confess to man. She had read many of the works of the Tract Society, and was enthusiastic in her encomiums of the "Dairyman's Daughter." They gave me many tracts in the French and Portuguese languages and several New Testaments in the same tongue. This comes most opportunely, for my weekly distribution among the shipping and in the hospital has nearly exhausted my stock, and the supplies granted in New York to California and other *long-voyage* vessels are many times my only resource. I rejoiced in my treasures, and went on my way distributing them through the harbor. No one knows with what avidity in this far off foreign land the sailor seizes a book printed in his mother tongue. A few days since I visited a large French liner, and all from the Captain down to the cabin boy gladly accepted the little messengers. Met with the Custom House guard, who was placed upon the "Rebecca" when I arrived here a year and a half ago. I gave him a Portuguese Testament and some tracts in the same language. He was very grateful and listened with seriousness when I told him that that book contained the history of *Nosso Senhor Jesus Christo*.

PREACHING ON THE U. S. SLOOP OF WAR "JAMESTOWN."

August 14. Had an appointment

to preach on board the United States sloop of war "Jamestown." At 9 o'clock one of her boats with a midshipman came for me. Took with me a large bundle of tracts and papers for the sailors. The day was lovely, and the full deck of this beautiful vessel encouraged the preacher.—Never have I had better attention as I discoursed on "God is a Spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." Several merchant captains and their wives were present. There are a few souls aboard the Jamestown enrolled under the banner of the cross, and with them, on Wednesday nights, a few faithful in Rio de Janeiro send up prayers to the throne of grace. I do not mean that they meet together for this purpose, but they have an hour agreed upon, and one little band on the land and the other on the water, pray for each other's spiritual welfare. The officers and men of the Jamestown took up a collection to reimburse me for affording money to a poor sick American, who went home to die in his mother's arms. Poor fellow! he reached his native land, and three weeks after his arrival that fond mother closed his eyes in death. But it was "asleep in Jesus," and I feel humbly grateful that God made me the instrument of bringing him to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ.

PREACHING ON A MERCHANT VESSEL.

At 2 o'clock P. M., was furnished with the Captain's boat, and was rowed by a fine crew of twelve or fourteen men, to whom, as we sped our way to the anchorage of merchantmen, I read extracts from the "Sailor's Magazine." We stopped for a few moments at the "Red Stairs" where the new American Consul, Robert G. Scott, Esq., of Richmond,

Va., joined us. We soon reached the "G." a beautiful barque whose Captain was flatly opposed to the cause of preaching Christ to them who go down to the sea in ships, yet who so far repented that he came afterwards, of his own accord and offered me his vessel as a floating Bethel. I rejoiced in this occasion to present the bethel cause: 1. *What it has done*; 2. *What it is actually accomplishing*, and 3. *It is most worthy of encouragement from all men, and especially from Captains.* The Lord gave me great freedom of utterance, and for one hour I had the undivided attention of both Captains and men, of whom there were a goodly number, who sail both under the Stars and Stripes, and the Cross of St. George,

Tuesday, Aug. 16. In the city today. Saw Capt. L. of the M. who is just *en route* for New York after a quick voyage to Australia. When I conversed with him on the affairs of his soul he wept like a child. He has visited Rio six times since my residence here, and though not a religious man, has always shown a deep interest in the bethel cause here.—The first voyage that he made to Rio after my arrival, his wife, a pious member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was with him, and he has determined never to go to sea again without her influence to be near him, and he firmly believes that he has been only kept from perdition, by the goodness of God in hearing the prayers of others in his behalf.

RELIGION MAKES MEN BETTER, THE ASSISTANT STEWARD.

In crossing the Palace Square he narrated to me the following: "When you saw me here in February I had a black assistant steward whose conduct was so outrageous that I had a

good mind to drop him here. But I concluded to keep him. I gave him a most severe talking, and had scarcely anything to do with him; in short, I saw but little of him for a long time. At length I was attracted by his neatness, cleanliness and steadiness. What's got into the boy, thought I to myself. I began to watch him. I found him going into the cabin oftener than I wished. I did not like that. One day I went down unexpectedly, and lo and behold, I found him in an out-of-the-way corner, *down on his knees praying.* I believe he was converted by the grace of God. There had been no one to talk with him, he could not read, and God must have done it. It changed the whole course of his life. He instantly set about learning to read and was faithful to me. At Melbourne, where sailors were daily deserting ships to go to the mines, where even my second mate stole a boat and ran away, this boy stuck to the ship, and was a pattern of goodness, obedience and fidelity until we were on our return.

HOW EASILY MUCH GOOD CAN BE DESTROYED.

"At Melbourne, an individual who was represented to me as a gentleman, took passage with me for the United States. He was a fanatical, misdirected philanthropist. By his conduct and conversation he spoiled the black, puffed him up, made him disobedient, neglectful of his duty, and even insolent, and I was obliged to punish him. And now he is so different from what he was that I think I must part with him, and I shall leave the passenger here also."

Verily (after hearing this,) thought I, how much harm misdirected zeal can do. If that passenger had been as zealous for Christ as he was for

his "*hobby*" he would have made that new-born soul grow in grace, instead of being the means of dwarfing it. I learned, however, some days after that there was a change for the better in the black as soon as the passenger was dismissed from the ship.

CONVICTIONS OF SIN IN A CAPTAIN.

Some evenings after this conversation with Captain ———, I was on my way from the heart of the city to my residence (about two miles distant). The Captain walked with me to the omnibus talking about the concerns of his soul. He was laboring under a burden. He felt himself a great sinner, and especially, recently he had been unable to read his Bible and to pray. I pointed him to Christ who could remove that burden; and made him promise me that he would read the 51st Psalm and the 15th chapter of Luke before retiring that night; and besought him to throw himself with confidence entirely on the mercy of the ever-blessed God.— He acknowledged again that it had only been the withholding grace of God that had kept him from being the vilest wretch that ever lived. When we arrived at the omnibus, I observed that he had the intention to accompany me. I begged him not to, as he would, at that hour of the night, have no means of returning. He was not deterred, but drawing me aside for a moment said to me, "I thought that I could do nothing better than go up with you and have you pray with me." My heart leapt for joy. Distance and darkness in a strange city were no obstacles to him. He longed for the marvellous light which is in Christ Jesus. At my house we read the scriptures together, and I expounded them, and then we knelt, and I implored God's blessing on that poor sin-sick soul. May the

Lord answer that prayer and the prayers of others, linked closely to him by ties of affection, be answered in the baptism of the Holy Ghost upon that noble hearted man.

THE LAD WHO PRAYED.

Before he departed, my little fair-haired, blue-eyed boy (two years of age,) entered the room to say his prayers by his papa before he retired to bed. I spoke of the importance of early teaching children to pray, and the lastingness of such impressions and instructions. "Ah yes, I know it well," he said, "no one has better cause than I to acknowledge that fact. I had an aunt who was a woman of such sweet piety, and withal, so consistent in her daily life and conversation, that she had the greatest influence upon me. I left home. I became a wild fore-castle sailor and was fast driving to destruction. After two or three long years I returned to my native land. I paid a visit to that aunt. At this time my principles and conduct were horrid, but I was not lectured and "hauled over the coals" in any of your long-faced, hopeless manners, but was treated kindly and gently. That first night I occupied a bed with my cousin, a boy of 17. I bounced into bed at once, but the other lad knelt down and offered up the prayer which he had learned to lisp in infancy. When I heard "Our Father who art in heaven"—my heart was condemned. I looked upon myself, I examined my past conduct. I found myself a wretch, a vagabond, without principle. I wasn't decent. My thoughts were troubled. I pitched about the bed all night without sleep. While thus tossing I resolved to live a more moral life, and the effect of the sight of that praying lad was such that I became a reformed man; I rapidly advanced in pos-

tion, soon ran through second mate, first mate, to the station of Captain, and have been, I trust, a respectable creature in society since." Such was the influence of that mother, preaching through her praying son, and rescuing a young man from dissipation. We hope and pray that that Captain may be soon blessed by conversion, so that he may not only be a *moral man*, but *Jesus Christ's man*.

Sept. 29th. Twice during the past month I have had to suspend Bethel service on account of indisposition, but last Sunday the flag was again afloat. We had service on the magnificent clipper ship "Wizard" put in here for repairs. The audience was large, and most attentive, while I preached on "*the worth of the soul*." Many incidents of a pleasing character occur in my extensive "water-parish," but time would fail me to enumerate the kindness and little favors of Captains, and the gratitude of sailors on ship board and in the hospital, (which is now in most excellent condition). Keep me well supplied with tracts, for I have not only to distribute to Americans but to English, French, German, Swedish, Danish, Portuguese, Spanish and Italian sailors.

THE PAST YEAR.

I cannot look back upon the past year without gratitude to God. Have only been prevented twice by sickness from preaching, and have had the glorious privilege of seeing some souls turn from death unto life, and have also had the melancholy pleasure of witnessing the triumph of many who fell asleep in Jesus. Sad too are the reflections, that many others have gone down to a dark eternity. Oh, that men would be wise and follow on to know the Lord! I cannot conclude without also stating

that the Bethel cause has gained ground in Rio, and that the servant of the Lord, has now three times the influence that he had one year ago.—To God be the praise.

J. C. FLETCHER, Am. S. C.

ADDRESS,

Occasioned by the death of Capt. Benjamin, late of Fair Haven, Conn., March 5, 1853.

BY REV. B. HART, PASTOR.

The year 1848 is one which will long be remembered in the history of this church, in the religious history of this village. It was a season of the remarkable outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Hundreds were awakened to a sense of their condition as sinners. Solemnity pervaded the entire community. Great numbers were hopefully brought into the fold of Christ. The first persons who were awakened and converted were a mother and her eldest son. The husband was at sea. In his home the family altar was built up; and around that altar fervent prayers ascended to God that the absent husband and father might be led to the same Savior whom they had found. God heard those prayers. While that ship pursued her trackless way over the seas there was one heart within it that was troubled by a sense of sin and the need of Christ. In all that voyage a new feeling followed him, and he seemed to be brought into the very presence of God. He reached, at length, a port of his native land, hastened home and was greeted with strange, blessed tidings—that his family were rejoicing in the hopes of the Gospel. That was enough. He sunk on his knees before God, gave himself to Christ, rejoiced in the Saviour. That man was Capt. Benjamin.

In his journal he gives a particular

account of these events. "Before I had reached home," he says, "there had been a spark of grace enkindled within me: I began to see myself an awful sinner. I do not say but that I could have concealed this feeling on my return, had I found my family as I left them: but Oh! the finger of God had been there and awakened in them true knowledge of their condition, and when I met with my companion, her first exclamation was that she had found the Pearl of great price. My eldest son had also given himself up to God in humiliation, and they had both mingled their prayers together for the conversion of a father and a husband. Could I do less than fall on the bended knees of my soul and cry aloud, God have mercy on me a sinner?"

Having trusted in the Saviour, having taken him as his Saviour, he at once began to serve him. He did not doubt and hesitate as many do: but with his whole heart entered upon the service of Christ. At a proper time he publicly united himself to the people of God, professing his faith and entering into solemn covenant with God and his people. This was about one year from the time of his conversion, when he happened to have a Sabbath at home, between his voyages. On the same day he brought his children to the altar and gave them up to the Lord in the sacrament of Baptism. Capt. Benjamin was blessed with a pious mother, who had early given him up to the Lord in this way, and who had ever followed her sea-faring son with her prayers. He knew how to prize the covenant which God has made with believers for themselves and their offspring and joyfully recognized his relation to it as the head of a household. In his journal, to which I have referred, he makes frequent mention of his mother. He

writes, "In the days of my youth, the siren pleasure would sometimes invite me to the haunts of vanity and sin: yet often she tempted in vain. *I thought of a mother's prayers.*" "How sweet," he adds, in beautiful language, "How sweet is the memory of a *mother's love!* The heart may be saddened by care, and the eye may be dimmed by sorrow; but the dear remembrance of those by-gone days when the fostering wing of maternal tenderness sheltered from the storms of life, will drive away the evil spirit of melancholy and lull the soul to peace. Happy are they, who, as they read upon the tablets of memory the records of a mother's tenderness, can see inscribed upon the same tablets her heart-felt blessings and her holy *prayers!* Other incidents of that early age, when infancy merges into playful childhood, have passed away like a forgotten dream; but not the blessed moments when a now sainted mother knelt with her child, before the throne of grace, and prayed with a mother's melting fervency that he might become one of the lambs which nestle in the bosom of Jesus." 'That mother's prayers he never forgot, and God never forgot. In the midnight watch, when amidst the solemn silence of the ocean, he was left alone, there came into his ear the breathings of those prayers and he thought of his mother's God. When exposed to the temptations and vices of foreign ports, they were still with him, as strong restraints from the ways of evil. God answered those prayers—and *now* that mother and her son adore together the grace and mercy which have united them in heaven. Capt. Benjamin loved the family altar. He delighted on his return to his home to kneel in the midst of his family and pour out his thanks to God for his fatherly care, protec-

tion and love. He loved the Bible. That was to him the word God. On his last voyage he took that book with him, saying that he should probably have no time to read any other. He loved the prayer meetings of the church. When he came to spend a few days with us, one of his first inquiries was in regard to the prayer-meetings. And he was sure to attend them unless providentially detained. He loved the brethren. He enjoyed the preaching of the Gospel. Nor was his religion a mere garment which he wore about him at home. It was a principle within him, and wherever he went, it went. He was not one of those who are known as professors of religion only at the communion table; nor one of those who are known as christians only at home. I have never heard of his disgracing his calling in New York nor at the West Indies, at Boston or in the Mediterranean. What he was here with us, he was with the shipmasters in a home or a foreign port, with the planters by whose hospitality he was entertained, or among strangers into whose society he fell. He was known as a pious sea-captain. His ship was a Bethel. Before his voyages he went up to our religious arsenal and armed himself with *Tracts*. It was his custom to have daily prayers in his cabin which all on board were invited to attend. He often followed the reading of the Scriptures with some hearty remarks. On the Sabbath he was accustomed to have a kind of religious service on board which he conducted, if there was no one present more competent. He was the chaplain, as well as the captain, of his vessel. He always introduced himself to his men as one who had a personal interest in their salvation. Whatever their principles were, they knew him as a man of religious principle.

Of whatever nation they were, they knew that he belonged to the commonwealth of Israel. When he was at home the last time, he remarked that it was his invariable practice to converse early with each one of his men on the subject of personal religion. Some sea-captains tell us that they cannot get along with sailors without *swearing*. Capt. Benjamin never found such a necessity. He never cursed a human being. Instead of imprecating God's wrath upon his sailors, he daily supplicated God's blessing upon them. The consequences you can well imagine. Instead of the turbulence amidst which a violent, cursing shipmaster lives, everything was quiet and orderly on his vessel. If a man would fret and drink and make disturbance, Capt. Benjamin pleasantly, but plainly and strongly, told him what he expected; and told him that if he could not comply in a decent and manly way, to quit the vessel. He therefore, generally, had a cheerful and obedient crew, who respected and loved him. He esteemed the officers of his vessel, and they esteemed him. He delighted in their promotion and was always ready to do what he could for them. There are many masters and officers of vessels who once sailed with him, who will learn of his death with deep sorrow and will mourn that one who adorned their honorable and useful profession has so soon been called to the haven of everlasting rest. He had a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of all who go down to the sea in ships. He thought and prayed much for the conversion of seamen. In his private journal, which he says was written for his own amusement and to occupy his time, he writes, "I have probably had as little difficulty in getting along with seamen as any other master who has had command

as long as I have. I have always thought that good usage and good words, were a better remedy than passion, to cure evil. Thanks be to God that I have in almost all cases of disobedience been able to control my passions and not enter into violence with my fellow men. I was once a sailor myself, and have not forgotten the abuse I received from passionate officers. In my early life I made up my mind that should I ever become an officer, I would treat my fellow-companions with civility, and this rule I have always found a good one."—He speaks of the evils that beset sailors, intemperance, licentiousness, the many vices of the lands to which they go, and of the feeble influence of truth and good example over them. Yet he thinks that if masters of vessels would not treat them with so much rigor, but with more humanity, and especially if they would set them a good moral and christian example, a great change would be witnessed among them.—Capt. Benjamin's principles did not make him a less successful navigator than he would otherwise have been. He made many voyages to various parts of the world, and, during the twenty-six years of which he speaks, in his journal, without a single death on board of his vessels and without a single serious disaster. If he was not as successful in accumulating property as some, it was not on account of any want of skill or fidelity on his part. He had a contented mind which is a continual feast, and that wisdom which is more than great riches. Capt. Benjamin was a cheerful christian. He had given himself up to God and he had no fear but that he would do all things well. He did not begin the service of Christ with the idea of abandoning it. He did not commence religious duties, to

discontinue them after a season.—His family altar would never have crumbled down if he had lived to be four score years old. His place in the prayer-meeting would have been filled if all others had deserted theirs. He would have read the bible at the cost of persecution. In every land where his ship should anchor he would have acknowledged God. It is this continuance in well-doing, this persevering fidelity, which proves that he was a christian. I could not have spoken of him to-day as I have, had his practices been like those of many in the church. The man who begins well, but does not last well, the man who sets up the family altar, and then overturns it, and leaves its ruins upon his own hearth-stone, to the astonishment of his children and of strangers; the man who begins with praying with his brethren and leaves off with failing to meet with them; the man who at first carried his religion everywhere and at last carries it only to the communion table; the man who is a professor of religion because at a certain time he happened to make a profession; such a man is not fit to be a professor, and when he dies he will leave no satisfactory evidence behind him that he ever was a christian.

The Oldest Sea Captain Gone.

That venerable and excellent man, CAPT. ERASTUS PERKINS, whose birth day levees have been so generally attended by our citizens, died on Tuesday morning the 18th Oct. after an illness of only a few days. His age had reached the extraordinary figure of 101 years 8 months.

He was born on the Sabbath, Feb. 17, 1752, in Norwich, Ct. where he has passed most of his life. The facts which contribute a special interest to the life of Mr. Perkins, are the times in which he lived, the character he has exemplified, and the remarkable age to which his life was protracted.

The time of his birth dates back to the beginning of the fourth intercolonial war, in which the military talents of Washington, then a major in the Virginia militia, were first developed, eight years before the reign of George III. The year of his birth was the one in which the *new style* was introduced in Great Britain. About this time Franklin's discoveries in electricity were made. Our nation was then composed of isolated colonies under the British crown. These colonies then stretched only about a thousand miles along the Atlantic coast, while their inland extent was very limited. The population according to a return to the Board of Trade in the year 1754, amounted to 1,192,896 whites, and 292,738 blacks, making a total of 1,485,634 inhabitants. Mr. Perkins lived to witness the close of the old French war, the commencement, progress, and termination of the war of American Independence, the establishment of our national government, and the growth of our country from a population less than a million and a half to its present number. At every presidential election from the time of Washington to that of Gen. Taylor, he was present and deposited his vote. During the period he lived, he has marked the progress of our nation in territorial extension, in population, in the development of physical resources in the accumulation of wealth, in educational, humane, and religious institutions, and in the various elements of national greatness, till the small one has become a strong nation, whose voice of strength and arm of power are felt and acknowledged over the world. How rarely, if ever, has the history of one man's life-time chronicled such a series of events.

He entered, in his boyhood, the commercial service of the father of the late Gen. Jedediah Huntington. The first two years of the Revolutionary war he was attached to the regiment commanded by Gen., then Col. Huntington. Once he went on express from Gov. Trumbull to the Continental Congress, which was at the time a hazardous mission. The British having then occupied New

York and much of the coast on Long Island Sound.

He was obliged to take a circuitous route on horse back through the north part of Connecticut, cross the Hudson and down through the hill country of New Jersey, to Philadelphia. He performed the journey and returned safely to Norwich in *forty days*. After the war he was more than twenty years engaged in navigation, and commanded a coasting vessel, running between Norwich and New York.—Between forty and fifty years he occupied the house where he died.

Some singular coincidences in his domestic history, to which he referred with interest, were the following. It has been stated his birthday was the Sabbath. That of his first son was also on the Sabbath, and his other children were born successively on each day of the week. Of five generations living a short time since, the birth of the first born of each generation was on the Sabbath, and each bore the same name, ERASTUS. He outlived all his children but two, though a numerous posterity, over one hundred and forty, remain to listen to the narrative of his long life, and cherish the memory of his virtues.

The uniform calmness of his temperament, the urbanity of his manners, his unwavering integrity, his conscientious regard for the Sabbath, his habitual attendance on the public worship of God, and his decided interest in whatever was intended to promote public virtue and prosperity, earned for him the esteem and confidence of a numerous acquaintance, who testified their regard for him by a spontaneous desire to "honor the face of the old man." As his mental vigor and well stored memory retained, to a remarkable degree, their strength to the last, it was pleasant and instructive to listen to his conversation, when he brought forth from his treasures of historic incident, facts of the olden time.

It has been said by Madame de Stael, that "it is difficult to grow old gracefully." There is sad truth in the remark. But in the case of the venerable patriarch, who is the sub-

ject of this notice, it will doubtless be conceded, that he was one who grew old gracefully. He did not lose his patience with the world, because he had been obliged to withdraw from participation in its active concerns.—He betrayed no petulant infirmity inciting him to withdraw to a hermitage of misanthropy. But though conscious of the aggression of physical ills, and the decay of some of his active powers and senses, he was patient, pleasant, resigned and cheerful.

As a professed disciple of Christ he maintained a deportment, marked with uniform consistency to the end. In the year 1834 he united by profession with the second Congregational Church, on the ordinances and ministrations of which he punctually and habitually attended. He loved the sanctuary; and after he was ninety-five years old you would see him on the Sabbath, in sunshine or storm, wending his way to the house of God. He was one that was planted in the house of the Lord, and "he brought forth fruit in old age." And after he could no longer attend the services of the sanctuary he retained his interest therein, and often availed himself of the proffered opportunity of hearing read to him one of the discourses preached by his pastor on the Sabbath. Thus to the last he cherished his deep sympathies with the devotions and ministrations of the house of prayer. His last sickness was short. His spirit had been disciplined, till it was ripe for heaven, and he went down to his grave exercised with little suffering, trustful and peaceful. His setting sun reflected a sweet and mellow light, as it sunk beneath a cloudless horizon to rise no more till the resurrection of the just.

"How pure
The grace the gentleness of virtuous age!
Though solemn, not austere; though wisely dead
To passion, and the wildering dreams of hope,
Not unalive to tenderness and truth,—
The good old man is honored and revered,
And breathes upon the young imbed race around,
A gray and venerable charm of years." B.
—*Norwich Examiner*.

The revolutions produced by genius in the world of thought, naturally end in actual revolution in society.

Captain E. Knight,

The following letters were written by one of the pastors in San Francisco to one of the editors of the Independent.

We heartily join in the lamentations at the death of such a man.—The commercial world have lost an energetic agent; the sailor a warm friend; the church a living christian; but heaven has gained a redeemed one.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 1, 1853.

By the steamer which leaves to-day Capt. E. Knight, late Agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, takes his departure with his family for the Atlantic States. If we were not aware that there is some prospect of his return to this State, we should part with him with unfeigned sorrow. It is not the pleasure and comfort the traveling public have derived from his management of the Company's fine fleet of steamers that we would particularly speak of,—though the superiority of the Pacific over the Atlantic part of the route to California has become proverbial during his administration,—but it is of the moral influence of the man, and through him, of the Company, of which we would make honorable mention. The position which Capt. Knight has held for three years, has been one of great prominence and importance. And every good citizen in the State will say that *he has filled it as a good man should*. I write this principally because so few men, so very few, who have filled positions of prominence and influence here, have maintained a character which has been either to our honor or advantage.

From the commencement of Capt. Knight's agency, the departure of the steamers on the Sabbath has been stopped—the office has been closed, and it has been the habit of those there employed to attend public worship. And the captain himself has been a conspicuous friend of good order, and a liberal supporter of Christian institutions, and a friend

and advocate of temperance and sound morals.

To say all this of such a man as you know Capt. Knight to be may seem superfluous to you. But it would not so seem had you lived this side the Stony Mountains for the last five years. We that have, have learned to set a new value on good character that does not waver. And could we get the ear of President Pierce but for one moment, among all the things we would like to say to him, we would suggest that he should give particular attention to the importance of sound character in those men whom he appoints to offices of honor and influence in a new country like this!

Capt. Knight leaves more friends in California than he himself knows of, who regret his departure, and who will be made doubly glad if they may hereafter know of his return.

The same envelope which contained the above, brought also a later note, giving a brief account of his sickness and death. Although hastily written, and for private reading, there are thousands, here, and abroad, who will feel a most melancholy interest in the facts, and we shall therefore take the liberty of publishing it:

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 15, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR:—Two weeks ago I wrote the accompanying note, intending to send it by the mail with which Capt. Knight intended to leave. When the mail left, he was unwell, and I reserved it, thinking to send it by the steamer to-morrow. I will send it but I do it in sorrow and tears. Capt. Knight, a dear friend of ours, and of yours also, *is no more* among us here on earth. His illness was short. He suffered much pain for several days, and great anxiety was felt by his friends until Friday, when the remedies seemed to have produced the desired effect, and the alarming symptoms subsided. Saturday he was easier, and likewise on Sunday, the 9th. During the night following the pain again returned in his right lung, or in the pleura, with some pneumonia. Monday was a distress-

ed day; remedies were of no avail.—The disease grasped him and there was no relenting. Hope of his recovery soon fled. It was a time of agony. His mind was still more wandering than ever. He recognized his friends, but his talk was incoherent. Two things characterized him: anxiety to get away from that place of confinement, and affection for his friends, present and absent.—To hold some one by the hand seemed the link that bound him to consciousness.

Anxiously we watched his painful breathing, and hoped for some change for the better. Night wore away, and change came for the worse; he was sinking fast. Morning came, but ere the world awakened, was astir, he had left us, and but the poor remnant of our beloved friend's earthly tenement lay before us. It was Tuesday morning, Oct. 11, that he died, aged 42 years and 3 months.

Dark and mysterious Providence for us and for the world, that a light so bright should go out so soon!

Never, *never* did a company, like the P. M. S. Co., find a more faithful and devoted agent. He entered into their arduous, perplexing, varied and difficult service with a self-commitment that is rare, even with conscientious men. But for a man to occupy that position to the entire satisfaction of the community here, and at the same time of a New York board, is manifestly impossible. The two points of view are very different. My firm conviction is that his over-anxiety to please all with whom he had officially to do, wore upon his health materially for months past.

Before our lamented friend had breathed his last, his successor in the agency had advertised the sailing of the Company's ship *Golden Gate* on *Sunday*, it being the 16th inst!—Three great ocean steamers leave here next Sunday! Express men, post-office men, letter-writers, newspapers, passengers, and people generally will be attracted or obliged to be about secular employments! Of such portent are the auspices now.—From men we turn to the Lord to defend the cause of right and rescue his Day from desecration!

If there is any influence that can reach those companies in New York that control our Sabbaths here, may it be used to secure to us *one* day of rest in seven, from the service of Mammon.

Our precious friend, who has stood for the sacredness and rest of that day as firm as the hills—his spirit is with his Saviour, his body in its long home, and his place evermore vacant here!

The whole city of San Francisco was in mourning for his death.

A meeting of merchants, bankers, shipmasters and others was held at the Merchants' Exchange in San Francisco (Oct. 12) to express their regret at the death of the late Captain Knight, and the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, Our esteemed fellow citizen, Capt. E. Knight, late agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., by a dispensation of Divine Providence has been suddenly stricken down in the flower of his manhood, and the prime of his usefulness; and *whereas* it is eminently proper, when a distinguished citizen dies, that those who have known him best and honored him most, should testify their grief at his loss—

Therefore, we, the merchants, bankers, and other citizens of San Francisco, in public meeting assembled, do resolve as follows, to wit:

1st, That in the death of our departed friend our community has suffered an irreparable loss; and we, who have known him intimately in his business and social relations, have been bereft of one of our most valued associates.

2d, *Resolved*, That in the opinion of this meeting, Capt. Knight combined in his character, in an eminent degree, those noble, manly qualities which entitled him not only to the respect and confidence, but to the affectionate regard of all who knew him best.—With a firm integrity of purpose, which never faltered, with a keen sense of honor which scorned an evasion, with a straight-forward honesty which resorted to no subterfuges, he combined a simplicity of heart and a frankness of demeanor, which commanded the respect, whilst it secured

the affectionate esteem of all with whom he was brought into contact. Scrupulously just in his business relations, generous almost to a fault, when his sympathies were appealed to, gentle and confiding in his temper, and always ready to forgive a fault in others, he judged harshly only of his own imperfections.

3d, *Resolved*, That their are few of our prominent citizens who, in their official relations, and by private usefulness, have contributed more to promote the welfare of our city, while his obliging disposition, and desire to subserve the interests of the commercial community have stamped him as one of our most esteemed and valued citizens.

4th, *Resolved*, That we sympathize profoundly with the bereaved family of the deceased, and, as a token of our sympathy, the Secretary will transmit to Mrs. Knight a copy of these resolutions.

5th, *Resolved*, That the bankers and merchants here assembled will attend the funeral of our deceased friend to-morrow; and that publication of the proceedings of this meeting be made in the daily papers of this city.

The sympathy thus awakened and expressed on the Pacific coast, is no less profound and tender on the Atlantic; for we too have lost a "noble friend." We remember well how often and ardently he seconded the various efforts for the benefit of his sea-faring brethren; and the hearty pledge he gave with his parting hand that he would do what he could for them on the shores of the Pacific.—It gives us sincere pleasure to know and record the fulfilment of his pledge; particularly in promoting a proper observance of the Sabbath on the part of those in the employ of the Steam Ship Company he served.

Life is a wasting thing: its strength is not the strength of Stones; it is a candle that will burn out, if it is not first blown out.

Remarkable Discovery of Murders by Russian Sailors.

In the month of May, 1851, a schooner was despatched from the Russian village of Soroka, near the town of Kem, on the White Sea, to Spitzbergen, with orders to remain the winter over in that island. The schooner was commanded by a captain named Ivan Goosdaroff, who had under him a mate named Jacob Isakoff, and seven sailors. Some time after the vessel had arrived at Spitzbergen, the mate and the greater number of the crew became desirous of returning home, and demanded that the captain should accede to their wishes, before winter set in. The captain, however, refused, telling them that they were bound to obey him and to fulfil the engagements they had entered into, and in consequence, the mate in particular, was very much incensed against him.

One day when the captain had gone on shore with two of the men, Ivan Sinej and Andrei Kuliken, to shoot wild fowl, it appears that the men remaining on board, having consulted with each other, had come to the determination of sailing away and leaving the captain and the two above named men to their fate; for when the captain, who was the first to give up the sport, came down to the sea-shore and called for a boat, a long time elapsed before his order was attended to. At length, however, the mate and a sailor, named Gregori, came with a boat, both having their guns with them. When the captain expressed his displeasure at their want of promptitude in obeying his orders, the mate told him that unless he fired off his gun, he would not take him back in the boat.

The skipper complied, but instead of allowing him to get into the boat, the mate now ordered Gregori to shoot him down. Gregori immediately obeyed orders, but missed his aim, and the captain was about to fly, when the mate, rushing forward, caught him and held him fast. The skipper now implored the two men to spare his life, but finding them inex-

orable, he at length bared his breast, begging them not to torture him but to put him to death at once. Unmoved by his submission, the mate fired and the captain fell, a ball having passed through his heart; and the murderers, taking his gun with them, hurried off to the ship, set sail, and directed their course homewards. From some heights behind the scene of action, the two men who had accompanied the captain on shore had been witnesses of the dreadful deed, and when they arrived on the beach, they found the skipper's corpse, which they buried on the spot. Ivan Sinej, who knew how to write, then immediately scratched on the stock of his gun, a succinct narrative of what had taken place, and also the name of the murderer. As they feared they might starve to death in that spot, the two men then went to a place 70 wersts from thence, where they hoped to meet with some of their country men; but when, after a most fatiguing journey, they had reached the spot, they found nothing but an empty hovel. As long as they had powder and shot they supported life with the game which they killed, but which they were obliged to eat raw, as they had no fuel wherewith to make a fire.

When their provision and ammunition was exhausted, nothing remained for them but to die. Andrei Kuliken died at the end of four weeks, and Ivan Sinej having recorded this event with the others on the stock of his gun, added that he also was very weak, and felt the approach of death, which probably ensued after a short time.—The murderer and his companions had in the meanwhile arrived at Berlevaag, in East Finmark, having, as they pretended, lost two of the crew on their way from Spitzbergen, and one man died after their arrival in Berlevaag, and was buried there.—Having hired two Norwegian sailors to make up for their loss, they proceeded to Vardo, where a Russian skipper allowed them to take two of his crew in lieu of the Norwegians, and with these they returned to Soroka. They reported that the captain and the rest of the crew had perished

on a whaling expedition at Spitzbergen, but as suspicions were entertained against them, they were placed under arrest. However, no evidence could at that time be brought against them, and they were therefore soon again liberated. But the crime was not long to remain unavenged.

In the month of March, last year, a vessel from Hammerfest, in Norway, happened to anchor at Spitzbergen, near the spot where Ivan Sinej and Andrel Kuliken died. The corpse of the latter was found outside the cabin, that of the former in the cabin, and at its side the gun with the portentous inscription. The Norwegians buried the corpses and carried away with them the gun, which on their return to Hammerfest was despatched by a Russian ship to Archangel, and delivered into the hands of the governor there. The murderers were in consequence immediately seized and examined. On seeing the tell-tale gun they at once confessed their guilt, and confirmed all the facts stated there, as far as they were acquainted with them.

They further confessed that as Gregori, who had at first fired at the captain, had subsequently laid claim to assume the chief command of the vessel, they had thrown him overboard, and that later still, when, during the course of their voyage, one of the other men expressed remorse at what had been done, they had also thrown him overboard, for fear of his betraying them. The man who died on their arrival at Berlevaag had also, in a manner, been put to death, for as he had expressed excessive joy at the thought of meeting countrymen on shore, they thought this portended evil, and availing themselves of his inordinate love of brandy, they induced him to drink to such an excess that he died in consequence.—*Daily News*.

THE ONLY HOPE WE HAVE

A correspondent of the New London (Chester county) Day-Spring, relates the following impressive fact. We commend it to all who are opposed to the Maine Law, merely remarking

that, instead of sending their sons to Maine, every father should help to bring Maine into Pennsylvania, by voting for men who will enact a prohibitory law.

Rev. A. B. Cross, of Baltimore, in making some remarks, a few days since, in the Presbyterian Church at Oxford, in favor of the Maine Law, related the following true incident:

"I was standing," said he, "in the depot of the Philadelphia cars one day, when a gentleman who had once been Mayor of this city, accompanied by his family, among whom was a young man of some sixteen years, approached me in passing to the cars.

"'Why, Mr. —,' I said, 'what are you doing here?'

"'Well, we are here,' he replied, 'to see George (his son) off.'

"'Why, where is he going?' I asked.

"'We are sending him to Maine,' was the reply. 'We are sending him to the State of Maine, in the hope—and as the only hope we have—of having him live and die a sober man! We think he may be saved.'

"This man," Mr. Cross added, "ever had been, and was then, the uncompromising opponent of all the temperance organizations in existence."

"What a wayward thing is the human heart! This man into whose heart the arrow had been rudely and deeply driven—the loved and sacred home—his own home—had been ruthlessly invaded by the great destroyer. His deadly fangs were fastened on his darling son—his child of many hopes, and doubtless of tears, and it may be also of prayers; and daily they marked a downward step—saw all the loveliness of life dying out, his beauty fading and his strength withering up before their eyes, and still with a madness—a fatality I might call it, incomprehensible to other men, he assailed, with all possible bitterness of speech and ferocity, every insitution and association that has for its express object the suppression of every evil under which he groaned—the rescue of just such unfortunate men as his son.

And, yet, with this hostility in heart, even while burning curses on such enactments as the Maine Law were trembling on his tongue, with his opposition unsilenced; his great love for his son, and his great agony at witnessing his downward career, compels him to draw aid from a source he loathed, and by that act proclaim to the world in tones louder than ten thousand eloquent tongues could utter, the use and the blessedness of prohibitory laws; and doubtless now, that son, in the far-off State of Maine, removed from the temptation of his besetting sin, is rejoicing in a new life, and revelling in all the power of youthful enthusiasm in his sudden and glorious freedom.

Loss of Ship Citizen of New Bedford.

Of the numerous fleet of whale ships that cruised in the Arctic in 1852, we believe the Citizen, of New Bedford, was the only one not reported as having visited some port, or known to have been lost. For the past six months, or since news from the different ports visited by whalers had been received, fears were entertained for the fate of this ship, which, unfortunately, had been confirmed by the arrival of the Wm. Tell, Capt. Taber, from the Arctic, on board of which ship are two of the crew of the Citizen. From one of these, Joseph Mears of Philadelphia, the following particulars have been obtained.

On the 25th of Sept., 1852, the Citizen had been lying in a heavy gale for four days. Having been without observations, her position was not exactly known; and during the night of that day it was found she was getting into shoal water, when the ship was immediately put about and sail made upon her. Before she could accomplish this, however, she struck upon a sand beach, about north latitude 67°, when her masts were immediately cut away. A heavy sea soon after struck the ship, and carried away her poop-deck aft, making her a perfect wreck.

Being too rough for boats to live,

the crew succeeded in getting ashore on spars, &c. with the exception of four Portuguese and one American, Charles L. Heath of Philadelphia.— These were drowned in the attempt to reach the shore. The morning dawned upon a bleak and uninhabited shore, and found them in circumstances of peril, which required strong nerves to encounter. During the day a small quantity of provisions were washed ashore which were carefully rolled up on the beach. The next endeavor of the shipwrecked men was to find inhabitants, and a shelter from the bleak winds and intense cold, which would soon have cut them off, without protection.

After a little exploration two natives were discovered, who were friendly, and these they accompanied to the nearest village, which was about 15 miles distant. Here they were received with the kindest attentions, and every thing done for their comfort which the circumstances of the natives allowed. Sledges were dispatched for the provisions saved, which were safely housed. The crew were provided for in the native huts, and furnished with skins, without which, during the winter, they would have perished. The provisions saved from the wreck subsisted the crew for about six months, after which time, for two or three months, they were furnished by the natives with fish, whales' blubber, walrus flesh, &c. For more than two months entire darkness reigned, and the cold was most intense. An American and a Hawaiian were frozen to death during the winter.

The settlement consisted of fifteen huts, and a population of about fifty persons, all of whom seemed to feel a responsibility for the safe-keeping of their guests, and apprehensive that if any of them should be lost, the American government would punish them for their neglect. This apprehension led them to impose some restraint upon the crew, who did not understand as well as they the danger of exposure to the cold, or the hazard they would run in attempting to reach the East Cape, which some of them had an idea of

undertaking, when their provisions failed.

From February to April, different parties left for the Cape, about two hundred and twenty-five miles distant. They traveled on the ice, and wherever they found natives, they received the same kindness and hospitality as at the first village. This journey was performed with much suffering. Failing of native huts, they were sometimes compelled to sleep upon the ice, and almost perished.

The last party reached the Cape settlement about the middle of June, and on the 2d of July, the thrilling cry of sail O! greeted their ears. This proved to be the Bremen ship Joseph Hayden, Capt. Goosman, who had heard of their wreck and was in search of them. The shipwrecked men were immediately taken on board, and every attention shown them. From this ship they were scattered among the fleet, and some of them have already arrived here, as stated above. Capt. Norton is on board the Helen Augusta, and is soon expected at this port, upon whose arrival we may be able to procure more details in regard to his disaster.

The Citizen was of four hundred and sixty-four tons, and owned in New Bedford, by I. Howland Jr. & Co. She had between two and three thousand barrels of oil on board, with a fair prospect of filling up, had she not met with this disaster.

It is reported that after the gale in September abated, there was a season of fine weather, and whales innumerable abounded. As winter approached, immense numbers were seen heading southward, and going through the Straits into the open sea. The Arctic appeared to be frozen over, with the exception of holes here and there, and from the observations made, it seems to be established that the whales do not winter in the Arctic, but seek a milder temperature in the open sea outside the Straits.

In view of the kindness shown to these shipwrecked men by the natives, when entirely within their

power, we cannot forbear an expression of the opinion that their conduct richly merits a substantial acknowledgement by the American government. A few hundred dollars, in the form of blankets, thick clothing, &c., would reward them for the past, and might secure to future shipwrecked crews attentions and aid that would sustain their lives and restore them to their country.—*Polynesian.*

Washington's Charmed Life.

Of eighty-six officers, twenty-six were killed (in Braddock's action,) among them Sir Peter Hallet, and thirty-seven were wounded, including Gen. Gage, and other field officers. Braddock braved every danger.

His secretary was shot dead. Both his English aids were disabled early in the engagement, leaving the American alone to distribute his orders.—“I expected every moment,” said one whose eye was on Washington, “to see him fall. Nothing but the superintendent care of Providence could have saved him. An Indian chief—I suppose a Shawnee—singled him out with his rifle, and bade others of his warriors to do the same. Two horses were killed under him—four balls penetrated his coat.” “Some potent Manitou guards him now!” exclaimed the savages. “Death,” wrote Washington, “was levelling my companions on every side of me; but by the all-powerful dispensation of Providence I have been protected.”—“To the public,” said Davies, a learned divine, in the following month, “I point out that heroic youth, whom I can but hope Providence has preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country.”—“Who is Mr. Washington?” asked Lord Halifax a few months later. “I know nothing of him,” he added, “but they say he behaved in Braddock's action as bravely as if he really loved the whistling of bullets.”—*Bancroft's Am. Rev.*

Never refuse to hear the truth of a proposition because you disbelieve it.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

This largest ship in the world, this wonderful piece of naval architecture, which has just made its appearance in our harbor, was designed, built, and is owned by Donald McKay, Esq., of Boston. The discovery of California gold, and the rush of emigrants to that land, and the consequent urgent demands for supplies, have called to existence fleets of clipper ships, eight of which, had been built by Mr. McKay, before he designed the Great Republic.

They were the Flying Cloud, Flying Fish, Sovereign of the Seas, Bald Eagle, Empress of the Sea, Staghound, Westward Ho, and Staffordshire. The Flying Cloud he built on his own account. She was 1,700 tons register; made the quickest passage from New York to San Francisco on record, in 98 days, ran in 24 consecutive hours, 374 geographical miles. Not satisfied with this triumph, he determined to build a larger clipper that would out-sail the Flying Cloud. He next designed the Sovereign of the Seas, a ship of 2,400 tons, "then the largest, longest and sharpest merchant ship in the world." She was so large, and the plan of her seemed so dubious and utopian, that no merchant would invest in her. "Mr. McKay embarked all he was worth in her," turned

merchant and freighted her himself. She *did* out-sail the Flying Cloud.— Although her passage to San Francisco was longer, "she sailed in 24 consecutive hours, 430 geographical miles, 56 miles more than the greatest run of the Flying Cloud, and in ten consecutive days she ran 3,144 miles." "In eleven months her gross earnings amounted to \$200,000," when he sold her on his own terms.

In these enterprises, "experience had shown, that the passage to California had been lengthened by the tremendous westerly gales in the vicinity of Cape Horn, and that to combat them successfully, vessels of a still larger size and power were necessary.

He accordingly designed the Great Republic, a ship of 4,000 tons register, and full 6,000 tons storage capacity"; has built her and will sail her on his own account.

"She is 325 feet long 53 feet wide and her whole depth is 39 feet." She has four decks, is 8 feet between decks, except between her spar and upper decks which is 7 feet. She has four masts, the aft one is called the spanker mast. From her keel to the main truck is 250 feet. Few of the thousands who have visited her have left with any adequate idea of her enormous size.

A house 25 feet front, 50 feet deep and four stories high is as large a ten-

ement as often meets the eye, in this city; a block of 13 such houses is a longer bloc than is often met with, and yet the hull of this monster ship occupies more space than a whole block of such dwellings. A 300 ton ship used to be considered a large craft; yet this ship will carry as much freight, and consequently displace as much water as a fleet of twenty such vessels.

Our forests could not furnish trees of sufficient size and length, to make her fore, or main, or mizen masts.—“They are built of hard pine, dowelled and bolted together, and hooped over all with iron.” Her foremast is 44 inches in diameter and 130 feet long, mainmast 44 inches, and 131 feet, mizen, 40 inches and 122 feet. Her main yard is 28 inches in diameter and 120 feet long, is spliced in the middle, being formed of two of the longest pine trees. There has been used in her construction,

Of hard pine 1,500,000 feet.

Of white oak, 2,056 tons.

Of iron, 336 1-2 tons.

Of copper, exclusive of sheathing, 56 tons.

Canvas in a suit of sails, 15,653 yards.

Days' work on her hull 50,000.

“Her crew is to consist of 100 men and 40 boys.

Notwithstanding her great size, she is one of the most beautiful models afloat. Her Figure-head is the head and beak of the Eagle. Her stern is ornamented with a spread eagle measuring *Thirty-six* feet from tip to tip of its wings.

Under her spar deck, in the stern and richly ornamented, is the spacious ladies' cabin with three large state rooms on either side, forward of this, the main cabin and eight state rooms; still forward, stewards' rooms,

officers' rooms, hospital, and rooms for the boys; a good arrangement to keep the boys from the forecabin and under the eye of the officers. She has also, we are happy to see, a fine spacious and airy forecabin, the men are to be lodged in hammocks, like a ship of war. She has three houses on the spar deck, in one of which is a steam engine of 15 horse power, to do the hard work of the ship, such as pumping, working the fire engine, hoisting topsails, taking in and discharging cargo. With it also is connected a distillery, not of ardent spirits but of sea water into good fresh water; no doubt she will be a temperance ship. The engine can be shipped into a huge long boat constructed as a propeller, to be used in calm latitudes for towing the ship. An admirable Yankee contrivance, truly, to help Jack out of the doldrums.—We suppose too it can be used as a lighter to load and unload in ports where there are no wharves.

In one of the houses is a library for the men containing over one thousand volumes of profitable books, and connected with it a teacher for the boys.

In the construction and arrangement of this noble ship there is evidently an eye to the comfort and improvement of the men, which we are most happy to note and commend.—She is to be commanded by Capt. L. McKay, a brother, we believe, of the builder. We bespeak for her a good crew who shall look well to the interests and honor of the Great Republic.

DISASTERS.

New schr. Arkansas, Verrill, captained near Mount Desert, was towed into S. W. Harbor next day, but went ashore immediately after, and went to pieces in a heavy Southerly gale.—

Three of her crew were drowned when she was capsized.

The brig *Peconic*, Pash, hence, was ashore at Manzanilla on her beam ends, full of water.

Clipper ship *Eclipse*, lost near Ipala, was a splendid vessel of 1,200 tons, built at Williamsburg in 1850, owned by Thos. Wardle, Captain Hamilton and others.

A letter received in New-Bedford, reports the loss of ship *Antarctic*, of that port, in April last, near Chatham Island, and the mate and one of the crew.

Schr. James H. Braine, of Yarmouth, N. S., from West Indies, ashore at Absecomb Beach, New-Jersey, is nearly a total wreck.

Ship *Clara Ann*, at New-Orleans 28th Oct., from Cardiff, Wales, reports: 4th Oct., fell in with and picked up five men—the first mate and four of the crew of the British ship *Liverpool*, Capt. Williams, from Shields, Eng., bound to New-York, loaded with coal, which vessel foundered and sunk, carrying down with her Capt. Williams, wife, one lady passenger, and thirteen men. The mate and four men were taken to New-Orleans by the *C. A.*

Ship *Citizens* of New-Bedford, was wrecked about 14th Oct., 300 miles to the Northward of East Cape; six of her crew were lost.

Ship *Hampden*, at this port from Hamburg, reports: Oct. 18th, saw brig *Clearance*, of St. John, N. B., lumber loaded, waterlogged and abandoned; was dismantled and had lost her rudder.

Schr. *Invincible*, at Humboldt Bay, Oct.—from Crescent City, reports the schr. *Pomona*, from San Francisco, having gone ashore while lying at anchor at that place on the 19th Oct., the rollers having broken over the reef and vessels. The *Pomona* would be a total loss.

Brig *Sarah Vose*, at Philadelphia 3d inst., from Fall River, reports: At the Delaware Breakwater, brig *Friendship*, from Jacksonville for New-York having on board the captain and crew of brig *Melissa Ann*, also from Jack-

sonville for New-York, which vessel was capsized during a N. N. E. gale 17th Oct.

Brig *Oxford*, from Havana for Sierra Morena, struck on a rock near Cayo La Cruz del Padre, about 24 miles from Cardenas, night of the 23d Oct., while in charge of a pilot, and will be a total loss.

Barque *Reform*, of and from Bremen for Galveston, was totally lost 25th Oct., on the Real de los Catalanes, to windward of Nuevitas. Passengers, officers and crew, in all 94 persons, including women and children, were taken to Havana.

Barque *Amelia*, at this port from Pensacola, reports: 27th Oct., saw the wreck of brig *Mary Hart*, of Baltimore, dismantled, with sails lying on deck in good order.

Steamer *Marion*, hence at Charleston, passed 31st Oct., 12 miles S. W. of Frying Pan Shoals, schr. *Citizen*, of Portland, abandoned, with foremast gone and full of water.

Schr. James G. King, from Savannah 26th Oct., for this port, was capsized, no date, and fallen in with in the latitude of Savannah, about 80 miles off shore, by schr. *Henry Cole*, Hazleton, who took off four of the crew and brought them to Delaware Breakwater. Captain Wainwright was left on the wreck, it blowing a gale at the time. The *Henry Cole* lay to until next morning, when nothing was to be seen of the wreck.

Fishing schr. *Beverly*, Millet, of Marblehead, went ashore about 40 miles from Halifax, in the gale of 24th Oct., and would probably be a total loss.

Brig G. S. Abbott, at Charleston 20th Nov. from New-Orleans, fell in with on the 6th Nov., schr. *Jacob Longfellow*, of New-York, lumber loaded, colors half-mast, a candle burning on a table in the cabin, and full of water.

Fishing schr. *Oliver Burnham*, for Gloucester, was thrown on her beam ends when near Cashie's Ledge, in the gale of 25th Oct., and the captain and four men drowned. The vessel also lost mainmast and all her sails

except jib. She was taken in tow by another vessel and carried into Tremont, Mount Desert, Me.

Schr. Oscar Jones, Kelley, from Norfolk, Hampton Roads, 23d Oct., of and for New-Bedford, is supposed to have been wrecked in the gale of 25th ult. A wreck with "Osca" on the stern, and correspondingly in description with the O. J., was passed on the 4th Nov., by steamer James Adger.

The wreck of the John Ligure, of Richmond, Maine, dismasted and waterlogged, was passed 2d Nov.

Schr. Orlando, Pendleton, from Rondout for Dartmouth, was in contact 4th Nov., near Gull Island, Long Island Sound, with brig Eugene, Reed, from Lubec for New-York, and was so much injured that she soon after sunk. The crew saved themselves in the boat, and were taken on board the brig, having lost every thing but what they stood in.

Brig J. C. Fremont, (before reported) was passed 6th Nov., by brig Florence, at Halifax, waterlogged and abandoned.

Br. ship Lady Bulwer, Tobin, from New-York for Quebec, sprung a leak night of 9th Nov., off Moosepecca Island, and bore up for St. John, N. B.; but becoming unmanageable in consequence of the great amount of water in the hold, and it blowing a gale, the crew took to their boats, and the ship went down shortly after, in about 60 fathoms. The crew reached St. John, on the 16th.

Schr. Tionesta, hence for St. Augustine, Flor., was driven ashore on the beach off that place on the evening of the 11th Nov., during a strong gale from E.; vessel a total loss.

Barque Maryland, at Baltimore from Boston, reports 26th Nov., having fallen with schr. Bangor, of Searsport, from Rondout for Boston, having been dismasted on the evening of the 24th, off Chatham; took from her captain, mate and a seaman, and left her in a sinking condition.

Barque Hyperion, hence Oct. 22d for Kingston, Jamaica, sunk at sea

when two days out from this port, carrying down with her Capt. Perkins, the two mates and three seamen. The remaining six seamen, after having been twelve hours in an open boat, were picked up by brig Crocus, Reed, from Boston, which vessel carried them to Cardenas, where they arrived 9th Nov.

Advices by telegraph received at Montreal 14th Nov., state that brig Victor, King, from Montreal for Halifax, has been lost at White Head, near Canso; also that the brig Amethyst, Crouch, from Sydney for Quebec, has been wrecked at Metia.

Ship Maine, from Liverpool for Bath, cargo iron and salt, struck on Pond Island Bar, at the mouth of Kennebec River, 9 A. M. 19th Nov. She bilged, and at low water fell on her beam ends, and will probably be a total loss.

Schr. D. B. Deagle, for Prince Edward Island from Boston, with 20 passengers, was driven ashore at Lawrencetown, in a S. E. gale 21st Nov.; crew, passengers, and part of cargo saved; vessel a total wreck.

Steamer Bay State, on her passage from Fall River to New-York, at 2 A. M. 24th Nov., came in contact with the sloop Sylph, of Sag Harbor, between Saybrook and Falkland Island, sinking her instantly, and drowning two men.

Schr. John Tunis, Spear, of Rockland, Me., from New-York, bound to Gardner, Me., was dismasted in Vineyard Sound night of 24th Nov., and by the shifting of her cargo filled with water and sunk.

Br. schr. Sylph, which sailed from Quebec for Ragged Island and Liverpool, N. S., on the 19th Nov., was wrecked off the West point of Anticosti about the 26th and every soul perished.

Brig Maria, from Mariel for Providence, put into Mantanzas 26th Nov., to land the master, and three seamen of schr. Mary, which left Sabine, Texas, Oct. 21, for Savannah and was lost at Anguilla Key.

Brig Ella, Harding, from Pictou of and for Bangor, went ashore night of

31st Nov., at Cape Canoe; vessel total loss.

Telegraphic dispatches from Halifax, dated yesterday December 6th, report the steamer Humboldt, from Havre 23d ult. for this port, as having gone ashore while entering that port for a supply of coal, on a reef called the "Sisters." She was got off in a leaky condition, and had to be run ashore to prevent her sinking. It was feared that she would prove a total loss.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

LIGHTHOUSE ON THE EASTERN ROCK, SOUTH COAST OF IRELAND.—The Corporation for Preserving and Improving the Port of Dublin, hereby give notice that a Lighthouse has been erected on the Fastnet Rock, situate off the South Coast of the County of Cork, from which a Revolving Light will be exhibited on the evening of the 1st of January, 1854, and thereafter will be lighted during every night from sunset to sunrise. The Light House Tower is erected on the summit of the Fastnet (or Fastness) Rock, in lat. $50^{\circ} 23' 18''$ N., and lon. $9^{\circ} 36' 25''$ W. The Tower is circular, 92 feet in height from its base to the top of the ball over dome, and will, at midnight, be marked by one horizontal belt, colored red. On and after exhibition of the light on Fastnet Rock, the light heretofore shown from the Cape Clear Lighthouse will be discontinued.

SANTO DOMINGO LIGHT, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.—A fixed white light was exhibited on the 14th August last, and on each succeeding day from sunset to sunrise, from the iron framework tower recently erected, by order of the Dominican Government, on the Bastion of San Jose, at the City of Santo Domingo. The tower is situated in lat. $18^{\circ} 28' 05''$ N., lon. $69^{\circ} 52' 39''$ West of Greenwich. The columns of the tower are painted white, and the cornices red and blue. Commanders of vessels approaching Santo Domingo Roads from the eastward, should remember that, having doubled Punta Causedo, the light will

be seen over the land a little to the northward of Punta Torcello, and that from this point (from which the light bears N., 58° W. distant 1,423 yards) a short reef extends south westward, which should be guarded against, and which may be known when there is any sea on by the breakers upon it.

LIGHT VESSEL ON THE COPPER GROUND, KATTEGAT.—On the 24th September, in the present year, a Light Ship was placed on the Copper Ground, (Koppergrunden) in the Kattegat, in lat. $57^{\circ} 8' 36''$ N., lon. $11^{\circ} 20' 30''$ east of Greenwich. It shows three lights, consisting of 3 sideral lanterns, of which two are placed on the aft part of the fore or highest mast, respectively 50 and 25 feet above the level of the sea, and the third on the fore part of the aft or shortest mast, 40 feet above the level of the sea. These lights will be lighted from half an hour after sunset until sunrise, and will be visible at a distance of two Danish or about nine English miles.

Official notice is given that four new lights have been established on the Coast of Cuba, as follows:

Light upon the Island of Salvora de Avora (Province of Pontevedra) to be displayed on and after the 19th October, from sunset to sunrise, upon the most salient Southern point of the island, situated in lat. $42^{\circ} 27' 57''$ N. and lon. $2^{\circ} 48' 7''$ W., from the meridian of the observatory of San Fernando. Apallatus, 4th class (catadioptrical) fixed light, varied with red scintillations—2 in each two minutes—90 feet (Burgeols) above the level of the sea (in English measure one-half less) tangent of view 10 miles and 4-10ths of a mile—more or less, conforming to the condition of the atmosphere.

Island of Arosa, to be displayed 19th October, situated lat. $42^{\circ} 34' 8''$, and lon. $2^{\circ} 39' 42''$ same meridian—fixed light—above sea level 42 feet, tangent of view 7 1-10 miles, &c., as above.

On the Cies Islands, to be displayed same date, upon the center island on the coast of Faro or light mountain, being the most Southern point of the

same island, lat. $42^{\circ} 12' 23''$ and lon. $2^{\circ} 41' 50''$ same meridian. Apparatus 2d order, as above, eclipsing in alternate minutes—above sea level 650 feet, and tangent of view 31 miles.

Light of Castro Urdiales, Province of Santander, to be displayed from the same date, from the round tower S. E. of the castle of Santa Anna, which is above the level of the sea 52 feet, and 318 feet from the ridges of the Mount of Santa Anna, S. E., situated in lat. $43^{\circ} 24' 10''$ N., lon. $2^{\circ} 56' 10''$ E. of same meridian given above—fixed light varied with red scintillations—3 in 3 minutes, illuminating an arc of 270° , and elevated above the sea 148 feet, giving tangent of view miles, &c.

NEW LIGHT-HOUSE, PORT PHILIP HEADS, AUSTRALIA.

**PORT AND HARBOR OFFICE,
WILLIAMSTOWN, July 23, 1853.**

Mariners are requested to take notice that, with a view to promote the safety of vessels which may be compelled to enter this harbor at night, an open framed wooden lighthouse is now being erected to eastward of the lighthouse on Shortland's Bluff.

This additional lighthouse, when completed, will exhibit a fixed red light.

The two lights, kept in one line of bearing, will lead vessels from outside the heads right in mid-channel, between Point Lonedale and Point Nepean Reef.

Full particulars will be hereafter published when the lightning apparatus is ready for use.

**CHAS. FERGUSON,
Port and Harbor Master.**

**PORT AND HARBOR OFFICE,
Williamston, July, 1853.**

FLOATING LIGHTSHIP, HOBSON'S BAY.

On and after this date a floating light will be established at the north end of the west channel leading into Port Philip Bay, in the same position as that hitherto occupied by the North Fairway Buoy, which is now removed.

The lightship will exhibit, between sunset and sunrise, two (2) bright lights, twenty-four (24) feet apart, and fifty (50) feet above the level of the water.

These lights may be seen from all parts of the horizon, within the distance of nine (9) miles, in clear weather.

Vessels approaching the lightship by night or by day are warned to be cautious in avoiding collision.

The lightship is moored in four (4) fathoms at low water, with the following magnetic bearings:

Extreme point of Indented Head, N. W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N.

Summit of Arthur's Seat, S. E. 1-2 E.

Extremity of Point Nepean, S. S. W. 1-2 W.

**CHAS. FERGUSON,
Port and Harbor Master.**

The new Light-house at the West end of Ship Island, Mississippi, will be lighted on and after the 25th December. This is a fixed white light 52 feet above low water, and has eleven 14 inch reflectors. With the eye at 10 ft. above water, it should be seen at a distance of about 13-4 miles. The tower is white. Its latitude is $30^{\circ} 12' 55''$ North, longitude $88^{\circ} 57' 1''$ West of Greenwich.

**D. LEADBETTER, Capt. Eng.
Inspector 8th L. H. District.**

Official notice has been given that a new light has been placed on the island of Plans or Tabarca (Province of Alicante). On and after the 1st of January, 1854, a light will be displayed from sunset to sunrise in the new lighthouse, 210 feet (Burgos) on the Eastern end of the Island, 569 feet from the sea coast in a northern direction. This lighthouse is situated in latitude $38^{\circ} 10' 13''$ N. and longitude $5^{\circ} 45' 38''$ E. from the meridian of the observatory of San Fernando. Apparatus 3d class (catadioptrico) fixed light, with scintillations every two minutes; is 93-9-10 feet above the level of the sea; has a tangent view of 10° 1-90 miles, more or less, according to the condition of the atmosphere.

New York, January, 1854.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING!

To all our friends, on the land and sea, we tender our cordial greetings. We congratulate you on all the good you have severally accomplished the past year. If you have made one child wiser, by teaching it the alphabet of its existence; one wanderer safe, by turning his feet into the path of life; one sad heart to sing, by opening to it a fountain of joy; or one dark valley lighter, by throwing into it a single ray of sunshine; you have not lived in vain. And how has the value of your life been enhanced, if you have thus taught, and reclaimed, and gladdened, and enlightened many? The world better, *decidedly better*, for having had your life prolonged through another year! If this is the case, the angels join in our congratulations.

And now, friends, here comes, 1854! a new figure to make, a new race to run, a new warfare to wage, and a new crown to win—the most important year you have ever seen, because life runs faster, and rolls out results more rapidly.

In the city of New York is the great Croton Reservoir, covering 35 acres, and receiving and containing 150 millions of gallons of water, after its race of 38 miles, from the Croton dam. So 1854 is the receptacle of

your current life, thus far. It is experience condensed; personal history epitomized; the energies of your character concentrated for all future action.

As the contents of the Reservoir are sent out in ten thousand pipes, to bless five hundred thousand people, and then fall into the sea; so your influence may flow the current year, and flow on till its last drop is lost in the ocean of eternity.

Let, then, 1854, be a year of *great activity* in doing good. "While some are striving how much they can *do*, let others strive how much they can *give* to the cause of Christ this year."

Let it be a year of *great spiritual attainments*.

Be sure and reach the highest summit of Christian excellence long before December. Are you on the sea? Don't fail of getting higher than the masthead daily. Are you on the land? Don't fail to look down on the top of Pisgah at each rising and setting sun. Thus, whether seaman or landsman, shall you have a *Happy New Year*.

"Come let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
"O that each in the day of his coming may say,
I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do.

"O that each from the Lord may receive the glad word,

Well and faithfully done:

Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

SAILOR'S HOME N. YORK. TEMPERANCE MEETING.

Another energetic temperance meeting filled the large Reading Room and Museum—a room 114 feet long by 40 wide—on Wednesday evening the 14th ult.

After the usual preliminary exercises and a few pertinent remarks by Capt. Tracy, the Superintendent, the meeting was addressed by Rev. Messrs. Dikeman and Graham, and Captains McKay and Wardale.

Mr. Dikeman spoke on the importance of temperance to sailors, and of the usefulness of Sailor's Homes.

Mr. Graham dwelt more particularly on the physical evils to seamen from the use of intoxicating liquors, and enforced his sentiments by several appropriate illustrations.

Captain McKay, the commander of the Great Republic, now lying in the port of New-York, and the largest ship in the world, (see a description on another page in this Magazine) left the home of his early youth at the age of 13 for the sea. "Then," said he, "thirty years ago, I resolved never to drink intoxicating liquors. I was a poor boy; and for what I now am I am indebted to my temperance principles. At sea or on shore I never drank anything—not even tea or coffee—stronger than cold water. In whatever company, I have always, and promptly refused when invited to drink, and that without being found fault with. I always prize men the more for being strictly temperate. Such are my main reliance in emergencies in managing my ship." Capt. McKay expects to take with him to sea about 40 boys, some of whom

were present on this occasion. Leading the way to the table, where lay the book containing the temperance pledge, his boys followed him and signed it. He then promised each a gilt frame for his certificate of membership of the New-York Marine Temperance Society and that it should be hung up in the Ship's Library room.

Captain Wardale, now a merchant, connected with a line of packets, whose owners, masters, and part of whose officers are thoroughly temperate men, contrasted the ample and healthful accommodations of the Sailor's Home with the miserable dens of iniquity and filth, called Sailor boarding houses, when he first came to this city a sea-faring boy. He then hunted three days before he could find a decent house in which to put his head.

At the close of the meeting all the domestics in the Home, who had not previously entered their names, came forward and signed the pledge.

Captain McKay gave a free ticket with a cordial invitation to all present who desired it to visit his ship, and promised himself and others the satisfaction of attending the next temperance meeting, next week, at the Sailor's Home.

THE OCEAN CEMETERY.

Between the 9th of Sept. and the 22nd of Nov. last, 44 packet-ships bound to New York, had 16,272 passengers on board. Of these 1,118 died on the passage, and were buried in the sea; a fearful increase of the number to be surrendered when the sea shall give up its dead!

The attention of the humane on both sides of the ocean should be called to an investigation of the causes of such a mortality; and if it results from being overcrowded or from im-

pure air, or improper food, or a want of suitable medical attentions, the remedy should be promptly applied. Had those passengers been told as they stood on foreign wharves, ready to embark, that one out of every fifteen of their number was about getting into the hearse which would bear him to an ocean grave, would they not have ahrunk back appalled!

At this rate packet ships will get the reputation of pest houses, and the sailors will have occasion to fear that they will be crowded out of their own cemetery. S.

ANSON G. PHELPS.

The public is already apprised of the decease of this distinguished merchant and good man. The philanthropic acts of his life are his best eulogy; his munificent gifts to beneficent purposes his best monument. In common with many others the sailors have been bereaved of a true friend. He was among the earliest to devise and execute plans for their social and moral improvement, and continued to the time of his death a member of the Board of the American Seamen's Friend Society. His age was three score and thirteen.—*So he died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years; and was gathered to his people.*

Facts from the Reports of the Secretaries of the Treasury and Navy.

THE MINT.—The entire coinage at the United States Mint from its origin to 31st of October last, was \$370,008,192 50. The gold coinage from 1st January last to 1st of October, was \$46,998,945 60; and the silver coinage \$7,996,225. Within four years, \$135,872,095 73 has been added to the gold and silver coin of the country, over and above what has been exported, without including what has been brought by immigrants.

It will be seen from the above that California has added over *one-third* to the coinage of the country within the last *four years*. A good reason truly, for the increasing prices of every other commodity.

The receipts into the Treasury, of the last fiscal year, ending 30th June last, were—from customs, \$58,931,865; lands, \$1,667,085; miscellaneous, \$738,624. Total \$61,337,574. Expenditures, \$54,026,818.—Excess of receipts, \$7,310,756, which added to the balance on hand at the beginning of the year, makes a balance on hand at the end of the year, June 30, 1853, of \$21,942,892.

Where is the other government on the globe not in want of funds?—Ours has too much.

The table of tonnage which accompanies this report shows that our tonnage is now 4,407,010 tons, and exceeds that of any preceding year, by 268,000 tons. These tables prove that we enjoy a prosperous commerce, with an increasing capacity to extend it.

A quarter of a century only has passed since our tonnage was little over 1,000,000

The American Navy consists of about seventy vessels—embracing all, from ships of the line to the smallest brig, schooner and store-ships. Of these, many ships of the line, frigates, steamers and sloops of war, are not only unfit for service, but I am advised by the Bureau of Construction and Repairs, are not worth repairing. There are not now in the Navy forty vessels which could be brought into service in ninety days if needed. There is no steamer in the Pacific or African squadron; but one of two guns in the Brazil squadron, and no steamer of more than ten guns. The law only authorizes the enlistment of seven thousand five hundred men, which, with an allowance of a proper complement for each vessel, would not man a fleet of fifty vessels, with a fair proportion of large ships.

The Secretary complains of the inadequacy of our Navy to guard our extensive coasts, and protect our spreading commerce, and recommends the addition of six first class frigate propellers, and two first class sailing frigates. Estimated cost, over \$5,000,000. If necessary, let them be built; yet, almost without a standing army, we have the strongest, most invulnerable army on the globe. Would it not be better to encourage mail lines of steamers, propellers and clippers, to China, Australia, and Africa, and France—vessels so built as to be easily converted into ships of war? Let government encourage commerce, and ship-building of the right kind for Naval service, and we will soon have the empire of the sea without fighting for it; or, if we must fight, can soon have a Navy for the work.

Seamen's Chaplain at St. Thomas, W. I.

Rev. Elisha Whittlesey, late Pastor of a church in Canaan, Conn., sailed under commission from the American Seamen's Friend Society for his field of Labor on the 8d ult.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

LETTERS FROM POLYNESIA.

Small pox; Fall shipping season; Loss of the Citizen; New Holland; Feejee Islands; Tahiti; Colporteur in Honolulu; Onanaga Indian among Seamen.

HONOLULU, Oct. 6, 1853.

Several weeks have elapsed since the date of my last letter. During most of this period a most sad and distressing sickness has been raging in Honolulu, and various parts of the Islands. I refer to the small pox, which commenced its ravages in June, and I regret to report that the terrible

scourge has not, as yet, been removed. But few cases remain in Honolulu, and the immediate vicinity of the city, but in remote parts of this island, and in some of the neighboring islands the fatal malady still progresses. Since it commenced, not less than three thousand natives have been carried off. Comparatively few cases have occurred among the foreign population. Good vaccination has been found an almost sovereign remedy. At first great was the alarm among our foreign families but ere long, it wore away, so much so, that I felt no serious anxiety after visiting a large district where the disease was raging, about returning home, without taking any precaution. There was much suffering among the poor people. To relieve all that was possible, many of our citizens volunteered to visit certain districts daily. I was accustomed to visit a portion of the city, where there were usually from thirty to forty cases at all the various stages of the disease. I had previously no adequate idea of the loathsomeness of this fearful contagion when it attacks a people like the aborigines of these islands. I am happy to report that many recover. I should judge that the proportion is about as follows in Honolulu, one third have escaped altogether, one third have died, and the remaining third have recovered.

Our Fall shipping season is just commencing. Fifteen ships have arrived, but a mighty fleet is, doubtless, steering for our various ports. So far as reports have come from the Ochotak Sea, the success has been tolerably good; but not so in the Arctic ocean. Very many of the ships had taken nothing, others only a few whales. Unless the latter part of the season is more favorable but very lit-

the oil will be taken. Capt. Fales of the "Helen Augusta," remarked to me, yesterday, that oftentimes as many as seventy ships would be seen during a single day, while scarcely a ship would have taken a whale.

Last season, one ship was missing, viz., the "Citizen." It was supposed that she must have been destroyed by the ice and lost. It has now been ascertained that she went ashore in a gale, Sept. 24th, 1852, while cruising in latitude 67°. The crew wintered among the Indians.

In another column of the Magazine will be found an account of the wreck of the "Citizen," which I have copied from the Polynesian of Sept. 24th. From the same person who furnished the particulars there published I have obtained a few additional in relation to the ship's company. From memory he furnishes the following list of the crew :

T. H. Norton, master,	Martha's Vineyard.
Lewis C. Roy, 1st officer,	Newark, N. J.
John P. Fisher, 2nd officer,	M. Vineyard.
William Smith, 3d do.,	unknown.
Wm. Collins, 4th do.,	unknown.
C. F. Heath, carpenter,	Philadelphia.
John Johnson, cooper,	England.
A. Osborn, boatswain,	M. Vineyard.
John Norton	" "
John Lackadore,	" unknown.
Jas. Wentworth,	" "
A. Ferdinand,	" "
George Long, seaman,	Philadelphia.
James Mitchell,	" Reading, Pa.
Charles Noes,	" N. Haven, Ct.
Charles Dyer,	" Pennsylvania.
Nicholas Powers,	" Boston, Mass.
Wm. Myers,	" M. Vineyard.
John Jones,	" unknown.
Dennis Aping,	" St. Helena.
Peter Cox,	" Camden, N. J.

Jas. Flannigan,	" Ireland.
W. H. May,	" unknown.
2 Kanakas,	" "
9 Portuguese,	" "
Wm. Smith, cook, (col.)	" "
Chris. Simmons, steward,	" "

Of the above, five were drowned, viz : Chas. T. Heath, and four Portuguese.

Two are reported to have perished with the cold, viz : James Wentworth and a Sandwich Islander.

Three men belonged to the crew whose names my informant was unable to recollect.

As I am writing about Polynesia I will furnish a few particulars respecting other parts besides these islands. I have just received intelligence from Tahiti, Feejee, Sydney and other places in the South Pacific.

Reports from Sydney and other parts of New Holland, very much resemble those from California, about two years after the gold mines were discovered. Vast numbers are pouring into New Holland from all parts of the world, and I regret that any are so foolish as to leave the Eastern and Middle States for that part of the world. Gold certainly blinds its votaries, or Yankees never would push their way to the shores of New Holland. A correspondent writes me from Sydney in July, reporting much distress among the inhabitants, altho' business was generally good.

At the Feejee Islands a most singular state of things prevails. The English Wesleyan Missionaries are laboring there with tolerable good success. Still among the people the horrid practice of cannibalism prevails, to a most alarming extent. One of the missionaries writes under date of 4th of March, "At Bare (the capital of the group) in the presence of a missionary, in defiance of British and American ships of war, in spite

of our promises to enrich them if they would regard our feelings, five of the most intelligent and ladylike women were strangled, in honor of the old Cannibal Tanoa. This has fearfully revived the horrid custom." The writer then describes numerous instances of murdering for the sake of procuring victims for food! He concludes thus, "All this right under my own observation. Let our friends pray." If any of the readers of the Magazine would wish to see a likeness of the old Cannibal Chief Tanoa, I would refer them to Wilke's U. S. Exploring Expedition, page 57.

News from Tahiti and the Society Islands is far from encouraging. The French have raised the flood gates of intemperance, and all the consequent evils are preying upon the people. At the leeward Islands during the last year, there has been much fighting among the people. The "Royalist," which started for the Marquesas, with our Missionary party, reached Tahiti safely, and had sailed for the Marquesas Islands. News is anxiously waited for from that quarter of the world.

As I have already intimated, our Fall shipping season has commenced. I am much encouraged to enter vigorously upon my duties, in as much as our American Tract Society has furnished a Colporteur, to assist me, among seamen. Our Society voted \$600 for that purpose, and employed the Seaman's Chaplain in San Francisco, to send us the proper man. The person selected was a Mr. Ryan, who was once a sailor, and officer on board several American vessels. He has sailed on board a whale ship, and in merchant vessels and vessels of war. He proves to be just the man. I never felt stronger!

Lately a sailor-man has made his

appearance among us, and especially in our Bethel prayer meetings, whose origin and character is quite interesting. He came out in the "Mechanics' Own" from New York. He is a full blooded Indian of the Onondaga Tribe in the State of New York. His piety is apparently of the right stamp.—Last evening he spoke at our Temperance, and the evening before at our weekly prayer meeting. Coming from among the Red-men and taking a right stand, speaks encouragingly for these Missionaries who have been laboring in that tribe. He says that the Wesleyan Methodists are the principal laborers among his people. I shall endeavor to introduce him to the native churches in Honolulu.

Yours, truly,

S. C. DAMON.

Chaplain.

"It will do to put in the Plate."

Trading with a market woman one day, I chanced to pay her a bad penny. She examined, and was about to return it; but suddenly dropped it in her pocket, saying, "*It will do to put in the plate.*"

The incident has its counterpart and moral. When I see a man carefully concealing his gift in the hollow of his hand, and putting it in with the back of his hand up, I feel quite sure he is thinking "*it will do to put in the plate.*"

When I find a man more familiar with the text, "*Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth,*" than with any other, I cannot avoid the conviction that his right hand must be nearly as ignorant on the subject of Christian beneficence as his left, and that whatever he gives he supposes "*it will do to put in the plate.*"

When I hear a lady, in the richest attire, and with as many hoops on her fingers as a cooper would put on a very weak cask, bemoaning the condition of the poor, while she gives from her wardrobe only the meanest moth-eaten garment; beyond a question, she fancies "*it will do to put in the plate.*"

When I hear people talking of hard times and of the wintry condition of the poor, while they are never seen sending them a ton of coal, a quarter of beef, or a barrel of flour, I take it for granted that whatever they may give "*will do to put in the plate.*"

When I hear a Niagara of sympathy expressed for the tempest-tossed sailors, and long-breath intentions of doing them good at some future day, I have the charity to credit such persons the belief that their sympathy and intentions "*will do very well to put in the plate.*"

And when, as is sometimes the case, depreciated bank notes, smooth shillings, and outlandish coins are found—the halt, the lame and the blind—it is very strange that sensible people should think of such—"*it will do to put in the plate.*"

A very different opinion is expressed in Maliachi, 1.8. S.

U. S. NAVY.

The Secretary's Report.

Has the Secretary adopted a wise policy in his recommendatory improvements in the Navy? He recommends its re-organization, and increase. He recommends an increase of pay—wages corresponding with those received in the merchant service, or which the same men would command employed in industrial pursuits on land. He recommends (as Congress has removed the lash, and he would, by no means, have it restored,) adequate punishment of the

bad, by confinement, and forfeiture of wages and certain privileges; giving the amount thus forfeited to the worthy men, who faithfully perform their own duties, and, also, the duties of those confined for their offences. He recommends promotion—not by the rule of seniority of commission, but on the ground of merit.

Most of these recommendations meet our hearty approval; but why is another—more important to the social and moral improvement, as well as the honor of the Navy, than either or all the rest—entirely omitted? Was it a wise policy that left it out, under the fear that it might peril the adoption of the rest? We mean a recommendation to repeal the law regulating the SPIRIT RATION in the Navy. We have reason to believe that the Secretary regards that law in the light both of a curse and a disgrace; inasmuch as the grog-tub, daily paraded by law before the men and boys, is notoriously the cause of nine-tenths of the offences requiring punishment on board of Naval vessels. The Secretary dwells on the difficulties attendant on getting good men, or any kind of men, in sufficient numbers for the Naval service. Hence his recommendation of increased wages. Now, in our opinion, the grog-tub repels good men, and attracts the bad; so that if as good wages were there obtained as anywhere else, the best men cannot be obtained; while those who have been steeped and stupified in alcohol will go where their vicious appetite for strong drink can be indulged. Let, then, the grog-tub, as the first step to improvement, be pitched into the sea, and other reformatory measures recommended, and not recommended, be adopted. Then will our Naval Flag be a palladium of national rights

and honor on every sea and shore, and an effective aid of commerce, of science, and civilization. When this subject again occupies the attention of Congress, it is earnestly hoped that no honorable member will be so lost to self-respect, the good of seamen, and the honor of his country, as again to exclaim, "Let poor Jack have his grog." S.

PANAMA CHAPLAINCY.

Extracts from the Chaplain's Journal.

Oct. 11th,—To-day succeeded in starting off poor Paci, for his home in Italy, by way of the U. S. A few months ago, he was a hale man, but lately, bronchitis, tending to consumption, has reduced him to a skeleton. I found him in the Spanish Hospital, where, from want of care and ill-treatment, he was likely to die, and by much effort gained him admittance to the American Hospital, where he has improved. While yet in Italy, he shewed a dislike to popery, and a fondness for Protestant worship, and from there he brought a letter from our Consul, Mr. Hastings, to Dr. Baird, in New York. Here I have conversed with him, as well as broken French, Spanish, and English would allow us, and I trust he may be a Christian. Felt that he must die if he staid here, and longed to die, if die he must, in the arms of his friends. Made him up a purse by contributions, and sent him off, with letters to friends of mine on the way. God go with him.

19th,—To-day, a dying papist sent for me to the hospital, "to administer the sacrament" to him. I went, of course, but told him if that was what he wanted he ought to send for a priest, and not for me; but he refused, saying he had preferred me. Then I told him I had brought no sacrament; but I had something much better than that for a man in his condition, viz., Jesus Christ himself, who was able to take him from his bed of pain directly to heaven, as he did the thief on the cross. He grasped eagerly at offered hope, as I explain-

ed, in few words, his condition as a sinner, God's way of salvation, and what he needed to do to secure it for himself, and, after that, said no more about the sacrament. As I was leaving him, he grasped my hand, pressed it to his lips, and blessed me from his very heart. Who can tell but God really converted him in that brief hour.

20th,—He died to-day. To-day, succeeded in sending off poor S— on the steamer — to California. Capt. — kindly received him on board at my request. It is a great mercy to him, as he could never be better here, and may recover in a cooler climate. He owes the disease, which threatens to carry him to the grave, to his treatment, or want of treatment, in that murderous native hospital.

His is a strange case. Born in London, of pious parents, it would seem he was well trained till he was about eight years old, when he fell in with the street boys, and became one of them. He ran away from home, and, at the age of nine years, became a sailor boy, which profession he has followed now these many years. He married in London, but finding, on his return from one of his voyages, that his wife was unfaithful to him, he forsook her, and became a wanderer from his native land. A year or two since, while in an hospital in Quebec, he was induced to join the papal church, and when I first found him in the hospital here, he professed himself a papist boldly. I have labored with him nearly six months, and during that time have made no effort to lead him to change his faith, but much to lead him to Christ, as the only Savior from sin and hell. At times he has had a keen sense of sin, so much so, that he dared not come to the Throne of Grace, and this, too, after he obtained a hope in Christ; but these seasons of doubt did not last long. Generally, his conversation has been that of an humble, penitent man, and believer in Christ. To-day, as I handed him his permit to go on board, I bid him remember it was necessary for him to keep always close to God, if he would be strong to labor and endure.

He said he knew that right well, for he had tried to live holy by his own strength, and miserably failed. I bade him cling to his Bible. "Do you think I can forget that?" he said. "Many a time, when I could not sleep for anguish, have I risen, and, with a bit of candle, have whiled away an hour in reading the Testament you gave me, and after doing so, I would go to sleep, and not wake till morning." He is humble, patient and docile; he seems to have an uncommon sense of sin, yet professes to look to Christ for full salvation. The Lord knows His own.

J. ROWELL, *Chaplain*.
Panama, Oct. 29th, 1853.

Account of Monies.

From Nov. 15th, to Dec. 15th, 1853.

Directors for Life by the Payment of Fifty Dollars.

Robert Campbell, Augusta, Geo. 50 00

Members for Life by the Payment of Twenty Dollars.

Rev. Geo. Oviatt, Cabotville, Mass., (by amt. paid Treas. Boston S. F. Soc'y.,)

Rev. Geo. Darling, Lowell, Mass., do do.

Sarah V. Hosmer, Lowell, Mass., do do.

Rev. Christian Cushing, N. Bridgewater, do do.

Rebecca B. Mills, do, do do.

Sarah Cressey, Marblehead, do do.

Elizabeth Nutting, do, do do.

Mary J. Goodwin, do, do do.

Susan G. Knight, do, do do.

Miss Lizzie M. Stanton, by Mrs. Giles Buckingham, Clinton Ct., 20 00

Dea. Frederick Morgan, by First Con. Soc. Colchester, Ct., 21 51

Israel Newton, do do., 21 51

Capt. Hiram Weeks do do., 21 52

Mrs. Ardelia Sparrow, by Con. Sew. Soc. Colchester, Ct., to build a Bethel at Valparaiso., 20 00

Rev. G. W. Pendleton, by Bapt. Ch., Colchester, Ct., 20 00

Exra J. Cooper, Morristown, N. J., by Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Canfield, (amt. ack. be.)

Mrs. E. R. Foursyth, Salem, Mass., by H. P. Haven, New London, Ct., (amt. ack. below).

Mrs. C. L. Rose, Sag Harbor, N.Y., by do., (do.)

Charles E. Palmer, N. Hartford, N.Y., by Capt. A. Barna, New London, Ct., (amt. ack. below)

Mrs. Asa M. Gilbert, New Haven, Ct. by Betsey Punderson, Huntington, Ct., (balance), 10 00

David G. Mason, West Swansey, N. H., 20 00

Lewis Atterbury, Patterson, N. J., by his Grandmother, 20 00

Charles Olmstead, by First Con. Soc., Norwalk, Ct., 20 00

Miss Mary E. Bennett, do do., 20 00

Miss Sarah A. Lockwood, do, 20 00

Miss Lucy Merrill, do do., 20 76

Capt. W. H. Leary N. York, 20 00

Joseph R. Vincent, by First Bapt. Ch. Westerly, R. I., 20 00

S. S. Carew, Stonington, Ct., by S. Carew, 2d pay't., 5 00

H. W. Chatfield, by First Con. Soc. Bridgeport, Ct., 20 00

John W. Hinks, by do do., 20 00

Charles B. Hubbell, do do., 20 00

R. B. Lacey, do do., 20 00

Mrs. Wm. W. Naramore, do., (in part.), 5 00

Mrs. Betsey Shelton, by G. W. Shelton, Birmingham, Ct., (amt. ack. below).

Mrs. Mary Allen, Oberlin, Ohio, by do do., (amt. ack. below).

Miss Emily Somers, New-town, Ct., by Henry Somers, Birmingham, Ct., (amt. ack. below).

Thomas Williams, by Con. Soc. Hopkinton, N. H., 18 33

Isaac Chandler, do do., 18 33

Joseph G. Abbott, by Mrs. S. C. Gerrish, Sanbornton, N. H., 20 00

John Bones, Augusta, Geo., 20 00

John Johnson, Columbus, by Pres. Ch., 21 76

Dr. A. Pond, do do do., 21 77

Donations.

From A Lady in N. Lebanon, Ct.,	1 00
" Con. Soc. North Woodstock, Ct.,	25 00
" From a Friend,	12
" First Con. Soc., Farmington, Ct.,	36 59
" Pres. Ch., Valatie, N. Y., (in part),	4 69
" Ref'd. Dutch Ch., Kinderhook, N. Y.	47 29
" Pres. Ch., Bloomfield, N. J.,	43 77
" Bap. Ch. Morristown, N. J.,	7 67
" A Friend,	5 00
" Second Pres. Ch., Morristown, N. J.,	45 00
" Second Con. Soc., New London, Ct.,	139 50
" Con. Soc. Marion, Mass.	4 74
" First Con. Soc., Danbury, Ct.,	53 15
" Con. Soc. Ridgefield, Ct., (balance),	5 00
" Ladies and Gentlemen's Benev. Soc'y, First Parish Amherst, Mass.,	47 33
" Mrs. B. T. Carter's Class S. Scholars, N. Hadley, Mass.,	2 53
" F. Parker, Castleton, Vt.,	1 00
" Con. Soc., Lebanon, N. H.,	13 00
" Mrs. Homan Hallock, Plainfield, Mass.,	1 00
" First Con. Soc., New London, Ct.,	99 10
" First Con. Soc., Waterbury, Ct.,	42 78
" Second, do do do.,	34 78
" Con. Soc. Westerly, R. I.,	13 00
" Con. Soc., Dunbarton, N. H.,	15 00
" Ladies Sea. Fr'd. Soc. First Pres. Ch., Hudson, N. Y.,	25 00
" James Demarest, N. Y.,	15 00
" Capt. Brewster, Stonington, Ct.,	3 00
" Mrs. E. W. King, N. Y.,	5 00
" St. James' Ch., Newtown, N. Y.,	6 56
" Con. Soc., Birmingham, Ct.,	93 93
" Friend, N. York,	5 00
" Con. Ch. and Soc., Sanborn, N. H.,	8 00
" Second Con. Soc., Biddeford, Me.,	17 70

From First Ch. and Soc'y Wells Me., (in part)	6 21
" Con. Ch. and Soc., Atkinson, N. H.,	13 76
" Mrs. Martha Trent, Richmond, Va.,	1 00
" Artemas Gould, Augusta, Geo.,	10 00
" Individuals First Pres. Ch., Augusta, Geo.,	95 00
" Individuals Rev. Mr. Binney's, do do.,	13 00
" Amt. Rec'd for Preaching, by Secretary,	20 00
" Boston Sea. Fr'd. Soc.,	187 00
	\$1,664 15

Moneys received into the Treasury of the Boston Sea. Fr. Soc'y

Evangelical Ch. and Soc., Shelburn,	16 89
Con. Ch. & Soc., Tewksbury,	16 05
Sewing Circle Royalston, (per H. N. Ballard),	7 00
Monument Ch. and Soc. Deerfield, in full to constitute Rev. David A. Strong, L. M.,	11 00
Con. Ch. and Soc., Bellville, Newburyport, to constitute Mrs. Sarah W. Hale, William Currier and Joseph D. Coffin, L. M.,	62 00
Ch. and Soc. in Manchester, to constitute Rev. Rufus Taylor, L. M.	20 00
Florence Buck, for Tracts.	1 00
Union Orthodox Soc., Westford, per Dea. Lawrence,	5 75
Ch. and Soc. in Hoilston, \$20 to constitute Mrs. Anna Tucker, L. M.,	69 00
Ch. and Soc., West Cambridge, to constitute Rev. Francis Horton and John Field, Esq., L. M.	40 20
Shawmut Ch. and Soc., Boston,	44 00
Central Ch., Boston, \$20 to make Rev. J. W. Cross, W. Boylston, L. M.,	107 36
Phillips Ch. and Soc., South Boston,	72 56
Essex St. Ch., Boston,	163 00
Legacy from Miss Caroline Andrews, South Dedham,	25 00
James Leonard, (Scotland,) in part, L. M.,	10 00

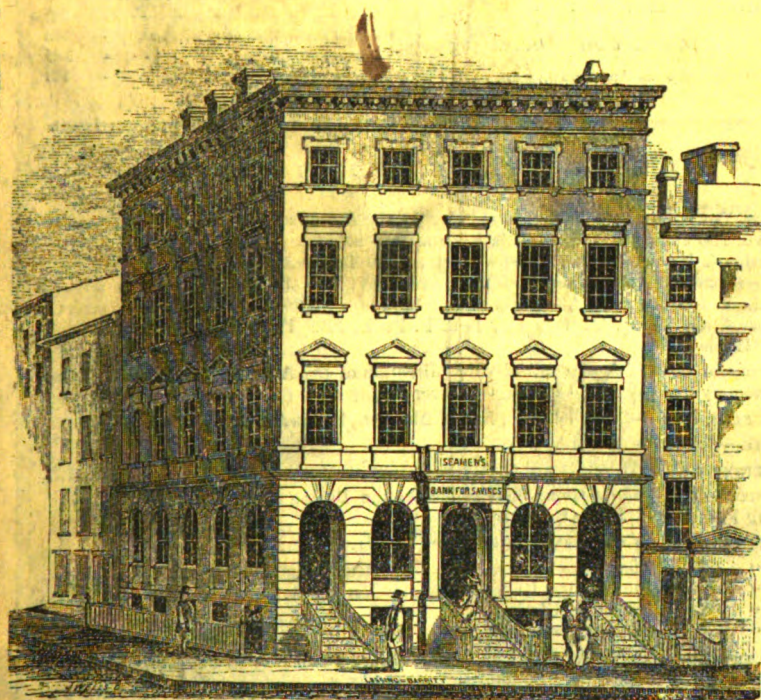
N. O. Gilbert

Vol. 26.

FEBRUARY, 1854.

No. 6.

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.



SEAMEN'S BANK FOR SAVINGS.

New York :

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,
No. 80 WALL STREET

\$1 Per Annum—Postage, in N. Y., in ADVANCE, 3 Cts., a Year ; Elsewhere, in the U. S.,
6 Cts. ; Single Number 1 Ct.

JNO. H. SCHULTZ & CO., BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS, 122 NASSAU STREET

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

	Page.
Sandwich Islands,	161
The Man that Killed his Neighbors,	166
Wandering in the Arctic,	172
Capt. Snow's Report of the Loss of the <i>Brig Chatham</i> ,	174
The Liberal Waterman,	175
The Seamen's Home, St. John,	176
Daniel a Model to men of Business,	176
Proposals for an Infant Sea,	177

NAVAL JOURNAL.

Noble Conduct of an American Captain,	178
-------------------------------------------------	-----

Disasters,	178
----------------------	-----

NEW YORK DEPARTMENT.

Grave Statements. Are they true,	181
Hot Corn,	183
Sufferings and Deaths in the Sea,	184
Marine Temperance Society,	186
Captain to Seamen at St. Helena,	186
The Noble Sailor's Conduct and its Re- sult,	186
Swedish Sailor Missionary's Report,	186
Valparaiso Chapt.ney,	188
Account of Moneys,	190

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW-YORK—*Sailor's Home*, Established by the American Seamen's Friend Society
No. 190 Cherry st. between Market and Pike sts. Captain Daniel Tracy.

Mariner's Home, No. 107 Greenwich st. J. S. Townie.

Other Boarding-Houses in New-York city.—William Sharp, 271 Water street;
William Huelat, 334, 336, Pearl street; Peter Oberg, 91, Market street;
Mrs. Alice Perry, 22 Oak st.; Ben. F. Buck, 222 Pearl st.; Wm. Johnson, 9
Carlisle st.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend
Society kept by Albro Lyons, 64 Oliver st.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—*Sailor's Home*, No. 17 Main st., by Andrew Spaulding.

BATH—Seamen's Mansion.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Edward C. Myers, corner of Market and Bow st., Spring Hill.

BOSTON—The *Sailor's Home*, established by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society,
99 Purchase st. John O. Chany.

BOSTON—*Mariner's House*, North Square, by Mr. N. Hamilton.

“ North End Sailor's Home, No. 6 N. Square, by Mr. Roberts.

“ Richmond House, Richmond st., by Mr. Clark.

“ John Kennally Clark-st.

“ Murdock Matherson, Fleet st.

SALEM—Ebenezer Griffin, No. 16 Vine st., clothing store, corner of Liberty and Vine
sts.; and Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket st. near Derby st.

BRISTOL, R. I.—Mrs. Ann Pearce.

NEW-BEDFORD—Wm. Cranston, 14 Bethel Court; A. C. Davenport, 25 Middle st.

For Colored Seamen, by Marshall L. Potts, corner Sixth and Bedford sts.

PHILADELPHIA—*Sailor's Home*, 204 South Front st., by J. H. Cassidy under the care
of the Pa. Seamen's Friend Society.

BALTIMORE—New Seamen's Bethel Home and Shipping Office Edward Kirby, 65
Thames Street.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C.—*Sailor's Home*, by John Robinson.

CHARLESTON—*Sailor's Home*, by Capt. Wm. White, Market st., opposite State st.

SAVANNAH—Foot of Jefferson st., O. C. Parker.

MOBILE—*Sailor's Home*, by Lewis Lawson.

NEW-ORLEANS—*Sailor's Home*, Capt. S. J. Duncan, corner of New Levee and
Suzette sts.

ST. JOHNS, N. B.—Seamen's Home, by Joshua Turnbull, keeper.

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. 27.

FEBRUARY, 1854.

No. 6.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Seamen—Influence of—Good and Bad.

In 1825, five years after the arrival of the first band of American Missionaries, the British frigate *Blonde*, under the command of Lord Byron, visited the Islands. She brought back to the people the bodies of their King and Queen, who had died while on a visit to England.

The influence of the ship's company was highly conducive of good.

So enviable was the name Lord Byron left behind him that the nation gratefully gave it to the most beautiful Bay in all the group.

WHALE SHIP DANIEL.

Far different was the impression made during the same year by the Captain of a whale-ship of the same great nation. His name was *Buckle*, of the ship *Daniel*. He arrived off Lahaina, on the Island of Maui, in October. He had been there before. He loved to go there. He and his crew had always reveled there and they now expected a renewal of their excesses. But, during their absence the law against the boarding of ships by native women had been put into execution, and for the first time the deck of their vessel was

empty! It surprised them. It enraged them. They awaited awhile, looking angrily at each other, and then ashore. At length they suspected the cause. Then they cursed the missionaries, and shaking their fist toward the shore, swore revenge.

They came to their resolution immediately. Missionary or no missionary, chief or no chief, law or no law, they *would* enjoy the liberties of former years. They would use violence, if necessary, to accomplish their purpose. Accordingly, they went to the house of the resident missionary, armed with knives and clubs, and bearing a black flag. They broke in violently upon the unprotected family, and with threats demanded the repeal of the obnoxious law. But they raged in vain. The missionary was firm and fearless.—He bared his breast to them, telling them he could cheerfully die; but to persuade the chief to repeal the law protecting public chastity *he could not!* His wife, too, in feeble health, and surrounded by her helpless children, stood bravely by him, to share his fate. The mob was cowered before such courage. They left, but not, however, without threats of future vengeance. The law stood, and for

the first time just went away ungratified, to vent its rage on the heaving ocean!

UNITED STATES SHIP DOLPHIN.

This was but the beginning of similar scenes. That odious law was the signal for war. Even the United States Navy was disgraced by engaging in it. Early in 1826 the United States Schooner "Dolphin" arrived at Honolulu. Her commander, *Lieutenant John Percival* (a name infamous in the Pacific,) soon expressed his disapprobation of the law. His first act was to release four women then in custody for its violation. At every interview with the chiefs he threatened violence to the missionaries, to whose influence he imputed the law. After raging and threatening four months a confederacy was formed with some foreign residents on shore, to storm the Mission and annul the law. The time they chose, was during the afternoon service on the Sabbath. Just as services were opening, a company of seamen from the Dolphin entered the house and demanded the repeal of the law. Being repulsed by the natives, they then joined a reinforcement from the ship, and directed their course to the house of the missionary. The missionary hastened to the protection of his family. Barely escaping with his life, he repaid their violence by rescuing one of the assailants who would otherwise have been slain by the indignant populace.

Having failed in this mean way to accomplish his purpose, this shameless Percival then plainly told the chiefs that he would not leave the Islands till they had repealed the law. The guns of the armed Schooner frightened some of the chiefs into a tacit consent. And as the first boatload of females went off from the shore a shout rung through the fleet, such as demons might raise over the resurrection of Sodom!

That one sinner destroyed much good. It may easily be imagined how vice, once more made rampant, conflicted with the progress of the missionary work.

UNITED STATES SLOOP PEACOCK.

But the triumph of the wicked was short. The arrival of the United States Sloop of war Peacock, five months after redeemed the character of the American Navy, and covered the enemies of the mission with shame. Her Commander, *Capt. Thomas ap. Catesby Jones*, heard of the doings of the Dolphin. These were accompanied by the most slanderous reports concerning the mission. For once the missionaries condescended to notice the scandal.—They prepared a circular and challenged their enemies to a public examination. A meeting was agreed upon, to be held in the presence of the Commander and officers of the ships of war. The parties met. On the one hand was the English Consul, *Richard Charlton*, (acknowledged to be a most notorious liar,) sustained by some of the most wealthy and influential merchants and shipmasters. On the other hand were a few plainly clad and unpretending men, waiting to be tried at their own request by their enemies, who sustained on this occasion (according to Captain Jones's own account) the fourfold relation of prosecutor, witness, jury, and judge! And yet, asks Captain Jones, in his published account of this meeting (*Jarvis' History* p. 271.) "What was the issue of this great trial? The most perfect, full, complete and triumphant victory for the missionaries that could have been asked by their most devoted friends. Not one jot or tittle, not one iota derogatory to their character as men or as ministers of the gospel of the strictest order, or as missionaries, could be made to appear by the united efforts of all who conspired against them."

The meeting broke up in confusion. The result was the same as would now follow any candid examination of the slanders still circulating on ship and on shore.

PAPAL MISSION.

The year 1827 was made memorable by the arrival of the *Roman Catholic Mission*. The priests were landed in direct violation of the

command of the king and chiefs.—The chiefs were satisfied with their present teachers, and wished no others to divide the people. Moreover, they wished not the *revival of image and picture worship*, which they had learned was taught by the new teachers. They, therefore, opposed it as idolatry, and subsequently persecuted its followers, under the old law that forbade heathenish practices.

FOREIGN OPPOSITION.

In 1829 the storm of foreign opposition that had lulled for a time, again descended more powerfully than before. Two things especially contributed to this result. The first was the return to the islands of accounts, written by the missionaries, of the outrages committed by the whale-ship at Lahaina and the war ships at Honolulu. On reading in public prints the exposure of their abominations, the anger of the guilty perpetrators and abettors kindled into rage. They at once endeavored to secure the banishment of the reporters. They even prevailed on the chiefs to hold a council in case of one against whom the most bitter complaint was made. But the council resulted, as usual in the defeat of the wicked. Alas! for the poor revelers of the Pacific: it was now certain that they had no hiding place.—No longer, even in the bosom of the great ocean, could they conceal their sin and shame. They might stamp, and curse, and swear revenge, but they could not frighten, nor banish, nor slay the upright men who fearlessly stood in the way of their indulgence.

The other event which still more roused the ire and strengthened the opposition of foreigners, was the *extension of the laws of the kingdom over foreigners as well as natives*. Previously only natives were punishable, except in case of murder and theft. But now the chiefs felt able to take one step more. And they fearlessly took it. But it cost them a struggle. Foreigners who had hitherto enjoyed comparative freedom, could not and determined they would

not come under a law punishing their chosen sins.

How long the moral courage of the chiefs would have withstood the force of foreign consuls, captains, merchants, and sailors, it is difficult to judge, had not the countenance of a powerful government soon sustained them. Just when Charlton was bullying the loudest, threatening the vengeance of Great Britain, because he and his mates could not run loose and wild as before, the United States Sloop of war Vincennes, under command of Capt. Finch, arrived, bringing presents and a letter to the king from the President and government of the great Republic. That letter congratulated the chiefs and people on the introduction of Christianity, and recommended their earnest attention to "the religion of the Bible." It also added this timely clause.—"The President also anxiously hopes that peace and kindness and justice will prevail between your people and those citizens of the United States, who visit your Islands, and that the regulations of your government will be such as to *force them upon all*.—Our citizens who violate your laws, or interfere with your regulations, violate at the same time their duty to their own government and country, and *merit censure and punishment*." By such a letter the chiefs were strengthened in their former resolution. They determined, therefore, to enforce their laws. The foreigners when they saw their plans set at naught, vented their rage in a protest to the American Government the folly of which was afterwards fully and triumphantly exposed by the Commander of the Vincennes.

The whole conduct of Capt. Finch, the advice he gave, and the steps he took, advanced perceptibly the interests of the American mission, and the American nation at the islands.

PERIL.

The year 1830 was one of general prosperity throughout the group. It was nevertheless one of great peril to Honolulu. For in May, Kaahumanu the Regent, and the young king left Oahu and spent nearly a year on the

Islands of Maui and Hawaii. This was too good an opportunity for the disaffected natives and dissolute foreigners to lose. They, therefore, made the most of it. With Liliha at their head, who was the wife of Boki, (but who by feigning before the Regent to be very pious had managed to succeed her husband in the governorship of the Island,) they matured a conspiracy against the government. In this conspiracy the renowned Charlton acted a conspicuous part. The laws against immorality, gambling &c. were left unexecuted. Tippling shops were opened on every street. Drunken men and women reeled everywhere. At the same time unaccountable preparations for war were progressing by secret orders from the treacherous governess. These naturally produced alarm among chiefs and people.

But Kaahumanu was not idle. At the proper time she struck the blow. It was effectual. She appointed her own brother, a chief of great energy of character to the office of governor, in place of Liliha the traitor. He immediately left for the scene of growing insurrection. Landing troops unseen and unexpected by seizing the fort and ammunition, he surprised and broke up the faction. He at once established an armed police in the streets of Honolulu, broke up the tippling and gambling houses, and without fear or favor reinforced the laws suppressing immorality. Nor did he allow evasions of the law.—He permitted no selling of coffee in order to give away rum! He would not even permit foreigners to sell liquor to one another.

To a petition to grant this last privilege, his reply was remarkable. It was worthy of rulers in older Christian lands, and of a later date in the temperance reform. Said he, "*To horses, cattle, and hogs you may sell rum; but to real men you must not, on these shores!*" Kaukini usually called Governor Adams, bears the palm from Neal Dow, as the originator of the Maine law!

The result was the immediate formation of a National Temperance

Society. A thousand names were at once subscribed to the total abstinence pledge. Immediate measures were also taken to extend the Society throughout the Islands, an effort that proved eminently useful in after years. Good thus came from evil, and constituted in the event another of those many instances in which the wrath of the enemies of the mission was made to praise God.

EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS.

But had this same Governor been as well convinced on the subject of religious toleration as on the subject of temperance, he would not have taken one other step which resulted in the expulsion of the Roman Priests from the Island. This occurred in 1831.

After removing all of Liliha's party from office, he peremptorily ordered the priests to leave the Islands.—They were suspected by the chiefs to be in leagu with Liliha—as they had been with Boki, her husband. It was therefore, deemed right and prudent to order their departure. Three months were given them in which to leave. Eight months elapsed before they left. Then after much duplicity on their part to evade the edict, and many intrigues of certain foreigners to detain them longer, the government fitted out a vessel at an expence of \$4000, and landed them safely on the shores of California.

The banishment of those priests has often been charged on the American Mission. But the charge is false. Both the mission and the government have always denied it, while not the bitterest enemy has been able to prove it. The priests were sent away for the following reasons only: They landed at first without permission. They had remained year after year in defiance of government orders to depart. They had taught the worship of images which was a violation of the law suppressing idolatry. They had opposed the schools adopted by the chiefs, and forbidden the people to attend them. Moreover they had identified themselves with a rebellious party, and were intimate and friendly with the vile Charlton

and his beastly associates. They were suspicious men. The chiefs fearing, therefore, that the same results would follow their success at the Islands which they heard had followed in other countries where they had gained supremacy, asked them to leave. Not succeeding by a request, they at last, forcibly, though kindly, sent them away. From all participation in their banishment the government have always exonerated the American Mission. If the missionaries instructed the chiefs concerning the persecuting character of the Church of Rome, it was only to fortify their minds against embracing that faith. It was never to secure the banishment of the priests. They only did what is constantly done by Protestant ministers both in England and in the United States.

HIGH SCHOOL.

During the same year the Mission established a *High School* for the education of teachers and preachers for the several Islands. Common schools also were extended to embrace more of the children of the Nation.

DEATH OF KAAHUMANU.

The year 1832 was made memorable by the *death of the great and good Kaahumanu*. This occurred on the 5th of June. She had lived to welcome the *fourth* reinforcement to the Mission. She died to strengthen their faith by a triumphant Christian death. The Mission and Nation mourned as for a mother. All loved her. Not even a foreigner doubted her piety. None could fill her place. A central pillar had been removed, and the edifice it had so powerfully sustained trembled. But it did not fall.

THE REACTION.

The reverse that followed was expected. It was most disastrous in 1833. The young king who had been always inclined to habits the most unpromising, but who had been kept in check by Kaahumanu, now broke over all barriers. He disregarded all restrictions on public immorality. Natives followed his ex-

ample and plunged into every excess. The wicked foreigners who had plotted this disaster, exulted. They boasted openly that the missionaries would soon be banished. Schools were nearly deserted. Many native teachers relapsed into sin. Congregations on the Sabbath were greatly reduced. Several churches were burned. In a few places heathen rites were again revived. Grog-shops and distilleries again introduced riot, debauchery, and death.

But Satan ran mad and went too far too soon. His folly soon numbered the days of his rule. Even the young king was alarmed. So that at a meeting of the chiefs, when it was expected that he would select an abandoned woman as his Regent during his minority, he most unexpectedly turned towards the pious KHAU, whom Kaahumanu had appointed, and confirmed her in the royal office! Shame hung its head, vice trembled, effrontery fled. The conspiracies of the wicked were at an end!

When asked why he had changed his purpose, the young Prince made this significant reply, "*Very strong is the kingdom of God.*" Yes, God had as often before, *turned the heart of a king*, "as the rivers of water are turned."

The very reverse, of which the youthful king was the author had proved its strength. For while multitudes by their imitation of his example proved that their religion rose or fell with the chiefs, yet great numbers displayed by their firmness a religious feeling worthy of true Christians. When the first shock of the revolution was over, the congregations increased again. For religion had already sent its roots too deep into the heart of the nation to be prostrated by the blast that shook its branches.

RECOVERY, PROGRESS, AND RESULTS.

That year of reverse was relieved by a new sign of promise. The friends of religion on ship and on shore welcomed at Honolulu the Rev. John Diell, the *first Seaman's Chaplain* sent into the Pacific. He arrived in the spring, and as early as

November, he dedicated in the very heart of the prevailing iniquity a chapel for the foreign worship of a God. He also opened reading rooms for officers and seamen. The missionaries at Lahaina also did the same at that Port.

For the above sketch, abridged somewhat, we are indebted to the "Pacific," and the pen of the Rev 't. Dwight Hunt. How strikingly is the Prophet's declaration in respect to the house of Judah and house of Israel verified in respect to seamen! Zech. 8: 13.

The Man that Killed his Neighbors.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

It is interesting to observe how a man's moral character affects those with whom he is connected, and reaches to the animals under his care, and may be traced even in many of the inanimate objects around him.

Reuben Black was a torment in the neighborhood where he resided. The very sight of him produced effects which may be likened to those said to follow a Hindoo magical tune, called Rang, which is supposed to bring on clouds, storms, and earthquakes. His wife had a sharp and uncomfortable look. His boys seemed to be in perpetual fear. The cows became startled as soon as he opened the barn-yard gates. The dog dropped his tail between his legs, and eyed him askance, as if to see what humor he was in. The cat looked wild, and had been known to rush straight up the chimney when he moved toward her. The description of a certain stage-horse was well suited to Reuben's nag — "His hide resembled an old hair trunk." Continual whipping and kicking had made him so insensible that no amount of blows could quicken his pace, no cheering could change the dejected drooping of his head. All his natural language said, as plain as a horse could say it, that he was a most unhappy beast. Even the trees on Reuben's premises had a neglected and desolate appearance. His fields were red with sorrel, or

overrun with weeds. Every thing about him seemed hard and arid as his own countenance. Every day he cursed the town and the neighborhood, because the people poisoned his dogs, and stoned his hens, and shot his cats. Continual lawsuits involved him in so much trouble and expense that he had neither time nor money to spend on the improvement of his farm.

Against Joe Smith, a poor laborer in the neighborhood, he had brought three suits in succession. Joe said he had returned a spade he had borrowed, and Reuben swore he had not. He sued Joe and recovered damages, for which he ordered the officer to seize his pig. Joe, in his wrath, called him an old swindler, and a curse to the neighborhood. These remarks were soon repeated to Reuben. He brought an action for slander, and recovered very small damages. Provoked at the laugh this occasioned, he watched for Joe to pass by, and set his dog upon him, crying out furiously, "Call me an old swindler again, will you?" An evil spirit is more contagious than the plague. Joe went home and scolded his wife, boxed little Joe's ears, and kicked the cat: and not one of them knew what it was all for. A fortnight after Reuben's dog was found dead from poison. Whereupon he brought another action against Joe Smith, and not being able to prove him guilty of the charge of dog-killing, he took his revenge by poisoning a pet lamb belonging to Mrs. Smith. Thus feelings of ill-will were followed by misery and loss. Joe's temper grew more and more vindictive, and the love of talking over his troubles at the gin-shop increased upon him. Poor Mrs. Smith cried, and said it was all owing to Reuben Black, for a better hearted man never lived than her Joe, when she first married him.

Such was the State of things when Simeon Green purchased the farm adjoining Reuben's. This had been much neglected, and had caught thistles and other weeds from the neighboring fields. But Simeon was a diligent man, and one who commanded well his own temper, for he had

learned of Him who is "meek and lowly in heart." He had been taught by the Holy Spirit the evil of his own heart, and been led to a humble but sure trust in Christ for pardon and salvation; and, having this hope in Him, he sought by the aid of the Holy Spirit, to purify himself even as God is pure, and to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith he was called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing—in love, Eph. iv. 1, 2.

His steady perseverance and industry soon changed the aspect of things on the farm. River mud, autumn leaves, old bones, were all put in use to assist in producing fertility and beauty. The trees, hitherto overrun with moss and insects, soon looked clean and vigorous. Fields of grain waved where weeds had only grown before. Roses covered half the house with their abundant clusters. Even the rough rock, which formed the door step, was edged with golden moss. The sleek horse, feeding in clover, tossed his mane and neighed when his master came near; as much as to say, "The world is all the pleasanter for having you in it, Simeon Green!" The old cow, fondling her calf under the great walnut tree, walked up to him with a serious friendly face, asking for a slice of beet root which he was wont to give her. Chanticleer strutting about, with his troop of plump hens, and their downy little chickens, took no trouble to keep out of his way, but flapped his glossy wings, and crowed a welcome in his very face. When Simeon turned his steps homeward the boys threw their caps, and ran shouting, "Father's coming!" and little Mary went toddling up to him with a flower ready to place in his button hole. His wife was a woman of few words, but she sometimes said to her neighbors with a quiet kind of satisfaction, "Everybody loves my husband that knows him. They cannot help it."

Simeon Green's acquaintance knew that he was never engaged in a lawsuit in his life, but they predicted that he would find it impossible to avoid it now. They told him his next neigh-

bor was determined to quarrel with people whether they would or not; that he was like John Lilburne, of whom it was happily said, "If the world were emptied of every person but himself, Lilburne would still quarrel with John, and John with Lilburne."

"Is that his character?" said Simeon. "If he exercises it upon me, I will soon kill him."

In every neighborhood there are individuals who like to foment disputes, not from any definite intention of malice or mischief, but merely because it makes a little ripple of excitement in the dull stream of life. Such people were not slow in repeating Simeon Green's remark about his wrangling neighbor. "Kill me, will he?" exclaimed Reuben. He said no more; but his tightly compressed mouth had such a significant expression that his dog slunk from him in alarm. That very night Reuben turned his horse into the highway, in hopes he would commit some depredation on neighbor Green's premises. But Joe Smith seeing the animal at large, let down the bars of Reuben's own corn-field, and the poor beast walked in, and feasted as he had not done for many a year. It would have been a great satisfaction to Reuben if he could have brought a suit against his horse; but as it was, he was obliged to content himself with beating him. His next exploit was to shoot Mary Green's handsome cock, because he stood on the stone wall and crowed, in the ignorant joy of his heart, a few inches beyond the frontier line that bounded the contiguous farms. Simeon said he was sorry for the poor bird, and sorry because his wife and children liked the pretty creature; but otherwise it was no great matter. He had been intending to build a poultry yard with a good high fence, that his hens might not annoy his neighbors; and now he was admonished to make haste to do it. He would build them a snug warm house to roost in; they should have plenty of gravel and oats, and room to walk back and forth, and crow and cackle to their heart's content; there they could enjoy themselves, and be out of harm's way.

But Reuben Black had a degree of ingenuity and perseverance which might have produced great results for mankind, had those qualities been devoted to some more noble purpose than provoking quarrels. A pear tree in his garden very improperly stretched an arm a little over Simeon Green's premises. It happened that the overhanging bough bore more abundant fruit, and glowed with a richer hue than the other boughs. One day little George Green, as he went whistling along, picked up a pear that had fallen into his father's garden. The instant he touched it he felt something on the back of his neck, like the sting of a wasp. It was Reuben Black's whip, followed by such a storm of angry words that the poor child rushed into the house in an agony of terror. But this experiment failed also. The boy was soothed by his mother, and told not to go near the pear tree again; and there the matter ended.

This imperturbable good nature vexed Reuben more than all the tricks and taunts he met from others. Evil efforts he could understand, and repay with compound interest, but he did not know what to make of this perpetual forbearance. It seemed to him there must be something contemptuous in it. He disliked Simeon more than all the rest of the people put together, because he made him feel so uncomfortably in the wrong, and did not afford him the slightest pretext for complaint. It was annoying to see everything in his neighbor's domains looking so happy, and presenting such a bright contrast to the forlornness of his own. When their wagons passed each other on the road, it seemed as if Simeon's horse tossed his head higher and flung out his mane, as if he knew he was going by Reuben Black's old nag. He often said he supposed Green covered his house with roses and honey-suckles on purpose to shame his bare walls. But he did not care—not he! He was not going to be fool enough to rot his boards with such stuff. But no one resented his disparaging remarks, or sought to provoke him in any way. The rose smiled, the horse

neighed, and the calf capered; but none of them had the least idea that they were scorned by Reuben Black. Even the dog had no malice in his heart, though he did one night chase home his geese, and bark at them through the bars. Reuben told his master the next day, and said he would bring an action against him if he did not keep that dog at home. Simeon answered very quietly that he would try to take better care of him. For several days a strict watch was kept, in hopes Towzer would worry the geese again; but they paced home undisturbed, and not a solitary bow-wow furnished excuse for a lawsuit.

The new neighbors not only declined quarrelling, but they occasionally made positive advances toward a friendly relation. Simeon's wife sent Mrs. Black a large basket full of very fine plums. Pleased with the unexpected attention, she cordially replied, "Tell your mother it was very kind of her, and I am very much obliged to her." Reuben, who sat smoking in the chimney corner, listened to this message for once without any impatience, except whiffing the smoke through his pipe a little faster and fiercer than usual. But when the boy was going out of the door, and the friendly words were repeated, he exclaimed, "Don't make a fool of yourself, Peg. They want to give me a hint to send a basket of our pears, that's the upshot of the business. You may send them a basket, when they are ripe; for I scorn to be under obligation, especially to your smooth-tongued folks." Poor Peggy, whose heart had been for the moment refreshed by a little act of kindness, admitted distrust into her bosom, and all the pleasure she had felt on receiving her neighbor's present departed.

Not long after this advance toward good neighborhood, some laborers employed by Simeon Green, passing over a bit of marshy ground, with a heavy team, stuck fast in a bog occasioned by long continued rain. The poor oxen were unable to extricate themselves, and Simeon ventured to ask assistance from his waspish-

neighbor, who was working at a short distance. Reuben replied gruffly, "I've got enough to do to attend to my own business." The civil request that he might be allowed to use his oxen and chains for a few minutes being answered in this surly tone Simeon silently walked off, in search of a more obliging neighbor.

The men who had been left waiting with the patient and suffering oxen scolded about Reuben's ill nature when Simeon came back to them and said they hoped Reuben would get stuck in the same bog himself. Their employer rejoined, "If he should, we will do our duty and help him out." "There is such a thing as being too good natured," said they. "If Reuben Black takes the notion that people are afraid of him, it makes him trample on them worse than ever."

"Oh, wait a while," replied Green, smiling, "I will kill him before long. Wait and see if I do not kill him."

It chanced soon after, that Reuben's team did stick fast in the same bog, as the workmen had wished. Simeon noticed it from a neighboring field, and gave directions that the oxen and chains should be immediately conveyed to his assistance. The men laughed, shook their heads, and talked about the old hornet. They, however, cheerfully proceeded to do as their employer requested. "You are in a bad situation, neighbor," said Simeon, as he came alongside the foundered team; "but my men are coming with two yoke of oxen, and I think we shall soon manage to help you out." "You may take your oxen back again," replied Reuben, quickly; "I want none of your help." In a very friendly tone Simeon answered, "I cannot consent to do that, for evening is coming on, and you have a very little time to lose. It is a bad job at any time, but it will be still worse in the dark." "Light or dark, I do not ask your help," replied Reuben emphatically. "I would not help you out of the bog the other day when you asked me." "The trouble I had in relieving my poor oxen teaches me to feel for others in the same situation. Do not let us waste words

about it, neighbor. It is impossible for me to go home and leave you here in the bog, and night coming on."

The team was soon drawn out, and Simeon and his men went away, without waiting for thanks. When Reuben went home that night, he was unusually thoughtful. After smoking awhile in deep contemplation, he gently knocked the ashes from his pipe, and said, with a sigh, "Peg, Simeon Green has killed me!" "What do you mean?" said his wife, dropping her knitting with a look of surprise. "You know when he first came into this neighborhood, he said he would kill me," replied Reuben, "and he has done it. The other day he asked me to help his team out of the bog, and I told him I had enough to do to attend to my own business. To-day my team stuck fast in the same bog, and he came with two yoke of oxen to draw it out. I felt ashamed to have him lend me a hand; so I told him I wanted none of his help; but he answered just as pleasant as if nothing contrary had happened, that night was coming on, and he was not willing to leave me in the mud." "He is a pleasant spoken man," said Mrs. Black, "and always has a pretty word to say to the boys. His wife seems to be a nice neighborly body, too." Reuben made no answer; but after meditating awhile, he remarked, "Peg, you know that big ripe melon down at the bottom of the garden? you may as well carry it over there in the morning." His wife said she would, without asking him to explain where "over there" was.

But when the morning came, Reuben walked backwards and forwards, and round and round, with that sort of aimless activity often manifested by fowls, and fashionable idlers, who feel restless, and do not know what to run after. At length the cause of his uncertain movements was explained. "I may as well carry the melon myself, and thank him for his oxen. In my flurry down there in the marsh, I forgot to say that I was obliged to him."

He marched off toward the garden, and his wife stood at the door, with one hand on her hip, and the other

shading the sun from her eyes, to see if he would carry the melon into Simeon Green's house. It was the most remarkable incident that had ever happened since her marriage. She could hardly believe her own eyes. He walked quickly, as if afraid he should not be able to carry the unusual impulse into action if he stopped to reconsider the question. When he found himself in Mr. Green's house, he felt extremely awkward, and hastened to say, "Mrs. Green, here is a melon my wife sent to you, and we think it is a ripe one." Without manifesting any surprise at such unexpected courtesy, the friendly matron thanked him, and invited him to sit down. But he stood playing with the latch of the door, and without raising his eyes said, "May be Mr. Green is not in this morning?"

"He is at the pump, and will be in directly, she replied;" and before her words were spoken, the honest man walked in, with a face as fresh and bright as a June morning. He stepped right up to Reuben, shook his hand cordially, and said, "I am glad to see you, neighbor. Take a chair—take a chair."

"Thank you, I cannot stop," replied Reuben. He pushed his hat on one side, rubbed his head, looked out of the window, and then said suddenly, as if by a desperate effort—"The fact is, Mr. Green, I did not behave right about the oxen."

"Never mind—never mind," replied Mr. Green. "Perhaps I shall get into the bog again, one of these rainy days. If I do, I shall know whom to call upon."

"Why, you see," said Reuben, still very much confused, and avoiding Simeon's mild clear eye—"you see the neighbors here are very ugly. If I had always lived by such neighbors as you are, I should not be just as I am."

"Ah, well, we must try to be to others what we want them to be to us," rejoined Simeon. You know the good Book says so. I have learned by experience, that if we speak kind words, we hear kind echoes. If we try to make others happy, it fills them with a wish to make us happy. Per-

haps you and I can bring the neighbors round in time to this way of thinking and acting. Who knows?—let us try, Mr. Black, let us try. And come and look at my orchard. I want to show you a tree which I have grafted with very choice apples. If you like, I will procure you some cuttings from the same stock."

They went into the orchard together, and friendly chat soon put Reuben at his ease. When he returned home, he made no remarks about his visit; for he could not, as yet, summon sufficient greatness of soul to tell his wife that he had confessed himself in the wrong. A gun stood behind the kitchen door, in readiness to shoot Mr. Green's dog for having barked at his horse. He now fired the contents into the air, and put the gun away into the barn. From that day henceforth, he never sought for any pretext to quarrel with the dog or his master. A short time after, Joe Smith, to his utter astonishment, saw him pat Towzer on the head, and heard him say, "Good fellow!"

Simeon Green was too magnanimous to repeat to any one that his quarrelsome neighbor had confessed himself to blame. He merely smiled as he said to his wife, "I thought we should kill him after a while."

Joe Smith did not believe in such doctrines. When he heard of the adventures in the marsh, he said, "Simeon Green is a fool. When he first came here, he talked very big about killing folks, if they did not mind their P's and Q's. But he does not appear to have as much spirit as a worm; for a worm will turn when it is trod upon."

Poor Joe had grown more intemperate and more quarrelsome, till at last nobody would employ him. About a year after the memorable incident of the water-melon, some one stole several valuable hides from Mr. Green. He did not mention the circumstance to any one but his wife; and they both had reason for suspecting that Joe was the thief. The next week, the following anonymous advertisement appeared in the newspaper of the county.

"Whoever stole a lot of hides on Friday night, the 5th of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction a secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement, of course, excited a good deal of remark. There was much debate whether or not the thief would avail himself of the friendly offer. Some said he would be a green-horn if he did; for it was manifestly a trap to catch him. But he who had committed the dishonest deed alone knew whence that benevolent offer came, and he knew that Simeon Green was not a man to set traps for his fellow-creatures.

A few nights afterwards, a timid knock was heard at Simeon's door, just as the family were retiring to rest. When the door was opened, Joe Smith was seen on the steps, with a load of hides on his shoulders. Without raising his eyes, he said in a low humble tone, "I have brought them back, Mr. Green. Where shall I put them?"

"Wait a moment till I can light a lantern, and I will go to the barn with you," he replied. "Then you will come in, and tell me how it happened. We will see what can be done for you."

Mrs. Green knew that Joe often went hungry, and had become accustomed to the stimulus of gin. She therefore hastened to make hot coffee, and brought from the closet some cold meat-pie.

When they returned from the barn she said, "I thought you might feel better for a little warm supper, neighbor Smith." Joe turned his back towards her, and did not speak. He leaned his head against the chimney, and after a moment's silence, he said in a choked voice, "It was the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I do not know how it is. I did not think, once, I should ever come to be what I am. But I took to quarrelling, and then to

drinking. Since I began to go down hill, everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man that has offered me a helping hand. My wife is feeble, and my children starving. You have sent them many a meal, God bless you! and yet I stole the hides from you meaning to sell them the first chance I could get. But I tell you, Mr. Green, it is the first time I ever deserved the name of thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," said Simeon, pressing his hand kindly. "The secret shall remain between ourselves. You are young and can make up lost time. Come now, give me a promise that you will not drink one drop of intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ you, to-morrow, at good wages. Mary will see to your family early in the morning, and perhaps we may find some employment for them also. The little boy can at least pick up stones. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee. It will keep you from wanting to drink anything stronger to-night. You will find it hard to abstain at first, Joseph; but keep up a brave heart, for the sake of your wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When you feel the need of coffee, tell my Mary, and she will always give it you."

Joe tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. He was nervous and excited. After an ineffectual effort to compose himself, he laid his head on the table, and wept like a child.

After a while, Simeon persuaded him to bathe his head in cold water, and he ate and drank with good appetite. When he went away, the kind hearted host said, "Try to do well, Joseph, and you shall always find a friend in me."

The poor fellow pressed his hand and replied, "I understand now how it is you kill bad neighbors."

He entered into Mr. Green's service the next day, and remained in it many years, an honest and faithful man.

There are annually consumed in, and exported from, Pittsburgh, Pa. 36,708,921 bushels of coal.

WHALEING IN THE ARCTIC

AT SEA, Nov. 22d, 1852.

The great failure of the last season was occasioned by circumstances over which man had no control.—I followed along the verge of the ice from Cape Thadens to St. Lawrence's Island, and so on along the eastern shore of the straits, until off Cape Prince of Wales—a distance of about 600 miles. We saw but few whales and these, as soon as the harpoon pierced their sides, would immediately sink below the surface, nor rise again until they had reached the ice-pack. We seldom saw one of them again unless the lance had reached his vitals, and he had poured out his crimson blood, in beautiful contrast with the elevated ice upon which it fell, and down the sides of which it run in streams. Often, I have looked out upon the field of ice in clear weather, anxiously watching for clear water, and watching in vain. It was indeed a dark and a hard season. I thank God, in the great and unparalleled destruction of property, that so many human lives were spared. I felt as I gazed upon the great frozen ice-fields stretching far down to the horizon, that they were barriers placed there by Him to rebuke our anxious and over-weening pursuit of wealth.

The advantages of clipper ships in this dangerous service are sufficiently obvious, and their construction is an important improvement. Their quick passages out and home is a great advantage, but this is not all. They are better than a dull vessel, because they can cruise upon a whaling ground longer and take more oil than a dull ship, and then arrive at another ground as soon as she does. In actual whaling they have another advantage. They can work up to a whale that is turned up at a considerable distance to the windward, in a much shorter time, and the economy of time thus secured, may be the occasion of getting another whale.—Time is of the utmost importance, especially when there are whales in sight, and it requires no little judgment to improve it properly, and a whale is often lost, that would have

been saved, by a smart ship that could have worked up to him, before it shut in thick or blew hard. In a fresh breeze clippers can get round under double reefs, as fast as is necessary, and as fast as an ordinary ship under whole topsails—and this is a great advantage. In taking case of oil, the ship stands better up, can boil faster, stow down quicker, and do any kind of work with greater celerity. Thus in any given time, a considerable more work can be done on board a stiff clipper ship, than in an ordinary vessel, with the same number of men, and with less fatigue. Such a vessel would probably save more whales during the season. There is however in my opinion one great mistake made in building modern whalers—and that is deficiency of beam. Most of them are too narrow by several feet. This makes the deck room small and the ship limber—two very great faults. In the drafting of models, give them bearings somewhere, and place a large sampson post opposite the gangway, and if they cannot cut by the mast-head tackles they can by the cross deck tackles. I think the Cornelius Howland and the Arctic combine the most excellent and important qualities of any whalers that I have seen.

Perhaps this is as good a place as any to speak of that peculiar animal—the Polar Whale. This differs in form and movement materially from the right whale, although it resembles the latter more than it does any other species. In motion the polar whale is not unlike the sperm. Its adaptation to the frozen region which it inhabits is very remarkable. The thickness of the blubber, which is a great retainer of heat enables it to remain in the coldest water without in the least checking its powers or faculties. In fact this whale prefers water nearly at the freezing point.—Some of them exhibit great anxiety and haste to move north, although others linger further south during the season. The peculiar form of the head is admirably adapted for moving among ice, which it would for want of breath be absolutely impossible for any other

whale to do, since where the ice is close packed and heavy, it would be impossible for them to raise themselves up to the surface, and as much so to get their spout holes above water, in the small cavities and blow holes in the ice, on account of the head, while the long bow head and high spout holes of the polar whale enables it to rise to the surface, and spout with ease, where a right whale could not find the air. Still I think the polar whale finds great difficulty sometimes in raising its spout holes above the water in these small cavities, and where the ice is very thick. This difficulty however is guarded against for it has the power of retaining its breath for a great period of time. They are many times much exhausted in passing under extensive fields of ice. On the 29th of June, 1851, I had reached King's Island by passing to the south and east of St. Lawrence Island, and had followed the ice along on about a north course from one island to the other. At four o'clock P. M., I discovered a number of spouts to the N. W. over two long points of ice extending a considerable distance from the main body and about eight miles distance, in a bay of clear water formed by ice. In fact, for about a mile in extent the air was constantly full of spouts. They remained in that position as long as it was sufficiently light to distinguish them.—From the unusually large and high spouting, it was evident that the whales were greatly exhausted from having come so far under the close packed ice. They entered the ice from seventy miles to the east of Cape Thaddeus to St. Lawrence's Island, and must have gone from one hundred to two hundred and fifty miles under the ice. I am confident there were no lagoons or openings in the ice with the exceptions of some small cavities or blow holes. The wind had been blowing from the south and east during June. This with the north-east current must have wedged the ice as close as possible, and no clear water was seen by ships that cruised along the verge of the ice, nor by those that worked their

way some distance in to it. H. M.'s ship *Enterprise* entered the ice near Cape Thaddeus, crossed the Anadir Sea, through the Straits, and 140 miles north of the Diomedes without seeing any clear water, with the exception of a narrow strip on the west shore, north of Cape Chaplin. Capt. Colinson told me that he measured ice eighteen feet thick, and in some places it was so heavy and so closely packed, that he could scarcely make his way through it with his ship, and he was nearly a month in sailing that distance. The whales that passed up the North West Cape of St. Lawrence's Island. Their instinct must have taught them that there was clear water there and along the coast, and as I observed their course I was led to believe that there must be clear water in that vicinity, and that I should find whales there as I did. They had only stopped a short time to rest on their way into the Arctic after a tiresome passage under the ice. No other but the polar whale could possibly have made the passage under the ice for such a distance, and it must have been difficult even for that species. The breathing places are holes in the ice, or where two irregularly shaped cakes have left a small aperture about as large over as the breadth of a whale's back. This would be about one-third his length, and extending as the ice does some ten or fifteen feet below the surface of the water, a whale, to raise his spout holes to the air, must almost double himself. I do not think as some do that they prefer the ice to clear water, although they are frequently found amongst large flows of open ice, appearing perfectly at home. I think this is owing to the abundant food which may be found where the ice flow is very large. When in the ice the whale is very still and moves easily. When I worked up towards the whales off King's Island I saw over the points of ice. It was midnight when we reached the spot and but three whales were seen. These were going quickly to the north. I sent two boats in pursuit, and two boats into the ice which was open,

so that they could work their way in for a mile, but not another whale was to be seen. This confirmed me in my opinion, that these whales stopped to rest when they got into clear water, but how long I am not able to determine. The ships *Hobomok* and *Ann* passed *Kings Island* one day in advance of me, saw a good many polar whales north of the *Diomedes*, going north fast along the verge of the ice, and from one point to another they followed on to *Point Hope*.— Their course was obstructed by the ice closing with the land, but the whales still kept on, affording another proof that clear and open sea did exist to the north of this cape notwithstanding the straits was nearly full, and the *Anadir Sea* at the time. I will resume this subject in my next.

—*N. B. Shipping List.*

[From the *Valparaiso Herald*.]

Capt. Snow's Report of the Loss of the Brig *Chatham*.

The brig *Chatham*, of San Francisco, Geo. F. Snow, master, sailed from San Francisco on the 6th of September, 1852, on a trading voyage to the Islands in the South Pacific Ocean. After having visited the *Marquesas*, *Society* and *Harvey Groups*, we left *Whitootacke* on the 28th of Dec. for San Francisco, with a full cargo of the produce of the islands. We stood to the northward until the morning of the 5th of Jan. 1853, when at 4.30 A. M. the land and breakers were descried close under the bows, and before the brig could be wore, she struck on the reef on the west side of a low sand island not laid down on any chart or in any book in my possession. I used every means to get the vessel off the reef, but she soon bilged. The natives by this time flocked to the beach and seemed to show every mark of a savage and hostile people, much to the consternation of us all on board. A consultation was held amongst us as to the best means to pursue; some were for fighting and some for trying to make friends with the natives; they dare not come on board, nor dare we go on shore. So I proposed to make every preparation for fight, and I would go on shore and

find out the disposition of the natives—which course was adopted. Every thing ready, I left the vessel for the shore across the reef, telling those on board if they saw me massacred, they then would know what fate awaited them. On my reaching the shore, the natives laid aside their spears and received me very kindly, kissed and caressed me, and as I afterwards learned, they thought me a curious specimen of the human being, for they had never seen a white man before. By this time the natives perceived there were many things in and about the vessel they very much needed, and they made a push for the vessel and stripped her of all movables they could lay hands on, nor did they stop here, but robbed us of every thing we attempted to save. They would not permit us to have anything at all; they even searched our clothes, and in some instances tore off the pockets in their eagerness to get the contents of them.

After they stripped the vessel, we were distributed amongst the people of the island, where we spent a most wretched night, expecting to be speared every moment. The weather was stormy, the houses very poor, and the natives yelling, passing and re-passing, armed with spears, kept sleep from our eyes. The next morning commenced our naturalization. We were all drawn together and armed with spears and marched off to the north end of the island, as we supposed to be there sacrificed to their gods, for they have many, but the training ended well, and we were each taken to our respective houses again. For several days this training was carried on, differing only as their modes of worship differ, according to which of the gods they worship. We then found out that we were considered supreme beings, and that we had nothing to fear as long as they thought so.

All we had to subsist on was the cocoa nut, and occasionally a bit of fresh fish. The island produces nothing but the cocoa nut, and the natives are both ignorant and indolent. I saw no marks of industry, except in their canoes, which are built for the

purpose of warfare; they are from fifty to seventy feet in length, and will carry from one to two hundred persons. I found the island to be a Lagoon island, composed of eighteen islands, and the inhabitants to amount to about 2500 natives. They are all over-run with rats and land crabs, so that it would be impossible to grow vegetation if planted. The natives worship idols, departed spirits of their own race, and have god-men, or a species of Pagan priest among themselves, whom they worship on particular occasions. Their mode of worship would be hard to describe; it begins with a sort of spear exercise, then a dance, then singing, crying and cutting themselves in a shocking manner across the breast, arms and face, with sharp shells, until they are a perfect gore of blood, and frightful to behold.

As soon as the weather and the natives would permit, I set about building a boat out of the yawl and fragments of the wreck, which took near six weeks to complete, and during this time I suffered in the extreme from the heat of the sun and hunger and thirst. The crew, roaming about, fared very well from the different tents.

The boat complete, I started with my mate, one seaman and a passenger, the boat's complement being four, to try to get somewhere to bring relief to the suffering crew, for by this time the natives began to think us a burthen to them; but the boat proved leaky and on the second day we were forced to return. We now waited for the rainy season to pass, and on March the 24th started for the Navigators Islands, if no relief could be got nearer. Knowing there was a pearl fishery at Humphrey's Island, I made for it, and on the 26th at 3 P. M., reached the island; the boat's crew consisted of myself, mate, second mate, and a passenger. As soon as the boat was on shore, the mate and passenger refused to go farther in the boat, consequently I was forced to remain until the 10th of August, when the English brig *Caroline Hort* touched at the island and took me off and to this port, where I arrived yesterday.

The Chatham and cargo were a total loss, but all persons were saved, and were in good health when I left the island, though the natives began to use them quite ill, and they probably now are, if alive, in great suffering, for by this time they can have no clothing at all, and cocoa nuts are scarce.

Valparaiso, Sept, 28th, 1853.

The Liberal Waterman.

J. C. was a waterman, notorious for profaneness and mischief. A religious tract placed in his hands, was blessed of God, and the swearer became a religious man, as distinguished for his piety, as he had been for profaneness. Some years after, a brother having a little property, died; he had left some of his property to his relatives, and the residue, several hundred pounds, to religious institutions. By the statute of mortmain this request became forfeited.—Some of the Trustees of the Institutions waited as a deputation on J. C., and put him in full possession of the case. The poor man listened attentively, and then said, "I do nothing without consulting my wife." He and his 'better half' retired, and after due consideration, he intimated to his visitors, that he and his wife perceived that the law gave them the property, but that the Gospel did not; and as they now professed to live by the Gospel, they were ready to confirm the intentions of the donor. The gentlemen who had represented the Institutions, actuated by the same principles as the honest waterman, suggested that he was getting old, and might become unable to work, they should like to know what he had to make up by his labor, in addition to his annuity, to make himself and wife comfortable. He was at first reluctant to mention the amount, expressing his full reliance on Divine Providence; but on being urged to the statement, he at length yielded.—That he who had so nobly acted, might suffer no hazard of privation, the gentlemen undertook to supply him with that amount annually so long as he lived.

M.

Churchman's Monthly Magazine.

The Seamen's Home, St. John.

This enterprise, projected by the Rev. Mr. Harris, has become so successful, that it is found necessary to raise more funds, in order to extend its operations. The present building is entirely too small for the purpose—although when it was leased it was supposed to be large enough for many years to come. The demand for accommodations on the part of our hardy seamen, has not only been steady, but at times too pressing for the room at disposal. For weeks together a dozen and more applicants for "board" have been sent away, because the "Home" was already filled. The committee of Management in order to meet the desideratum, are about purchasing the "Sandall Property" at the corner of Britain and Charlotte Streets, not far from the present "home," the cost of which will be £3,400 (or thereabout)—it will also cost £600 more to put the building in suitable order. The size of the ground is 200 by 80 feet. There are several dwelling houses upon it, all of which are to be connected under the one head. Subscriptions to a large amount have already been collected of our merchants and others, by the indefatigable Secretary, Rev. Mr. Harris. Some names are down for £100—and Mr. H. expects to raise the full amount within a short time, as he meets with the best of encouragement. It seems to us that it would be the better plan instead of patching up the present wooden buildings, to raze them to the ground altogether, and rear a fabric of brick or stone, from the foundation—one that would be a credit to all concerned, as well as an ornament to the city. A Nautical School is to be connected with the Institution. We think that a building of this description, like a hotel, ought to be commenced and carried out in accordance with its peculiar wants and character. Commence right, and although a little more expensive at first, in the end the result will be much more satisfactory. Six hundred pounds is a large sum to expend upon a temporary building, or buildings, which in a very few years

must be taken down—to say nothing of the great danger of fire, which is a thing not to be disregarded—for this cause, like many others, no matter how good, has its enemies "lurking privily to do it mischief."—Surely the land ought to be security enough to enable the managers to raise money to make a good brick or stone commencement. But we believe that the legislature would aid the object, if applied to. Under any circumstances, however—wood or stone—we wish the Institution the most unbounded success. It has already done a vast deal of good to our shipping interests, and destined to do a great deal more as soon as it gets fairly under way.—*Morning News.*

Daniel a Model to Men of Business.

Daniel was a busy statesman. Darius had made him his chief minister. He had charge of the royal revenue, and was virtual ruler of the empire. But amidst all cares of office, he maintained his wonted practice of praying thrice a day. For these prayers nothing was neglected. The administration of justice was not standing still; the accounts did not run into confusion. There was no mutiny in the army, no rebellion in the provinces, from any mismanagement of his.—And though disappointed rivals were ready to found an impeachment on the slightest flaw, so wise, and prompt and impartial was his procedure, that they at last concluded, "We shall find no occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God." He found leisure to rule the realm of Babylon, and leisure to pray three times a day. Some would say that he must have been a first-rate business man, to find so much time for prayer. It would be nearer the truth to say that it was his taking so much time to pray which made him so diligent and successful in business. It was from God that Daniel got his knowledge, his wisdom and his skill. In the composure and serenity which these frequent approaches to God imparted to his spirit, as well as in the supernatural sagacity and forethought, and power of arrangement, which God gave in direct

answer to his prayers, and he had a decided advantage over those men who, refusing to acknowledge God in their callings, vexing themselves in vain, and who, when the fret and worry and sweltering of their jaded day is done, find that they have accomplished less, and that little far more painfully, than their wiser brethren, who took time to pray. The man must be busier than Daniel who has not time to pray, and wiser than Daniel who can do what Daniel did without prayer to help him. Daniel was in a place where prayer was eminently needful. He was in Babylon, a place of luxury and revelry, and from his position in society he was peculiarly exposed to the idolatrous and voluptuous temptations around him. It was difficult, and ere long it was dangerous, to maintain his singularity. But so far as there was any seduction in the pleasures of that luxurious and wicked city, prayer kept him separate; and so far as there was any danger in withholding countenance from the idol orgies, prayer made him bold. Though the clash of cymbals and the shouts of the revellers were coming in at the window they did not disturb his devotion; and though he had not forgotten the King's decree and his lions' den, he did not choose the lattice, nor try to conceal his faith and his worship, and secure alike from spiritual detriment and personal danger, the Lord hid his praying servants in the hollow of his hand.

A sea captain "down East," a regular old salt, relates the subjoined as one of his fishing experiences:

Once with a friend he went out to catch halibut. His comrade prided himself on his skill in the business, and a rivalry rose between the two friends as to which should capture the first fish. Having dropt anchor and lines they waited with fishermen's patience for a bite; but for a long time none came. At length the countenance of the captain's companion began to lighten up; and presently he called out—

"I've got ohe!" He commenced hauling in with great vigor. "It must be a large one," said he, "a hundred pound fellow, at least. He pulls stoutly, I tell you!"

It was indeed evident that a big fellow was at the other end of the line, and it was soon discovered that it was to be no easy matter to capture him.

"I must let him run," said he "and tire him out."

Accordingly, he gave him line, which was carried off rapidly. Soon the excited fisherman began to haul in again, making sure of his victim this time.

"Stand by, captain!" said he, "with the boat hook, and hook him in the gills when he comes up. Get well braced, for he's a rouser!"

The captain accordingly braced himself for a tug, boat-hook in hand, and waited impatiently for the moment of capture. His excited comrade was yet pulling carefully and slowly at the line, lest it should be broken, and eagerly watching for the first appearance of the prize, when, suddenly a sea change came over his features, and dropping the line he exclaimed:

"*Je-ru-salem! Captain, it is the anchor!*"

The Captain went down in a shower of laughter, and it was a long day before the fisherman heard the last of catching an anchor, "paying it out and letting it run till it got tired."

PROPOSALS FOR AN INLAND SEA.

The interior of Australia—a barren sandy desert—has been found to be considerably below the level of the sea. It is now proposed to employ British convicts in cutting a narrow canal from the ocean to the desert, a distance of about 150 miles, when it is expected that the rush of water would be so great as to widen the canal and cause the formation of an inland sea almost as large as the Mediterranean, to the incalculable benefit of a vast extent of territory at present wholly useless.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

Noble Conduct of an American Captain.

The Mauritius (Isle of France) Mercantile Gazette, contains an account of the British bark Meridian, from London for Sydney, on the Island of Amsterdam, latitude 39 S., lon. 78 E. The Meridian struck on a rock on the southern end of the Island, on the 24th of August. Her bottom fell out, and she keeled over to an angle of 45°. Fortunately it was high water, and the parts held together until the crew and passengers, 105 in number, got upon the cliff. Among the passengers were 17 women and 46 children, all of whom passed six days on the barren rocks, sheltered only by a piece of canvass. The shipwrecked parties were beginning to experience the sufferings of famine, when they were discovered by the American whaler ship Monmouth, of Cold Spring, Long Island, commanded by Captain Isaac Ludlow.

Captain Ludlow finding it impossible to approach the spot where the unfortunates were gathered, made signals to them to cross to the other side of the island. This was a work of such extreme difficulty and danger as to require a journey of three days for its accomplishment. They felt that their labors were rewarded, however, on the 4th day, when they found themselves once more treading the planks of a stout ship, surrounded by a circle of humane and generous Yankee sailors, and their wants ministered to. Captain Ludlow immediately sailed for Mauritius, where he arrived after a seventeen days'

voyage. After landing, the persons saved held a meeting and passed resolutions expressing their grateful sense of his noble conduct. The Chamber of Commerce met, and voted that £130 be remitted to London for the purpose of procuring a piece of plate with a suitable inscription, to be forwarded to the family of Captain Ludlow.

By this act of humanity, Captain Ludlow lost a season for whaling around a coast where he would probably have taken 500 or 600 barrels of oil; but he saved the lives of 105 human beings. Such an instance of genuine self-sacrificing humanity on the part of its sons, contributes more to the honor and glory of a country, than would a successful battle in a war of conquest.

DISASTERS.

For want of room we are obliged to leave out a large number of disasters including the melancholy loss of the steam ship San Francisco.

A letter from Cape Island, Cape May Co., New-Jersey, dated Dec. 4 p. m. says. The schr. Memento Hammond, bound from Baltimore to New-York, after remaining at the Breakwater a week, started on Saturday for her destination, but striking on Uncle Eph's Shoal the same night, and it being ascertained that she was filling rapidly, the captain ran her ashore at Cape Island.

Br. brig Orestes, Bursal, bound from Turk's Islands for New-York, went on the reef off Egg Harbor 24th Nov., and after lightening her by

throwing overboard part of her cargo of salt, got into deep water, when she almost immediately sunk in four fathoms water.

Pensacola, Nov. 17.

The Br. brig *Juvena*, Capt. Cunningham, from Kingston, Ja. for New York, is wrecked on the beach on Rose Island, 40 miles from this place.

Schr. *Corinna*, from New-Bedford, Nov. 4th, for Sarilla River, Geo., went ashore in Currituck County, N. C., night of 6th, and on the morning 8th, bilged and filled with water.

Ship *Sea Lion*, at this port from Hamburg, experienced heavy westerly gales on the passage. Nov. 13th, passed schr. *Maderia*, of Prospect, dismasted and abandoned.

Ship *Bengal*, Bray, of Newburyport, which sailed from Cadiz Oct. 6th, for Beverly, on the 19th, in a violent gale, sprung a leak, and the water gaining on the pumps, bore away for Fayal. On the 23d, the water gaining, notwithstanding 200 tons salt having been thrown overboard, and it being impossible to get at the leak, which was found to be low down, near the stern post, to stop it, and the crew having become exhausted, was compelled to run the ship ashore on St. Michael.

Whale ship *Marcus*, Sherman, of Fairhaven, with 900 bbls. was lost in the ice near East Cape, Arctic Ocean, the 1st September.

Brig *Nancy Pratt*, of and from Gloucester, which went ashore on Cape Romain, worked deeply into the sand and became a total loss.

Schr. *Franklin*, from San Francisco, went ashore Oct. 31st on the bar in Tomales Bay, and with her cargo became a total loss.

Schr. *Danube*, of Augusta, Me., from Savannah for Baltimore, was abandoned at sea, no date, waterlogged. The crew were taken off by schr. *T. O. Thompson*, and taken to Norfolk.

LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP WINFIELD SCOTT.—The telegraph from New Orleans announces the loss of this fine steamer while on her passage from San Francisco to Panama.

Schr. *Melrose*, from Florida for New York, with a cargo of lumber, is reported by telegraph from Charleston, to have been lately consumed by fire, near Saltillo, Florida.

Brig *Julia Ann* at this port from Nassau, Florida, reports: 17th Nov. passed the wreck of schr. *Jacob Longfellow*, waterlogged and abandoned.

Ship *Maine*, which went ashore on Pond Island Bar 19th Nov., has gone to pieces.

The following vessels drove ashore at Inagua in a gale 21st Nov., and all would prove a total loss: Barque *Prospect*, Brown, of and from New York; brigs *Ann Elizabeth*, of Philadelphia, Vance, from New York for New Orleans; *Henry Woodis*, Bunker, from Demerara, of and for Norfolk, and Br. brig *Lapwing*, from Jamaica, of and for Halifax. Captain Kenney and mate came passengers in the *J. E. Bowley*, at Holmes's Hole 21st instant, from Cape Haytien; also a part of the crew of the barque *Prospect*, and brig *Henry Woodis*.

Ship *Rattler* is ashore near Currituck Inlet, and is like to prove a total loss.

Brig *Etolia*, drove ashore at Turk's Islands in a gale 12th Nov., bilged, and would be a total loss.

Br. barque *Amaranth*, at this port from Bremen, reports: Nov. 14th, passed the wreck of Brig *August*, of Mayport, waterlogged and abandoned; had a black cross on the stern.

Brig *Shamrock*, from New Orleans for Savannah, went ashore in heavy weather night of 23d of Nov., about 80 miles west of Havana, going on with a heavy swell.

Barque *Olive Branch*, from Baltimore for California, ran ashore off Ireland Point, Bermuda, 27th Nov., it blowing a severe gale at the time from the north.

Br. Brig *Victor*, from Turks Islands for New York, was dismasted 24th Nov., and abandoned at West Caycas Island. Two of the crew were put on board a vessel bound to Charleston, and four others on board brig *Catharine & Mary*, of and for Boston from Port-au-Prince.

Ship Samuel M. Fox, at this port from Havre, has had westerly gales from Nov. 21 to Dec. 2. Nov. 25th, fell in with the barque Lady Knight, of Portland, Choate, from Glasgow, bound to Boston, in a sinking condition, the Captain and crew requesting to be taken off; blowing a gale at the time could not lower a boat down, but laid by her all night; 26th, at noon, the gale moderating, sent a boat and took off the captain and crew, (thirteen in number) and brought them to this port. Capt. Choate, of the Lady Knight, expresses his warmest thanks to Capt. Ainsworth, his officers and crew, for the kindness himself and crew experienced from them while on board the Samuel M. Fox.

Columbian brig Orinoco arrived at this port 15th Dec., reports: 1st Dec. took off the crew and passengers of the Prince Albert, bound to Hamburg, she having sprung a leak the first day out, and was in a sinking condition when fallen in with.

Schr. Falcon, Dyer, hence from Addison, Me., went ashore 7th Dec. on the rocks on Race Point, west end of Fisher's Island, and it is feared will be a total loss.

Schr. Belle, hence 7th Dec. for Pembroke, Me., was run into off Black Rock, on the evening of the 7th, and is a total loss.

Schr. Rio, Capt. Geo. Harrick, from Darien, Geo., for New York, was capsized in the gale of the 10th Dec. off Cape Hatteras. The crew, after being on the wreck 48 hours, were taken off by the schr. Pauline, and carried into New-Berne, N. C.

Schr. Petrel, at Baltimore from Spanish Main, reports: 12th Dec. fell in with brig J. L. Whipple, Geyer, of Boston, dismasted and waterlogged; took off the captain, mate, and four seamen, who saved nothing but what they stood in, and had been clinging to the wreck for forty-eight hours, without food or water, with a heavy gale blowing.

Ship Island City, from New Orleans for New York, was abandoned at sea, 12th Dec. in a sinking condition, having sprung a leak in a severe gale from the north. The ship's com-

pany was picked up by barque Leroy, Capt. Hallowell, of Warren, Me., and landed at Holmes's Hole, from whence they took passage in steamer Massachusetts to New Bedford.

Schr. Bloomer was lost 10th Dec., 12 miles below St. John's Bar, Flor.

Br. brig Undine, from Philadelphia for —, went ashore near Ycaico, off Cardenas, night of 8th or 9th Dec., bilged, and would be a total loss.

Schr. Clifford, from Boston for Rockland, run into the schr. Gov. Arnold, of Thomaston, Thompson, from Calais for Boston, 7th December, about 12 miles off Cape Elizabeth. The Clifford sunk in the course of an hour. The crew were taken off by the Gov. Arnold, but everything else was lost.

Schr. Wm. F. Mercer, from Florida for Philadelphia, was totally lost on Smith's Island, Va., night of 9th Dec. The crew were rescued.

Brig Typee, from Eastport for Philadelphia, went ashore on Abaco recently, and was broken up.

The New Orleans Picayune of the 9th Dec. publishes the following: — "Capt. Lanfear, of brig Wm. R. Kibbey, which arrived here yesterday from Turk's Islands, reports the ship France, from New York for this port, went ashore on Salt Cay, Turk's Islands, on the 24th Nov., and is a total wreck. The captain and crew were saved, and remained by the wreck for the purpose of stripping her.

Br. ship Beejapore, at this port from Chincha Islands, reports: Dec. 14th, passed Schr. Danube, of Augusta, water-logged and abandoned.

Barque M. E. Trout, at this port from New Orleans, reports: Dec. 14, saw the wreck of the brig Montilla, of Ellsworth, dismasted and abandoned.

Ship Abby Pratt, Bearse, from Calcutta Aug. 13 for Boston, went ashore 16th, Dec. on south side Nantucket Shoals. The captain and crew left her in their boats same evening, and landed at Nantucket. The ship when abandoned, had four feet water in her hold, and the rudder was gone.

New York, January, 1854.

GRAVE STATEMENTS.

ARE THEY TRUE?

Says a shipmaster in New York, "The sailors in this great emporium of commerce are no better now than they were twenty or thirty years ago." An officer declares them to be "worse." A merchant remarked the other day, "it's of no use to try any more to save them. Headless and headlong they will be: to destruction they must go, for aught I can see." "Just so," added a ship-owner, "sailors will be sailors. I have given them up long ago."

These and similar statements extend beyond the locality of New York. They characterize the mass of seamen; they sweep as broad as the ocean, for New York sailors are Liverpool sailors, Canton sailors, the world's sailors; and the world's sailors are in New York.

Are they unqualifiedly true? Have the efforts put forth to improve their social and moral condition during the last quarter of a century been in vain? Are those living, to say nothing of the dead, none the better for the Homes which have been established for their protection and comfort? None the better for the gospel preached to them at home and abroad; for the Bibles and good books put into their hands, and the multiplied appliances designed and adapted to make them good men?

And in relation to them, would it be no calamity to have a succession of messengers, like Job's, come in announcing, "Behold, there came a great wind from the wilderness and smote the four corners" of all the Sailors' Homes and Bethels! "The fire of God is fallen from Heaven and hath burned up" all their Bibles and good books! And whatever the wind and the fire left the Sabeans and the Chaldeans have carried away! Such announcements would be no calamity if these various means are doing them no present or prospective good.

But these broadcast statements are not true. Platoons of icebergs annually march down from the north pole. Passengers and sailors in crossing and re-crossing the ocean look upon their massive sides and towering heights and pronounce them beyond the reach of any subduing influence as the seated hills. And because about the same time in each year, they find them mountainous and frosty in about the same latitude, they get the impression they are the same they saw before, and "no better than they were twenty or thirty years ago." Icebergs they are and icebergs they must remain.

But they forget that they never see the same platoon twice; that one files off for the Western Islands, another direct for the Equator, and another

for "Cork and a market;" while the gulf-stream temperature and a torrid sun either melt their icy hearts, or sink them in the ocean depths. The subdued ones are lost sight of.

So many look upon sailors; they see the roughest and hardest specimens of humanity in a crew, and overlook all the rest. A few fellows of the basest sort foaming out their shame attract more attention than a city full of the quiet and orderly, and those few are the marked samples of the whole.

Sailors no better than formerly! Let the thousands who will no more put intoxicating liquor in their lips, than put live coals in their bosoms—let the tens of thousands of dollars deposited by them in Savings Banks—let the large numbers which patronize their temperance boarding houses—let their increasing desire for Bibles and good books—let the many pious praying seamen, the epistles of the gospel known and read of all men—let such facts as these answer such assertions.

Let, at the same time, the whole truth be told. *Worse sailors doubtless never existed.* Drunken, untruthful, incompetent; they are the sweepings of prisons and gutters, thieves and vagabonds; a vexation to masters and officers and a curse to their profession. Of late their number has seemed to increase. Some entire crews are mostly composed of such materials. They are no more like the sailors of former times than modern dandies resemble the heroes of revolutionary times; and some of them are no sailors at all. The most they know is that *somehow* they have been shipped as able seamen, and are expected to do their duty, when they cannot distinguish between a main-top-sail and a jib; or if they happen to understand the ropes, they are

physically incompetent to perform duty. No marvel that masters and officers, and ship-owners too, complain of such men. And it is not strange that some have the impression that sailors are growing worse instead of better. But there are reasons for all this; reasons over and beyond the common depravity of men.

THE REASONS.

1. *One reason is found in the practice of paying advance wages.* The effect on the sailors is to make them improvident, dishonest, vicious, and dissatisfied. It puts them and keeps them under the power of the sailor-landlords who steep them in abominable liquors and swindle them out of their money. Thus the advance is a double curse; it ruins the seamen, and sustains a class of men who deserve, as the mildest punishment humanity could inflict, to hew stone or pick oakum in the Penitentiary the remainder of their days.

2. *Another reason is found in the manner of shipping men.*—They are shipped like bales of cotton or barrels of beef, at one dollar per head. They are shipped at some ports "by the run," instead of by the month, giving them a large advance, and thus holding out every inducement for them to leave the ship the first port they enter.

3. *Another reason is the want of a fair remuneration.* The advance is in reality no part of it, for this the landshark gets. At the present time seamen's wages may be sufficiently high; but they have been so low as to deter many of the best young men from going to sea; or if they have gone, they have looked beyond the fore-castle for a chance to make as good a living as on the land. Hence so many of the lame and lazy, the halt and blind now on the ship's articles.

4. *Another reason is the haste in getting to sea and the passion for quick voyages.* Instead of making due preparation in respect to the men; the crew must be picked up and hurried aboard the very day of sailing. "Hurra there! hurry up those men. Stand by to cast off that line. Hurra there!" And the men are hurried up, and when examined for sea service, if none of them are found to be actually dead, one half of them are mere fragments of mortality, and a portion of the remaining half stupidly stare at the novelty of their first voyage at sea. Thus the shipping master has furnished a crew of *able seamen!*

But the voyage *must be made in the quickest possible time.* The owners expect it. The reputation of the master and officers requires it. Now comes the urgency of driving; and who that knows anything about it, does not pity both the drivers and the driven! If there chance to be a few good men in that ship, is it likely they will knowingly put themselves with such shipmates under such commanders a second time? It has long been notorious that the best men will not go in certain packet lines.

5. *Another reason is the great scarcity of seamen.* This has been occasioned by the reluctance of owners and masters in years past to take boys or green hands, by the rapid growth of commerce, and by the pecuniary inducements to young men to remain ashore or leave the sea.—But whatever the cause, the scarcity exists; and to supply the demand anything which could stand on two legs, and some that could not stand have been shipped. These are some of the reasons for the cry of "bad men;"—"sailors worse than ever before."

THE REMEDY.

1. Let the shipowners and masters unite in an agreement to *pay no more advance wages,* and give the men at least as good a pecuniary consideration as their services would command on the land. Those going to sea destitute of suitable clothing can be equitably and comfortably supplied from a slop chest on board under the direction of the Captain.

2. Let the seamen ship themselves, or good boarding-house keepers agree to see such on board as their respective houses furnish without compensation, and let each sailor who ships himself receive in an increase of wages an equivalent for not receiving an advance.

3. Let each ship take at least one boy, or one green hand for each 100 tons of her measurement.

4. Let good schools be established and sustained to train boys and young men for the sea.

5. Let profane and cruel commanders cease cursing their men, and treat them as human beings.

6. Let all keepers of Sailor-Boarding Houses, be legally licensed only on condition that no intoxicating liquors shall be furnished in such houses.

7. Let the means now employed for improving the condition and character of seamen be amended and enlarged in every possible way, and energetically carried out.

HOT CORN.

LIVE SCENES IN NEW YORK, Illustrated: Including the story of Little Katy, Madalina, the rag Picker's Daughter, Wild Maggie, &c., by Solon Robinson. Published by Dewitt & Davenport, 160 and 162 Nassau St., New York.

We have received and read with attention and much interest, a volume of 408 pages with the above title.

We hail the chief tendencies of the book, as conspicuous signs of better times coming. The thrilling facts narrated, for facts they are, many of them, though in the dress of fiction must awaken in the opulent, the fashionable and the more virtuous middle classes a deeper sympathy for the sorrows of the poor.

Perhaps even those who have prayed and labored most for the reform and elevation of the outcasts, have possessed a little of the Pharisaic spirit that fears contamination from contact; that attributes the difference between the virtuous and the vile, rather to a deeper inherent depravity of the heart, than to a simple difference in the circumstances.

If there is a difference between us and other men, we may thank God not so much for the difference, as for the parentage, education and the restraining grace that hath caused it. No one can read the book without having a more kindly feeling for those little pedler and beggar boys and girls which throng our streets, and which later in life fill our abodes of infamy and shame with their wretched inmates.

The book is a convincing and soul stirring argument for the "Maine Law." From our own sphere of operation among the lowly and outcast of the sea, we were prepared to sympathize with the movements the book advocates.

With the exhibition of the genius and talent of the author which we admire, and the strong and good tendencies of the work which we highly approve, there are other tendencies we think, though undesigned which we sincerely regret. We fear the tendencies of the descriptions in the 12th chapter on the warm imaginations of the young. We would not put that chapter into

the hands of our children and youth. We regret it had not been left out or cast in a different mould, besides there is not the same appearance of simple fact as in other descriptions in the volume.

While the author confines his descriptions to the "Old Brewery," and "Cow Bay," and "Cale Jones Grocery," sin has so nearly wrought out its results, death, that there is something in it well adapted to deter men from approaching that door, which is the gate of Hell; but when he describes the snares and traps laid by the more vile, in the more fashionable and splendid dens of a more alluring and refined vice, the end, the dreadful end is not so full in view. The tendency, we fear, on the youthful imagination, is what is best described by the Poet.

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face;
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The author has failed too, we think, in his attempts to exhibit an evangelical penitence and a true faith, in some of his reformed subjects; that which must lie at the foundation of all real and permanent reformation and a course Heavenward..

Sufferings and Deaths in the Sea.

The last days of 1853 and the first of 1854 will long be memorable for the GREAT SNOW STORM, and the sufferings and deaths thereby occasioned on shore and at sea. Scores of bereaved families will read this sad record with tears. More than *one hundred* vessels driven ashore by the storm, many of which have become a total loss, have been reported in the daily papers.

A gentleman from Provincetown, before the voice of the storm was hushed, said, there are vessels ashore on all parts of the Cape, and that

twenty lives are known to be lost. Parts of wrecks are all the time drifting ashore of vessels that must have been swamped in the gale, and whose crews doubtless perished. There has never before been known such distress on the shores of Cape Cod.

The following may be cited as specimens of destruction to the shipping, and of the loss of human life: The Schooner Mail, from New York for Princetown lost three of her men, but one was saved; Capt. Skinner of brig Wm. M. Rogers reports seeing a Schooner go ashore on Race Point, and *all hands perish!* Schooner Water Witch from Florida for Boston lost her mate and one man; Schooner Kingfisher lost overboard Ephraim Homer, of Camden, Me. Another Schooner is ashore near the Light and all hands are supposed to be lost; Barque Elizabeth, Capt. Strout, from Matanzas, via Holmes Hole, for Boston, went ashore in the night. The Captain succeeded with great difficulty in landing with his wife in the morning, but *she perished in his arms* on the beach, and their little child, which was lashed in the rigging, *froze to death!* There are no less than twenty lives reported to be lost in the vicinity of Cape Island, New Jersey. Schooner Moselles from Boston for Virginia was wrecked off Newport, and all hands lost. The crew of four persons were seen struggling in the sea, and one man was nearly ashore, so near that a person on the beach reached a long pole, the only thing that could be found, towards him, and he tried to reach it himself but all in vain.

Schooner Mount Vernon, of Westport, Me., with hard pine lumber, is wrecked on the east shore at Wellfleet; all hands but one lost. The Captain was taken out of the cabin dead.—Vessel will be a total loss.

But the worst disaster of all occurred to the splendid Packet Ship Staffordshire of and for Boston from Liverpool, with about two hundred souls on board, mostly Irish Emigrants. On Friday morning last she struck on Blonde Rock, near the Seal Islands in the vicinity of Cape Sable and became a perfect wreck, and out of the two hundred persons on board *one hundred and eighty were lost!* including Capt. Richardson, and it is feared his wife also.

A vessel named Mary was also wrecked not far from Newport, R. I. The crew suffered almost everything short of death, in their long exposure after the vessel struck. In the morning, while the sea was breaking over them, they sent one man across the creek which separated them from the main land, to search for a house, which the Captain knew was there. Of what followed, the Providence Journal says:—

He was gone so long that they feared he was lost in the snow, and the mate went for him. He found him in the house, which was uninhabited and without fire. The poor fellow was overcome with the sleepiness which precedes death by cold; he had taken off his clothes and was lying down, thinking that he was going to bed. The mate succeeded in arousing him, and the two returned to the rest of the party. The Captain had taken off his oil skin clothes, and soon began to show similar symptoms. He said that he could not swim, and asked them to go to the beach for a rope to help him across the creek. When they came back he was dead.

For further particulars we must refer to our sad lists of Marine Disasters. *The Sea hath spoken.* It is the voice of God; calling the seamen to prayer, and penitence, and preparation to meet Him, and calling the friends of seamen to prompt and persevering efforts to save their souls from death.

Marine Temperance Society.

The Marine Temperance Society of the port of New York, (Captain Daniel Tracy, President,) will hold a meeting at the Mariner's Church, Roosevelt-st., every *Tuesday* evening, and at the Sailor's Home, 190 Cherry street, every *Wednesday* evening until further notice.

Seamen of all nations, as well as their friends, are cordially invited to attend.

Addresses may be expected from shipmasters, seamen and others.

L. P. HUBBARD, Sec'y.

January 1, 1854.

Chaplain to Seamen at St. Helena.

By a recent arrival we learn that the Port Charges and Regulations at St. Helena have been amended greatly in favor of the many vessels touching there for supplies, so that the number will be likely to increase; and that in Oct. the Rev. Dr. Bertram arrived in his island home under commission from the American Seaman's Friend Society to minister to their men in spiritual things.

The Noble Sailor's Conduct and its Result.

When John Lovejoy left the hill country of Connecticut for the sea about one year ago, he carried with him the written counsels of his pious mother. Her heart was too full for utterance in any other way. She reminded him of the instructions he had received from his earliest years; entreated him to read and pray over the Bible she put in his hand; to touch not, taste not, handle not the inebriating cup, and avoid every thing injurious to his character, and which would cause grief to her. These counsels he had the wisdom to heed, not only as coming from her, but as

in accordance with his own sense of right, and the teachings of the word of God. Consequently he was everywhere respected and beloved.

On the 6th of March last he sailed in the ship *Advance*, Capt. Child, who after having had him under his command nearly eight months, thus speaks of him:—"I always found him an active and attentive young man, and very much esteemed by all on board. If he had not been lost we should have made him 2d Mate the next voyage."

"Lost!" that young man of 19 years and 25 days lost! Yes, lost to his ship, and lost to his friends, but we trust he was a man of prayer, and saved by grace. His mother's letter was found, not on file with others, but carefully folded in his Bible.—Early one morning a deck passenger fell overboard, and the noble act which cost him his life is thus briefly related in a note from the Master and Chief Officer:

"On the morning of the 2d of November at 7:30 A. M. in Long. 24° West and Lat. 48° North there was a cry of "A man overboard!" when Lovejoy ran aft and jumped after him with the intention of rescuing him. We brought the ship to the wind, and got a boat out immediately; but it was of no avail. He was drowned before the boat could reach him."

ARTHUR CHILD, *Master*.

STEPHEN C. McLELLAN, *Ch. Offic'r*.

SWEDISH SAILOR MISSIONARY'S REPORT.

During the past three months I have been engaged as usual in visiting the Seamen on board of their vessels and boarding-houses, as also in families residing in this place. I have endeavored to do my duty, as the Lord has given me ability, in exhorting, admonishing and reproving,

with all meekness and long suffering, as circumstances seemed to require. A goodly number of Bibles and New Testaments, both in the Swedish and Norwegian languages, have during the quarter been circulated among Seamen, together with several thousand copies of religious Tracts. Depraved as our seamen generally are, yet it is evident that good has been done among them. In my intercourse with them, I frequently meet with such cases, that will make the hearts of angels and all good men to rejoice. Yes, thanks be to God! It is not now a rare case to meet with stout-hearted seamen who are anxiously inquiring the way to Zion, and others who rejoicingly pass on in the right course for the New Jerusalem.

We have in fact, among all our calamities, quite interesting times at present in Sweden. More than one hundred petitions, from all parts of the land, with several thousand signatures, have been brought in to the King, to have a law formed for suppressing the use of spirituous liquors; which now seems to have come to such awful height, that it cannot be borne by the nation much longer. I have for one been busy in collecting subscribers, and have by this means had opportunity to converse on the subject of religion and temperance, with persons that I could not otherwise approach. We hope and pray, that this may result in the banishment of that cursed drink from our land.

Very interesting and extensive revivals of religion are in progress in different parts of the land, but those who desire to follow Christ, have to experience the hatred of the seed of the serpent. Up in the northern parts and in Dalecarlia, several have had to pay heavy fines for the crime

of having associated together to worship God in private houses.—Some have been fined until they had no property left, and have afterwards been imprisoned on bread and water. In one case that punishment has been inflicted several times, and at one time 28 days, which is considered one of the hardest of punishments. But notwithstanding these severities, the work of grace goes forward. In the Province of *Sma-land*, a poor tailor has been the means of gathering a number of souls to Christ. He was apprehended and brought before the Consistory, the Bishop asked him how he knew that he was born again? The man replied with asking the Bishop: are you a teacher in Israel and knowest not this? This question proved to be an arrow from the quiver of God, which fastened deep in the heart of the warned Bishop. Instead of persecuting the poor followers of Christ, he is now protecting them to the utmost of his power, and is zealous in preaching the faith he once sought to destroy. Thus the Lord can meet Saul in the way, now, as well as in days of old.

The Mormonites are also spreading, but our authorities seem to take no notice of this heresy. That which is really evil they suffer to pass on without opposition, persecuting that which they ought to protect.

The cholera is also raging; daily claiming her victims from amongst us. May all this be the means of awakening us up from our sleep of death, that we may find life, even eternal life in Christ: I commend myself to your christian affection, and remain your humble servant,

E. ERICKSSON
Sailor Missionary.

Gothenburg, Sept. 23, 1853.

VALPARAISO CHAPLAINCY.

VALPARAISO, NOV. 28, 1853.

DEAR BROTHER: Again I am permitted through the kind dealings of our Heavenly father to send you a brief account of my labors in this port for two months. Oct. 1st, I went to the hospital this morning and found Mr. Fogg dying. He said that he was ready—that he was going home—that he had peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. He spoke of his friends in Massachusetts, and said: "O that I could see them, and tell them what a hope I have." I read the scriptures and prayed with him, and felt that I stood on the verge of heaven. And when I bid him farewell; as the dark waters of death appeared to close over him, and the world recede from his view, his exit from this world appeared to be an abundant entrance into the everlasting Kingdom of our Lord, and Saviour Jesus Christ. Death never appeared so lovely, or so desirable as now.—Mr. Fogg died on the day following in full prospect of eternal life. I gathered the patients in a room, as many as were able, and read the scriptures to them, and tried to improve the occasion by expounding a portion of the same, and concluded with prayer.

On the following day, Rev D. Trumbull and myself attended the burial, there were several present from the hospital.

Oct. 9. I went on board of the bark Henry Chapman, and preached to about twenty-two persons from these words: "If ye know these things happy are ye if ye do them." The spirit of God appeared to be present in a very eminent manner. At the conclusion of the service, there were many who shed tears; and among them were some of the unconverted. In the

afternoon I went to the hospital and conversed and prayed with the patients. 10th, I again went to the hospital, and conversed and prayed with some of the sick. I found some of the patients engaged in playing cards. They appeared quite embarrassed for a time, but I told them that I had a few books of a better kind than theirs; then I entered into a conversation with them for half an hour, and gave away two Bibles and departed.

Oct. 12. I went on the bay in the forenoon, visited the Henry Chapman, Capt. Fordyce, who had sold five dollars worth of books for me. Capt. F. is very kind and Christian-like in his manners. Then I went to the screw steamer Caroline. This vessel was sent out in search of Sir John Franklin, and when she arrived in this port, the crew deserted, and also the Engineer; and another crew could not be obtained in time for the steamer to proceed on her voyage this season. Capt. Kenneday is a very affable gentleman, and is one of the fearless hardy kind of men who is well adapted to the work of searching the polar seas. But the noblest trait of his character is that he is a Christian. 16, Sabbath. I went to the bark Bethoven, and preached to a small but attentive congregation.—The blessing of God appeared to attend his word. Then I went to the Sabbath School, and in the afternoon to the American and English hospitals, and conversed and prayed with some of the patients. On the following Sabbath I went again to the Bethoven and preached to a small but attentive congregation. Capt. Capp is an Episcopalian, and in the absence of a clergyman, he holds service on his vessel every Sabbath. I have found many Masters who

do the same thing. Four days since there was a man brought into the hospital by the name of C., son of Capt. William C. of Boston. He is dangerously ill with acute dysentery. He appears penitent. He came near death, but subsequently recovered, and now bids fair in spite of all his vows, to turn again to sin, and forget God. When he was most dangerously ill, I visited him twice a day and prayed with him each time.

Sabbath, Oct. 30.—I went on the Bay and preached to about twenty persons. The divine blessing appears still to rest on his word. In the afternoon I went to the hospital and conversed with the patients and prayed with them. Mr. C— appears to have lost all sense of penitency, and sorrow for sin, and is gradually returning to a worldly spirit. So true is it that affliction cannot change the heart, and if we do not profit by it we are left harder than before it occurred.

Nov. 4.—I visited on the Bay; among others was the crew of the *Bethoven*, where I had a lengthy conversation with the carpenter of the vessel. He confessed that he was a backslider, and felt the need of pardon. I told him of salvation by repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. I left him in the evening apparently penitent. James Capp, the Master of this vessel, should be noticed as a christian and a gentleman. He has afforded me every facility for holding meetings on his vessel, by coming himself, and by encouraging others to attend. He is a bright example for others of his profession. My heart bleeds for the poor seamen. They are almost universally subjected to a system of tyranny if not as unprincipled, yet as unmerciful as that of the

most abject state of slavery. They may leave one vessel, it is true, but they go to another to find equally as bad; if not worse treatment than where they served last. Mr. James Fogg was a victim to the cruel treatment of a master with whom he sailed on the Atlantic coast, and then a victim to the abused authority of the maritime laws of the United States, in this port, which caused his death! Of this I have no doubt, and if I could obtain testimony that would bear me out in doing so I would give the names of the guilty parties. I have for some time been impressed with the neglected condition of the sick at the hospital. The condition of the sick here demands the attention of the United States Government. The salary of the Physician attending here is quite too small; so the patients cannot receive that care and attention that their situation demands. Lately I made a small collection, upwards of thirty dollars, and hired extra service for a man whose case was much worse than the rest. But the Government should immediately take measures to have the hospital repaired; and also increase the pay of the attending Physician, and provide a competent Superintendent to reside at the hospital, and see that the sick are cared for, and that the patients who are able to walk around, do not leave the hospital and get into the doggeries of the city and run into excess.

Sabbath, 13.—I went on board of the British bark *L.* and preached to a congregation of four persons. The meeting was solemn, and I trust that good was done. Last week the British bark *D.* brought up the crew of the American ship *A.*, the latter having foundered off Cape Horn and was abandoned, making five feet water in

twenty-four hours while the pumps were going. At Bermuda where they put in for repairs, she was probed in her bows and they were quite unsound from ten to twelve inches in depth. The seamen also state that the first officer told them, that they must make a total loss of the vessel, if any thing serious occurred, and that this was the instruction that he (the first officer) received in _____ from the owner, who, I understand, lives in that city. But the captain assures me that the assertions of the mate are not to be relied on. The seamen look bad. Some are at the hospital. They state that they had no vegetables the entire voyage, and that they were not allowed any fresh meat at Bermuda. I am well satisfied that there is great fault somewhere, as it regards the treatment of seamen. I have been acquainted with many on this coast, and a large majority bear evident marks of brutal treatment.

15. I went on board of the Lord Riversdale, and sold books to Mrs. Haguo, the Captain's wife. She is a professor of piety, and I believe lives a life of godliness. I also visited the Queen of the Isle, and sold them about \$14 worth of books. They are a well disposed crew and Captain, but I am not aware that there is a professor of religion among them. They however, showed their good judgment by selecting the best books. In the evening I met Capt. Schroeder of the brig Tubal Cain, who has just arrived from California with his family. He states that his mate and one of his seamen were much concerned for their salvation, and were engaged in reading and religious conversation every opportunity during the voyage to California, and on their return. He thinks that they were seriously affected by the books they

purchased before they left this port.

Nov. 27. I went on the bay and preached to about twenty persons, on the Ellen Simpson. Five of the American Consul's family were present, Captain Scott the master of the vessel was deeply affected, even to tears. I suppose that six weeks will wind up my labors here for the present. I have felt intensely for these poor destitute seamen. O! may the Great Shepherd provide for them.— I feel as though I could shed tears, and pray for them day and night.— There is need for a laborer in the vineyard, to occupy all his time among the seamen here.

Yours, affectionately,

D. W. WHEELER,
Seamen's Chaplain.

Account of Mourers.

From Dec. 15th to Jan. 15th, 1854,
*Directors for Life by the Payment
of Fifty Dollars.*

William Vandeventer, by Pres. Ch., Astoria, N. Y., (amt. ack. below.)	
Rev. Eustace W. Spear, by Meth. Epis. Ch., Macon, Geo.	51 00
Rev. Robert L. Breck, by Pres. Ch. Macon, Geo.,	63 00
Rev. David Finley, by Pres. Ch. Montgomery, Ala.	50 00

*Members for Life by the Payment
of Twenty Dollars.*

Mrs. Elizabeth C. Cornell, by Ref. Dutch Ch. of Man- hattan, N. Y.,	20 00
John R. Baker, Piermont, N. Y. by do., (bal.)	8 51
Jonathan S. Nichols, by First Con. Soc. Haverhill, N.H. (balance),	13 00
Michael Cariton, Jr., by First Con. Soc. Haverhill, N.H., (in part),	15 00
Mrs. Sarah Payn, Troy, N.Y.	20 00
Samuel S. T. W. Sanford, M. D., Ravenswood, by Mrs. S. Payn,	20 00

Mrs. Jane E. Sanford, of do., by do.,	20 00	From Thirteenth Pres. Ch., N. Y., (incl'g. sub.),	128 50
Mrs. Catherine Brooks of Williamsburg, N. Y., by do.	20 00	" Miss A. A. G., Troy, N. Y.,	5 00
H. G. Torbert, M. D. of Camden, N. Y., do,	20 00	" A Friend, for the spir- itual good of Sea.,	10 00
Miss Jane Lyman, by the Ladies Benev. Soc., Leb- anon, Ct.,	21 00	" Chapel St. Con. Soc., New Haven, Ct.,	70 23
Rev. Wm. D. Hitchcock, by Ladies Sea. Fr'd. Soc'y. Exeter, N. H.,	20 00	" Balance from Pres. Ch., Valatie, N. Y.,	6 00
Rev. Elbert Osborn, by Meth. Epis. Ch., Sharon, Ct. (bal)	8 25	" Rev. Wm. Bradley, Newark, N. J.,	5 00
Rev. John B. Dalea, D. D., by Associate Ref'd. Ch., Philadelphia, Pa.,	20 00	" Ladies Mite Soc., New Milford, Ct.,	5 25
Mrs. Hannah Stone, by La's Sea. Fr'd. Soc., Beverly, Mass.,	20 00	" Mrs. G. M. Merwin, do, First Parish Sab. Sch'l. Bangor, Me.,	30 00
James Calvin Taylor, Derry, N. H., by J. P. Fairbanks, St. Johnsbury, Vt.,	20 00	" John Trask, Newport, N. H.,	1 00
Rev. Charles Scott, Bruns- wick, N. Y. by Ladies Ben. Soc. Ref'd. Dutch Ch., Shawangunk, N. Y.,	20 00	" Cong. Ch. and Soc'y., Salisbury, Ct.,	42 00
William Rhinehart, by do do, Mrs. Betsey Lovejoy, by Meth. Epis. Ch., Ridge- field, Ct., (balance),	5 00	" Theodore, of Pokeep- sie, by Rev. H. G. Ludlow,	10 00
William N. Goddard, N. Y., by Mrs. Charles Woolsey, Ref. Dutch Ch., Astoria, N. Y., (amt. ack. below),		" Ref'd. Dutch Ch., As- toria, N. Y.,	53 29
James T. Soutter, by Pres. Ch., Astoria, N. Y., (amt. ack. below),		" R. M. Blackwell, As- toria, N. Y.,	5 00
Walter Edwards, Astoria, do, Thomas Joseph, Montgomery, Ala.,		" Broadway Tabernacle, N. Y., (including sub- scriptions,)	169 17
Israel Roberts, do do.,	20 00	" Congl. Ch. and Soc., Green's Farms, Ct.,	30 00
Charles Lynn, do do.,	20 00	" Mrs. Sally Wilcox, Gil- sum, N. H.,	2 00
E. C. Hannon, by Meth. Epis. Ch., do.,	20 00	" Ezra Adams, " "	1 00
<i>Donations.</i>		" Congl. Ch. and Soc., Wolcottville, Ct.	20 00
From First Con. Soc., New London, Ct.,	69 10	" Pr. Ch., Astoria, N. Y.,	106 28
" Torrington, Ct.,	6 00	" Bap. Ch., N. Gloucester, Me.,	6 00
" Con. Soc., Leicester, Mass. to com. L M.,	1 62	" 1st Ch. and Soc., Con- cord, N. H.,	15 00
" Con. Soc., Goshen, Ct.,	23 00	" Rev. Dr. Adams' Ch. and Soc., Bruns, Me.,	16 00
" Con. Soc., Newport, N. H.,	9 56	" Capt. S. Stickney, Wa- tertown, Mass.,	2 50
" First Con. Soc., Shar- on, Ct.,	18 75	" Con. Soc., Hopkinton, N. H., (balance) for two life members,	3 34
" West Con. Soc. Mil- ford, Ct.,	28 00	" Seamen's Concert Con. Soc., N. Belf., Me.,	12 00
" B. L. Kip, New York,	15 00	" Pres. Ch. Aug., Geo., (balance,)	10 00
			\$1,486 35
		<i>Sailor's Home, N. Y.</i>	
		J. T. D. Lanier, N. Y.,	\$50 00

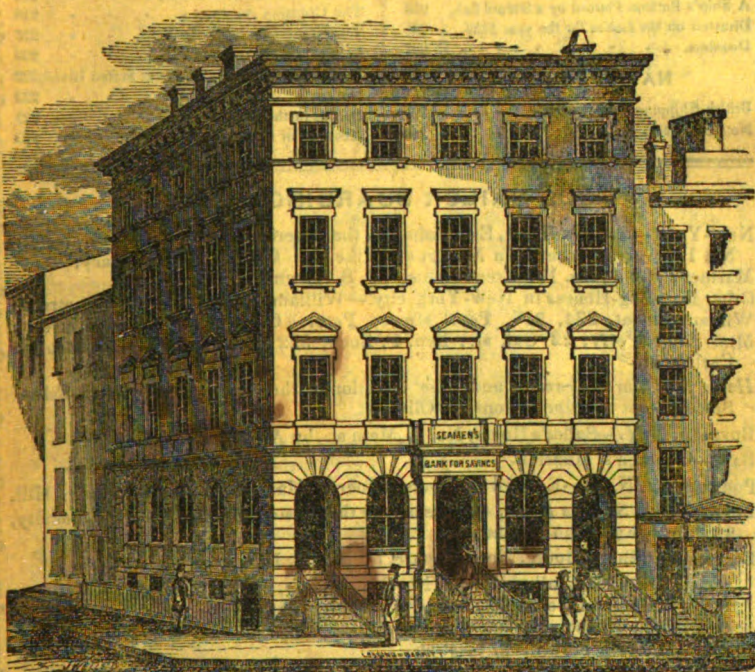
Mrs. Gilmore, Hartford, Ct., 6 Flannel Shirts.		Haverhill Centre Ch. and Soc.	15 17
Ladies' Seam. Fr. Soc., Exeter, N. H., 12 Sheets, 20 Pillow cases, 12 Towels, 10 Shirts, Christmas pres. for shipwrecked Sailors.		Reading, Bethesda Ch. and Soc., to make Rev. Wm. H. Beecher L. M.,	35 00
Lois C. McMahan, New Milford, Ct., 4 pair Socks.		Ladies Dorcas Society,	25 50
Mrs. L. H., 1 pair.		Ladies of Sunderland,	9 00
Young Ladies in Misses Hale's Sem., Pennington, N. J., 4 Comforters, 4 pair Sheets, 4 pr. Pillow cases, 12 Towels.		South Deerfield, 1st Con. Ch. and Soc.,	13 05
<i>Moneys received into the Treas'y of the Boston Sea. Fr'd. Soc.</i>		Greenfield, 1st Con. Ch. and Soc.,	20 70
Lowell, John St. Ch. and Society.		Greenfield 2d Con. Ch. and Soc'y, to make Rev. Geo. Partridge L. M.,	30 70
Young Peoples Social Circle to make Rev. Eden B. Foster L. M.,	20 00	Brookline, Harvard Ch. and Soc'y,	52 85
Juvenile Sab. School to make Miss Philena Farr L. M.,	20 00	Peru, Rev. J. Knight's Soc., Longmeadow, Legacy of Gideon Burt, by Wm. Burt, Esq.,	6 31
Subscriptions and contributions to make Geo. Colton, John K. Chase, Mrs. Catharine P. Foster, Mrs. S. H. Hanks, and Deacon Asa Wetherbee L. M.'s,	117 25	Woburn, Rev. Mr. Edward's Ch. and Soc., to make David Tillson L. M.,	200 00
Wilmington, Con. Ch. and Soc.	12 84	Boston, Sailor's Relief Soc.	39 00
Boston, Shawmut Ch. and Soc., additional,	5 00	Boston, Park St. Ch. add'l,	20 37
Methuen, Con. Ch. and Soc. to make Edward Carlton L. M.,	30 25	Boston, Ladies of Park St. Ch., by Mrs. Barnes,	16 00
Medway Village Con. Ch. and Soc. to make Almira Berin of New Haven, Ct., and Eliel Blake L. M.,	42 13	Roxbury, Young Ladies Miss'y Soc'y,	18 00
Hudley, General Benev. Soc. of the Third Ch. by C. P. Hitchcock,	17 00	Franklin Ladies Benev. Soc.,	20 50
Newbury (West) 2d Con. Ch. and Soc. to make Stephen Adams L. M.,	34 51	A young man on his death bed,	19 00
South Weymouth Union Ch. and Soc.,	6 00	Natic, Rev. Mr. Nason's Soc.,	50
South Weymouth Union Ch. and Soc., to make a L. M.,	33 58	Woburn, for room in the Home,	20 00
Weymouth 2d Con. Ch. and Soc'y,	16 25	Boston, Winter St. Ch. ad'l,	50 00
Reading, Old South Ch. and Soc.,	26 52	Newburyport, Ladies of Contuit Port, monthly concert, (Dec. '53)	20 00
Sunderland Con. Ch. and Soc. to make Mrs. James B. Prouty L. M.,	23 87	Canterbury, N. H., Ladies Benev. Soc.,	16 00
		Jacob Searl and two others, Plainfield, N. H.,	1 00
		Abington, (South) 2d Con. Ch. and Soc.,	3 00
		Worcester, Salem St. Ch. and Soc'y, to make I. C. Newton L. M.,	14 50
		Ashby, Con. Ch. and Soc., to make one L. M.,	23 23
		Medford, 2d Con. Ch. and Soc.	20 00
		Lowell, A friend to seamen,	16 25
		Montague, Con. Ch. and Soc. Collection,	2 00
		From Miss Philen N. Nimes, to make Miss Aloney D. Chenery L. M.	20 72
			10 00
			<hr/> \$1,188 55

Vol. 26.

MARCH, 1854.

No. 7.

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.



SEAMEN'S BANK FOR SAVINGS.

New York:

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

No. 80 WALL STREET.

\$1 Per Annum—Postage, in N. Y., in ADVANCE, 3 Cts., a Year; Elsewhere, in the U. S.,
6 Cts.; Single Number 1 Ct.

JNO. H. SCHULTZ & CO., BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS, 132 NASSAU STREET

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

MISCELLANEOUS.	Page.	CABIN BOY'S LOCKER.	Page.
Character of Seamen in the Northern Ocean,	193	The Cabin Boy, - - - - -	211
St. John's (N. B.) Chaplaincy, - - -	200	Rich Enough, - - - - -	212
Mobile Bay Chaplaincy, - - - - -	202	Be Content, - - - - -	212
A Voice from the Ocean, - - - - -	203	NEW YORK DEPARTMENT.	
A Sailor Hero, - - - - -	205	Sailor's Homes, - - - - -	213
A Sailor's Gratitude, - - - - -	205	Mobile Bay Bethel Enterprise, - - -	213
Noah's Ark, - - - - -	206	The Bethel Meeting, - - - - -	214
What becomes of all the Vessels, - -	206	Letter to Sailors, - - - - -	215
A Ship's Bottom Pierced by a Sword fish,	206	The Old Dartmoor Prisoner, - - -	216
Disasters on the Lakes for the year 1853,	206	The Christian Anchor, - - - - -	216
Disasters, - - - - -	207	The Great Wreck of the Year, - - -	217
		Letters from Polynesia, - - - - -	220
		Deaths in the Seamen's Retreat Staten Island,	222
NAVAL JOURNAL.		Notice, - - - - -	223
British Shipping, - - - - -	209	Deaths in the Pacific, - - - - -	223
Notices to Mariners, - - - - -	210	Account of Moneys, - - - - -	223

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW-YORK—*Sailor's Home*, Established by the American Seamen's Friend Society No. 190 Cherry st. between Market and Pike sts. Captain Daniel Tracy.
Mariner's Home, No. 107 Greenwich st. J. S. Towne.
Other Boarding-Houses in New-York city.—William Sharp, 271 Water street; William Huelat, 334, 336, Pearl street; Peter Oberg, 91, Market street; Mrs. Alice Perry, 22 Oak st.; Ben. F. Buck, 322 Pearl st.; Wm. Johnson, 9 Carlisle st.
Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society kept by Albro Lyons, 64 Oliver-st.
BUFFALO, N. Y.—Sailor's Home, No. 17 Main st., by Andrew Spaulding.
BATH—Seamen's Mansion.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Edward C. Myers, corner of Market and Bow st., Spring Hill.
BOSTON—The *Sailor's Home*, established by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society, 99 Purchase st. John O. Chany.
BOSTON—Mariner's House, North Square, by Mr. N. Hamilton.
 " North End Sailor's Home, No. 6 N. Square, by Mr. Roberts.
 " Richmond House, Richmond st., by Mr. Clark.
 " John Kennal-y Clark-st.
 " Murdock Matherson, Fleet-st.
SALEM—Ebenezer Griffin, No. 16 Vine st., clothing store, corner of Liberty and Vine sts.; and Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket st. near Derby st.
BRISTOL, R. I.—Mrs. Ann Pearce.
NEW-BEDFORD—Wm. Cranston, 14 Bethel Court; A. C. Davenport, 25 Middle st.
For Colored Seamen, by Marshall L. Potts, corner Sixth and Bedford sts.
PHILADELPHIA—Sailor's Home, 204 South Front st., by J. H. Cassidy under the care of the Pa. Seamen's Friend Society.
BALTIMORE—New Seamen's Bethel Home and Shipping Office Edward Kirby, 65 Thames Street.
ALEXANDRIA, D. C.—Sailor's Home, by John Robinson.
CHARLESTON—Sailor's Home, by Capt. Wm. White, Market st., opposite State st.,
SAVANNAH—Foot of Jefferson st., O. C. Parker.
MOBILE—Sailor's Home, by Lewis Lawson.
NEW-ORLEANS—Sailor's Home, Capt. S. J. Duncan, corner of New Levee and Suzettes sts.
ST. JOHNS, N. B.—Seamen's Home, by Joshua Turnbull, keeper.

THE

SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. 26.

MARCH, 1854.

No. 7.

Character of Seamen in the Northern Ocean.

For three hundred years the Arctic seas have now been visited by European sailors; their narratives supply some of the finest modern instances of human energy and daring, bent on a noble undertaking, and associated constantly with kindness, generosity, and simple piety. The history of Arctic enterprise is stainless as the Arctic snows, clean to the core as an ice mountain.

There is no other solid piece of human history so free from blot as this long and continuous narrative; this famous tale of Arctic navigation. It was first stimulated by a love of lucre; there was faith in Polar gold, and in a Polar passage to Cathay. But the men who were sent out to serve desires comparatively mean, (not mean in themselves, for commerce is a mighty teacher, in whose school it is ordained that we shall have our faculties matured,) the men sent out for love of gain—when they came among those seas and heard the crashing of the ice, and saw the icy mountains piled upon each other, and were brooded over by the Arctic night, and were amazed at wonders in the heavens, the mock suns and the

flashings of Aurora; they—impressed with a new sense of human weakness, floating as they were on shells, (small vessels of a hundred or two hundred tons) away from home and from all neighborhood with other men—poured out their kindliness to one another, aided each other in endurance of all hardship, and in patient manful effort to surmount all difficulty. They too, admonished by the works and wonders which they saw, remembered Who watched over them in their distresses. Afterwards, when the dreams of gold and of a short way to the East had been dispelled, the enterprise of Arctic navigators was continued and directed by a higher motive,—a desire to increase human knowledge, to help forward our race by heightening and widening our sense of the Divine wisdom. Lastly, there has been added to this, a strong motive of human sympathy; and the energies of many countries (quarrelling among themselves on other soil) have been devoted heartily and simultaneously to the peril of penetrating unexplored parts, and of searching all the most inaccessible regions of the Pole, for the survivors, or at least traces, of an expedition that has disappeared among its snows. These men who are elsewhere enemies and

rivals hold Arctic ground—which has been consecrated by three centuries of heroism—to be sacred to the noblest spirit of humanity. Once, long ago, an Italian or a Spaniard did indeed pollute all the associations proper to the place with a design of capturing the Esquimaux for slavery; and there has been mutiny as far north as Davis' Straits—never further to the north we think—and even that mutiny resulted in an act of heroism.

While, everywhere else, intercourse with ships has demoralized, more or less, untutored tribes dwelling on sea coasts, the Esquimaux that see only our northern navigators have learned no new crimes. They are a quiet amiable race; on amiable terms with visitors whose manners are invariably kind. When they see many new and attractive things lying about strange boats that come on rare occasions, they are not strong enough to resist always the desire to possess some of them; but a good-humored watch is kept upon their fingers, their attempts at theft are frustrated in a pleasant way, but not resented. The only blood shed by our Europeans at the Pole has been the blood of animals, honestly killed to supply a real and pressing want of fresh provisions. Men from among us who have died there, have all died in the performance of an arduous duty, have died a death of heroes; upon which the mind dwells with a more tranquil satisfaction than upon the death met by a lower class of heroes on the battlefield. They have left their memories to be preserved in records that will stir men's hearts in generation after generation, and from which the humblest sailor's name will never be expunged.

Yet although we bear in mind the mournful tale of Willoughby and his companions, or credit our worst fears as to the fate of our own companions and friends who disappeared with Franklin, there have not fallen in the fight for knowledge at the Pole during three centuries as many men as are shot down in the first five minutes of some famous battle; the whole battle being but a fragment of some war

bred of a mean cause, of petty misconstructions, or the bullying perhaps of a big potentate, who cannot keep his temper under fit control.—Under the heats of Africa, or under the frosts of either pole, or in encountering for the gain of knowledge any risk of life that can be run between the Poles, it is most probable that in a thousand years, there have not perished so many investigators of the ways of nature, as there die yearly men, women, and children in one country only, killed by diseases that are bred of ignorance, or of that worst evil, inattention to results of knowledge.

We do not therefore account as rashness the firm resolution of the northern navigator which enables him to struggle forward through all perils and to die, if he must, in the execution of his duty. Even in those seas, the boldness that takes active mariners into the way of peril, teaches them how to escape from dangers that would overwhelm a coward. More lives are saved than lost by exercise of proper courage.

From first to last the Arctic search has been a work of dauntless perseverance, to which many nations have contributed men always resolute and never rash. Drawing back from foothardiness, they have carried energy and determination always to their utmost limits. For resolution of that kind the poet finds an emblem in the northern ice and snow, when he lauds men

"In fixed resolves by reason justified,
That to their object cleaves like sleet,
Whitening a pine tree's northern side,
When fields are naked far and wide,
And withered leaves, from earth's cold breast,
Up-caught in whirlwinds nowhere can find rest."

The first party of Europeans who endured an Arctic winter, and whose experiences are recorded, were the Dutchmen who had Barents for their pilot. The last accounts from among the ice are of Englishmen, and of a Frenchman, Lieutenant Bellot, who worked with them; a young man of a true Arctic character, full of genius, enterprise and spirit, very brave and very gentle, warmly devoted to the

pursuit of science, a man who deemed no fit companion to be to him a foreigner. He perished among the ice and was mourned as a brother by his English comrades. The people at home also, connecting in their hearts the Arctic regions with those pure and noble thoughts about humanity that are so thoroughly associated with them, talk of Lieutenant Bellot at their firesides; and are desiring to express their sympathy in stone; although stone has ceased for many years to be more durable than words. We add the stone, however, to the words, because we cannot give expression too emphatically to our belief that men of all races are one flesh in the Arctic seas; nor should we be sorry to suggest by the same act that beyond the Arctic circle they need not be disunited.

In a former volume of this Journal we gave a faint outline of the history of Arctic exploration. We wish now to illustrate what has been said of the spirit of the Arctic navigators; and to do that, we will indicate a few characteristic points belonging to the first and the last published accounts of Arctic wintering.

The first was the story of a voyage by the north-east in search of a passage to Cathay; during which the Dutchman Barents and his associates, two hundred and fifty-seven years ago, wintered upon the northern shores of Nova Zembla. The last is the account of the voyage of the British sailors, Commander McClure and his men, in search of Sir John Franklin, narrated in despatches recently made public; a voyage which has resulted in the discovery of the long-sought north-west passage. Barents and his party were obliged finally to escape from their winter quarters by abandoning their vessel; and, in the case of Captain McClure, also, it is extremely doubtful whether he and his ship will not finally be left where we last heard of them, hopelessly frozen in. The account of the Dutch voyage was published at the time by one of the men engaged in it, Gerrit de Veer, and was shortly afterwards translated into English. It has been re-published lately with the

other voyages of Barents; and forms one of the most agreeable of the volumes issued by the Hakluyt Society. The account of the English voyage has lately occupied our newspapers.

The Dutch account was illustrated with pictures not quite so highly finished as those brought home by explorers of the present day. The first picture that relates to their wintering voyage characterizes, in one respect, the feelings of the Dutchmen very well; there is character even in its title: *A Wonder in the Heavens*, and how we caught a Bear. The wonder is a vision of three suns; each represented with a face and surrounded with the usual appearances attendant upon a perihelion. The Dutchmen, however, in two boats are attending chiefly to the bear, not only a wonder but a danger in their eyes; a former picture having shown how, as stated in their own label, "A frightful, cruel, big bear tare in pieces two of our companions." On the fifth of June the Dutchmen saw the first ice floating towards them, which they wondered at, "at the first thinking that it had been white swans, for," says the teller of the story, "one of our men walking on deck, on a suddaine began to cry out with a loude voyce, and sayd that hee sawe white swans: which wee that were below hearing, presently came up, and perceived that it was ice that came driving from the great heape, showing like swannes, it being then about evening." After further voyaging through perils and adventures, Gerrit de Veer tells us: "We at last sawe that we could not get out of the ice, but rather became faster, and could not loose our ship as at other times we had done, as also that it began to be winter; we tooke counsell together what we were best to doe according to the time, that we might winter there, and attend such adventure as God would send us; and after we had debated upon the matter, to keepe and defend ourselves both from the cold and the wild beasts, we determined to build a house upon the land, to keep us therein as well as we could, and so commit ourselves unto the tuition of God. And to that end we went further into the land, to

find out the convenientest place in our opinions to raise our house upon, and yet we had not much stuffe to make it withal, in regard that there grew no trees or any other thing in that country convenient to build it withall. But we leaving no occasion unsought"—among the good thoughts pertaining to the Arctic regions we should have said that it is a place in which no idleness is known—"we leaving no occasion unsought, as our men went abroad to view the country and to see what good fortune might happen unto us, at last we found an unexpected comfort in our need, which was that we found certaine trees, roots and all (as our three companions had said before,) which had bin driven upon the shoare, either from Tartaria, Muscovia or elsewhere, for there was none growing upon that land, wherewith (as if God had purposely sent them unto us) we were much comforted, being in good hope that God would show us some further favour; for that wood served us not only to build our house, but also to burne and serve us all the winter long; otherwise without a doubt we had died there miserably with extreme cold."

The simple piety of speech, the quiet submission to a great and unexpected hardship noticeable in this passage runs through the whole Dutch narrative, and through the whole Arctic literature. It is as evident now, in the straightforward despatches of Captain McClure written the other day, as it was in the Dutch seaman's narrative written two hundred and fifty years ago. It does not court attention: it is never obtrusive, because it is always true.

"It grieved us much," said the Dutchmen, "to lye there all that cold winter, which we knew would fall out to be extreme bitter; but, being bereaved of all hope, we were compelled to make necessity a vertue, and with patience to attend what issue God would send us. The 26th of September we had a west wind and an open sea, but our ship lay fast, wherewith we were not a little grieved; but it was God's will, which we most patiently bare, and we began to

make up our house." It became presently so cold that if in building that same house (the carpenter was dead) one of them put a nail into his mouth, it froze upon his lips and brought away with it the skin and blood. The ship had been lifted by the pressure of the ice above the sea level and rested on the top of a huge grounded ice-hill. Again and again the sea became open all about it; but the Dutchmen's ship was not to be got of. Working between the house and ship and in great dread of bears, that were numerous and bold, the ice-bound men bore their lot without repining. Winter set in. "The 8th of October. All the night before it blew so hard, and the same day also, and snowed so fast that we should have smothered if we had gone out into the aire; and, to speak truth, it had not beene possible for any man to have gone one ship's length, though his life had laine thereon; for it was not possible for us to go out of the house or ship." The men in the ship (where they had few clothes) it should be said lay under hatches, and the men in the house with outlets closed swallowing the smoke of their wood fires, which "sore tormented" them. They knew not how else to save their lives. Having sea-coal with them they, on one occasion, lighted a huge coal fire in the centre of their closed hut; and while they enjoyed the warmth, were being gradually suffocated by the products of combustion. The vapors from the fire had nearly made an end of them, when one tottered across to throw open the door. They dreaded coals for a long time thereafter. Then there was a sick comrade dragged by eight of them from the ship to the house upon a sledge, and disposed upon a bed near the central fire. The others slept on shelves that they had built for themselves round the wall. They had also a Dutch clock as well as a great sand-glass, running twelve hours, and there was a lamp suspended from the roof. Reduction of food soon became inevitable; one article after another falling short. On the eighth of November, it is said, "we shared our bread among us, each

man having four pound and ten ounces for his allowance in eight daies; so that then we were eight daies eating a barrel of bread, whereas before we ate it up in five or six daies." Four days afterwards, "we began to share our wine, every man had two glasses a day; but commonly our drink was water, which we melt out of the snow." On the twenty-second of November, "we had but seventeen cheeses, whereof one we ate amongst us, and the rest were divided to every man one for his portion, which he might eat when he list." Two days afterwards, illness becoming more general, four of them went into a bath. "When we came out our barber gave us a purgation, which did us much good." Food falling shorter still, "we made springes to get foxes; for it stood us upon to doe it, because they served us for meat, as if God had sent them purposely for us, for wee had not much meate." The foxes then were eaten thankfully by these good Arctic travellers, and of their skins caps were made "to keepe them warme from the extreme cold."

On the third of December they lay snowed-in within their hut, suffering sore cold because they dared not make much fire; so great was the torment of the smoke. In a small fire they heated stones to put against their feet; and lay, with the walls of their hut, and even the sides of the cots in which they slept, covered two fingers thick with ice. As they lay thus, they heard upon that day a huge noise made in the sea by the bursting and cracking of great ice-hills, fathoms thick. Then followed an easterly wind with "extreme cold, almost not to be endured; whereupon," says the narrator, "we lookt pitifully one one upon the other, being in great feare that if the extremity of the cold grew to be more and more we should all die there with cold; for that what fire soever we made would not warm us." Then followed the experiment with sea-coals; and days afterwards, "although some of us were of opinion that we should lay more coals upon the fire to warme us, and that we should let the chimney stand open,

yet we durst not do it, fearing the like danger we had escaped." On the sixteenth of December all the store of wood was burnt; and whatever more they used had to be dug out by the sailors from beneath the snows, by which they were surrounded.—Then they began to comfort each other with hopes of the returning sun; although by the twenty-seventh of December, the cold had increased so much, that neither fire nor covering, could warm them. They lay with hot stones, not only at their feet but on their bodies; yet they froze at their backs while their shins were burning; and as they sat within their hut "were all as white as the country-men use to be when they come in at the gates of the towne in Holland with their sleads, and have gone all night."—One of their constant occupations was to mend the holes each man was perpetually burning in his stockings.

While thus bound to the house, the provisions of these men had to be eked out by still further reduction of allowances; and the wood failing when it was impossible to go abroad for more, they cut up for firewood their chopping block, and all the superfluous wood-work they could chip away from the walls and rafters of their dwelling. On the 4th of January, being still locked in by frost, they thrust a pole out at their chimney with a little flag on it, to see which way the wind blew. Their flag froze instantly and became as hard as wood; so that it did not stir with the wind, and they only learnt by it that the cold outside was excessive. But their spirit was not broken. In that house of theirs they kept stout hearts, as is easily seen by passages like the following, which end the record of the fifth of January. "And when we had taken paines all day, we remembered ourselves that it was Twelf Even; and then we prayed our maister that we might be merry that night, and said that we were content to spend some of the wine that night which we had spared, and which was our share" (one glass) "every second day, and whereof for certaine daies we had not drunke; and so that night we made merry and drew for king.—

And therewith we had two pound of meale whereof we made pancakes with oyle, and every man had a white biscuit which we sopt in the wine. And so supposing that we were in our owne country and amongst our friends, it comforted us well as if we had made a great banquet in our own house. And we also made tickets, and our gunner was king of Nova Zembla, which is at least eight hundred miles long, and lyeth betweene two seas."

Other and greater sufferings were yet to be endured, and were endured without a murmur: great efforts were to be made, and were made. Barents himself did not return home alive; but the survivors of the expedition, in two little open boats built by themselves in the dominions of the gunner, did at last cross the seas that parted them from home—a voyage of almost two thousand English miles.

From the first we turn now to the last winterers at the Pole; men placed in equal peril, having indeed a stronger ship and all the resources of our modern art and science spent on their behalf; but placed in conditions of even more imminent peril, and possessing less reason than the Dutchmen had to hope for escape. We note down first a little picture illustrative of the kind of intercourse that is established between Arctic voyagers and the few natives of those regions with whom they are brought into communication. "Many were dancing with our men; and so mutually happy were all parties, that it was near six o'clock before I could get them to leave the ship; indeed, had not the interpreter told them that we were going towards the pack, and would not again come near their tents, I very much question if we should have got them away without compulsion. We understood from them that the main pack is permanent, never leaving the shore above twelve or fourteen miles. They designate it 'the land of the White Bear,' as it abounds with these animals; which they appeared rather to dread; as, when we stood towards the pack in the forenoon, they entreated not to be left there, for they were fearful of the

bears now that so many of their women were with them. One mother mentioned that she had her little child carried away by one of them a short time previous, while playing on the shore a little distance from her. The poor creature shed tears on relating the catastrophe. At parting, several presents were bestowed upon them, which had the effect of eliciting promises of friendship for us or for any of our white brethren who might come on their coast."

Of the great perils encountered by Captain McClure's ship the Investigator, before it was locked up for two years in its winter quarters, and of the huge power of the ice, one or two little illustrations must be given.—Once, after a large floe had raised the vessel six feet, another floe caught the mass of ice to which it was attached, under an overhanging ledge, and shouldered it up to a height of thirty feet. As it rose above the foreyard, all the men looked up in dread suspense; knowing that, if it should be turned completely over, the whole ship with those on board would instantly be crushed beneath it. "This suspense," says Captain McClure, "was but for a few minutes, as the floe rent, carrying away with it a large piece from the foundation of our asylum; when it gave several fearful rolls and resumed its former position; but, no longer capable of resisting the pressure, it was hurried onward with the drifting mass."—Again, on the same day, the ship, attached to a large mass of ice, was driving down upon a floe, and grounded in nine fathoms. If she struck such a floe, she would be ground as between millstones between it and her own attendant floe-piece. To turn aside, was to be wrecked upon the beach. The gunner's mate was sent forward to destroy the obstacle by blasting. "He could not, however," writes Captain McClure, "find a sufficient space of water to sink the charge; but, remarking a large cavity upon the sea-face of the floe, he fixed it there, which so far succeeded that it slightly fractured it in three places, which at the moment was scarcely observable from the heavy pressure

I was sustaining. Those on board, therefore, did not see that it was broken. By this time the vessel was within a few feet of it, and every one was on deck in anxious suspense, awaiting what was apparently the crisis of our fate. Most fortunately the sternpost took it so fairly that the pressure was fore and aft, bringing the whole strength of the ship to bear. A heavy grind which shook every mast, and caused beams and decks to complain as she trembled to the violence of the shock, plainly indicated that the struggle would be but of short duration. At this moment the stream-cable was carried away, and several anchors drew; thinking that we had now sufficiently risked the vessel, orders were given to let go all the warps, and with that order I had made up my mind that in a few minutes she would be on the beach; but, as it was sloping, conceived she might still prove an asylum for the winter, and possibly be again got afloat; while, should she be crushed between these large grounded pieces, she must inevitably go down in ten fathoms, which would be certain destruction to all; but before the orders could be obeyed, a merciful Providence interposed, causing the ice, which had been previously weakened, to separate into three pieces, and it floated onward with the mass, our stern still slightly jammed against but now protected by it." No wonder that among daily experiences of this character, men have their littleness crushed out of them.

Commander M'Clure and his men found shelter from many perils in a harbor which they called by a good Arctic name, the Bay of Mercy, close by the passage into Barrow's Straits; the existence of which solved the problem of the north-west passage.—There, in regions never before visited by civilized man, they were frozen in. They arrived there on the twenty-fourth of September, eighteen hundred and fifty-one. Happily the land about them was remarkably well supplied with game. It seemed to form the retired meeting-place and feeding-ground of many animals.

When summer should have come to set them at liberty, the ice was still

firm. About the middle of June "flocks of wild fowl," says Captain M'Clure, consisting of swans, geese, and all descriptions of ducks, began to arrive; but, finding no water, merely took a flight round the north-western extreme of the land and returned to the southward, from which it would appear that the season is late; indeed, the land is as much covered with snow as in the depth of winter." So wrote the ice-bound Captain while the cold summer passed by them, and the crew were employed daily on the hills gathering sorrel; which they all relished much, and ate with vinegar, as a protection against scurvy.

In the autumn of that year Captain M'Clure, having arranged to send home the weakly by boat in the succeeding spring, prepared for a prolonged detention. "Although," he writes, "we had already been twelve months upon two-thirds allowance, it was necessary to make preparations for meeting eighteen months more—a very severe deprivation and constitutional test, but one," says quietly the true Arctic seaman, "which the service we were employed upon called for; the vessel being as sound as the day she entered the ice. It would therefore be discreditable to desert her in eighteen hundred and fifty-three, when a favorable season would run her through the straits and admit of reaching England in safety." No favorable season came. On the anniversary of the ship's entering the Bay of Mercy—which she did with the thermometer at thirty-three and not a particle of ice upon the water—there stood the thermometer at two, and the whole place was frozen up, with every indication of a very severe winter.

The winter proved indeed to be the severest ever encountered by our sailors in the frozen regions. In January the average height of the thermometer was seventy-six degrees below freezing point; and one day it fell to an almost incredible extent—97 degrees below freezing point; averaging ninety-four on the whole four-and-twenty hours. Nevertheless the crew worked manfully, travelled about on search parties, hunted for game,

and remained, on the whole, in remarkably good health. "I can attribute our excellent salutary state," Captain M'Clure wrote, "to the causes previously alluded to in this narrative," (namely, the courage and cheerfulness of the men, the cares of the surgeon, the excellent quality of the stores on board, and the good ventilation of the ship) "in conjunction with a bountiful supply of game which a merciful Providence has aided us with, and has so materially added to our otherwise scanty rations." In other despatches the commander is to be found providing manfully for the chance of his own destruction, and warning other ships who may be sent out to look for him by what signs they are to conclude that he and his companions are lost, and in what directions they are not to imperil other crews in looking for him.

Enough has been quoted to suggest how close is the identity of spirit manifested by each Arctic navigator, from the first down to the last; but, as we parted from the Dutchmen when they were fancying themselves at home again over the Twelfth Night sports, we will part as pleasantly with our own countrymen, by help of one more illustrative passage. "The supply of game kept up during the winter," Captain M'Clure wrote in his ice prison after Christmas last, "has enabled a fresh meal to be issued twice weekly, and the usual Christmas festivities to pass off with the greatest cheerfulness. As it was to be our last, the crew were determined to make it memorable, and their exertions were completely successful.—Each mess was gaily illuminated and decorated with original paintings by our lower deck artists, exhibiting the ship in her perilous positions during the transit of the Polar Sea, and divers other subjects. But the grand features of the day were the enormous plum-puddings, some weighing twenty-six pounds; haunches of venison; hares roasted; and soup made of the same, with ptarmigan and sea-pies. Such dainties in such profusion I should imagine never before graced a ship's lower deck; any stranger to have witnessed this scene

could but faintly imagine that he saw a crew which had passed upwards of two years in these dreary regions, and three entirely on their own resources, enjoying such excellent health; so joyful, so happy, indeed such a mirthful assemblage, under any circumstances, would be most gratifying to any officer; but in this lonely situation, I could not but feel deeply impressed, as I contemplated the gay and plenteous sight, with the many and great mercies which a kind and beneficent Providence had extended towards us, to whom alone are due the heartfelt praises and thanksgivings of all for the great blessings which we have hitherto experienced in positions the most desolate which can be conceived."

Unfading be the laurels of our northern navigators thus won by exercise of all the finest qualities of manhood! Let us be glad, too, that we have one unspotted place upon this globe of ours; a pole that, as it fetches truth out of a needle, so surely also gets all that is right-headed and right-hearted from the sailor whom the needle guides.—*Housh'd Words.*

[For the Sailor's Magazine.]

St. John's (N. B.) Chaplaincy.

DEAR SIR:—I am glad to be enabled to forward several facts of interest as connected with the first Annual Meeting of the St. John Seamen's Friend Society. The meeting was one of great interest, and promises the happiest results.

It is worthy of particular notice that notwithstanding the false reports put in circulation to prevent seamen from patronizing the HOME, *more than eighty* men knocked at its doors for admission during the month of September, over and above what could be accommodated. And when Mr. Turnbull acquainted the Agent with his being obliged to turn away ten sailors at a time for the want of room, he felt that other provision must

be made for those men who sought in vain for a shelter at a Temperance House.

Hence, early in October the Agent called a meeting of the Directors, who instructed him to see if more ample provision could be made. After treating with different persons, he at length fixed on the Sandall & McAvity Block, in Sidney Ward.

The parties owning this property seeing our necessity and feeling a deep interest in our enterprise, furnished the Agent with letters, stating on what conditions they would sell, for the object contemplated.

This site being so desirable for a Home for Seamen, with its appendages, your Agent undertook to secure the amount required by opening a subscription book, the heading of which reads thus:

"Seamen's Home, Institute, Saving's Bank and Nautical School."

Whereas, the Home for Seamen opened in May last is overrun with men, and for the want of accommodations more than twenty per week are turned away from its doors, we the undersigned agree to take the number of shares set against our respective names for the purpose of purchasing a block of land, buildings and premises in Sydney Ward, known as the Sandall & McAvity property, as the most eligible site in the city for a permanent Home for Seamen. This property may be purchased for thirty-four hundred pounds. Six hundred more would be required to put the buildings in the condition desired for the object contemplated. Therefore the whole number of shares shall be four hundred, of ten pounds each, to be paid by or before the first day of May, one thousand eight hundred and fifty four.

October 11th, 1853."

"These shares, we are most happy to report, have been all taken up by ship owners and other responsible gentlemen.

In addition to which, we have one hundred and fifty pounds at our command, from two benevolent persons, towards fitting up and furnishing the Nautical School.

Thus it appears that about £5,000 (\$20,000) have been paid over or pledged to further the grand objects of this humane Society. Indeed it is heart-cheering to find gentlemen, who laughed at our supposed weakness and folly eight months ago, now among the first to contribute, and to cheer us on.

To our Heavenly Father be all the praise for the success which has attended our humble efforts, the past year, in this very important enterprise.

We purpose to most respectfully petition the Legislature of our young and happy colony, for a grant, not to exceed £5,000, (\$20,000,) which with the funds forthcoming from mines not yet approached, will enable us, at no distant period, to erect a most substantial, and in every respect suitable edifice, to meet the pressing and increasing wants of that indispensable class of men for whose physical, mental and moral welfare, we esteem it our duty and our privilege to labor."

From the first part of the Report, it would have been well to furnish you with several extracts, but I will only subjoin the following, which succeeds a former effort that failed.

"The arguments, however, against putting forth another vigorous effort for a Seamen's Home did not discourage the mover, who found sympathy with the Rev. Dr. Gray, and to whose especial aid came the Rev. W. Scovil. The influence of this latter gen-

tleman, with his hearty cooperation in soliciting subscriptions, together with the *timely aid* generously offered by the 'American Seamen's Friend Society,' constituted the nucleus of this infant institution, whose first anniversary we now celebrate." E. N. H.

Mobile Bay Chaplaincy.

MOBILE, January 10th, 1854.

I reached this city about the middle of last month; being deterred from an earlier arrival, by the terrible sickness which prevailed here, and in other parts of the South, during the past season. In traversing Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, I was enabled to visit the Churches in the principal towns on my route, with a presentation of the claims of the Seamen's cause—to multiply friends to, and to gather funds for, the advancement of the same, to a very considerable extent.

I had hoped to find the "Ship" ready for my immediate use, on which I am to preach the Gospel, to the Sons of the Sea, in the Bay, who arrive here in large numbers, with vessels of various descriptions, to be loaded with cotton, during the winter months. But owing to the protracted absence from the city, of several active members of the Bethel committee, it was impracticable to enter upon the preparation of the Ship until some few days since.

The work of fitting her up is now proceeding with all proper dispatch, and we hope to have her anchored in the midst of the fleet, in the course of eight or ten days. In the meantime I find myself advantageously employed in preaching in the different churches of the city, with a view to enlist an intelligent sympathy in behalf of our mission.

An event of considerable interest

having occurred within a few weeks. on board one of the ships lying at the anchorage, I take the first opportunity of informing you of it.

The ship James Wright, Captain Hutchins, from New York, came to anchor in the Bay, on Sunday the 17th ultimo. On Monday, the officer directed one of the men to perform a certain duty, which he peremptorily refused. Whereupon after some resistance he was placed in irons. The whole crew after this, manifesting strong symptoms of disobedience, the Captain on Wednesday morning called them aft, and holding the ship's Articles in his hand, asked them whether they had not enlisted on board the vessel; signed the "Articles," and received their bounty, &c. To which the reply was in the affirmative respectively. He then directed them to perform their duty; upon which every one of them utterly refused, saying that they had enlisted only for the "Run" to this port, and that their contract was ended!

The officer endeavored to convince them, that from the Articles it appeared they had shipped to proceed to Savannah, thence to some other southern port, and after loading with cotton to proceed to Liverpool. But all this was unavailing. They proceeded in a body, seventeen in number, to take possession of the fore-castle deck, and armed with boat hooks, and clubs, and pistols, and pieces of iron, bid defiance to all, threatening to kill the first man who attempted to arrest them.—The officers of the ship seeing that it would be dangerous to proceed against them without aid, gave the usual signal of distress: and in a short time several officers and men came from the vessels lying around and boarded the ship. The crew discovering that they were likely to be assailed, in-

creased their threats fiercely, and brandished their weapons defiantly.—In the face of all this, Capt. H., backed by some ten or twelve friends who had come to his assistance, sprang boldly upon the fore-castle deck, and received a blow with a boat-hook, which wounded him in the head. By this time his friends had gained the deck also, and a general fight ensued, which ended after a severe struggle in securing the mutineers, and placing them in irons.

On Wednesday last, the trial of these men came on before the District Court of the U. S. in this city, Judge Gayle presiding.

The Jury without any difficulty, found them guilty of the charge of mutiny; and to-day they received their sentence, which was imprisonment in the Penitentiary for six months, one, three, and five years, according to the degree of guilt apparent in each of them respectively. The conduct of these men was altogether wrong, and was such as deserves the penalty of the law. And whatever may have been the extenuating circumstances attending the case, the sentence is considered very mild and humane!

In view of the mutiny on board of this ship, I ventured to state in a public discourse a few Sabbaths since, that it was my own deliberate opinion, whatever others might think, that if the "Bethel flag" had been floating in the Bay at the time this ship arrived, the very sight of it, if nothing more, would have operated, through a well known principle, to deter the mutineers from the prosecution of their plans. A lady of this city, who heard the remark, coinciding with me in the opinion expressed, a few days afterward sent me \$25, wherewith to buy a flag for the Bethel Ship design-

ed for the service. The Lord be pleased to honor the offering.

Yours truly,
JNO. GRIDLEY, S. Chapl.

A Voice from the Ocean.

The season of storms is at hand, when there may be expected "sorrow on the sea." While the plea is urged for the *poor* on the land,—a plea that may be urged on most obvious grounds, arising from the high price of provision, the approach of winter, and the claims of humanity,—an appeal for the *sailor* claims a place in the heart of human sympathy and charity. It is to be hoped that the time is passing away, when there will be occasion for the sailor to exclaim in his forlorn isolation, "no man careth for my soul." One of the bright signs of the age, which compared with the past is an age of benevolence,—is the growing interest manifested in the welfare of seamen.—This enterprise, which for the last twenty-five years has been growing in favor with the friends of human improvement, without respect to political parties or religious sects, is that which takes in the great and wide sea, as the field of its mission. It has an ear open to the voice from the ocean.

Let me specify some of the claims of the sailor to a share of human sympathy and charity. He is a man—a member of the brotherhood which comprehends the race as a whole, irrespective of caste, complexion, condition or occupation. Wherever are found the elements and attributes of manhood, there is a representative and specimen of his Creator's noblest work. As such, whatever the condition which, under providence, may be assigned him as the sphere of development, he challenges the right to be recognized as a brother man and treated as such. On the scale of being he occupies a noble rank, whether from a throne he surveys an empire to which his word is law, or from the deck of a ship he waits a Master's orders. In either case he is a man,—

"Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!"

The claims of the sailor to our sympathy and benevolent regard are based on the important sphere he occupies in the departments of human pursuit. No man has yet been able to trace out all the valuable results connected with the perilous labors and heroic daring of those "who do business in great waters." History does not extend beyond the epoch of their labors. The first specimen of architecture of which we have any account, was the great ship built under the direction of Noah, which having on board the survivors of a doomed generation, out-rode the storms of the deluge. The historic notices of this class of men, and their services, contained in the Scriptures are of special interest. These services have been made available to the church, as well as the state, and are among the instrumentalities employed, under providence, for advancing the great interests of the human race.

The first historic notice of the existence of ships is found in Jacob's prophetic announcement respecting one of his sons. "Zebulon shall dwell at the haven of the sea; and he shall be for an haven of ships." This language was uttered nearly seventeen hundred years before Christ, and shows the high antiquity of seafaring pursuits. In the prophecy of Balaam there is reference to ships, as being in use in that day of remote antiquity, fourteen hundred and fifty years before Christ. About the same time Moses enumerates among the disastrous events that would befall the Hebrews, as the penalty of apostasy, their transportation to Egypt in ships. Job, who is supposed to have lived about the same time, speaks of the swift ships. These notices indicate the antiquity of this department of business,—that maritime pursuits are coeval with the patriarchal age.

The commerce of Tyre, at one time very extensive, was the source of immense wealth to that once renowned city. When Solomon was building the temple, the timber procured for this purpose from Mount Lebanon was conveyed "in floats by

sea, to Joppa." This service was rendered by Tyrian sailors. Solomon built on the shore of the Red Sea, "a navy of ships," which were manned by men, furnished by the king of Tyre,—“shipmen that had knowledge of the sea:”—and “they came to Ophir, and fetched from thence gold” to beautify the temple. Prophecy refers to important services, that were to be rendered to the Church by the ships of Tarshish. There are several prophetic allusions to a future maritime agency, that was to be employed in the extension and prosperity of the Church. These allusions are understood, as having reference to the important facilities furnished by maritime enterprise, not only in discovering fields of missionary labor, but in providing the messengers of Christianity with the means of conveyance to these fields.

The profession of the sailor is entitled to consideration on account of its bearing on the great work of evangelizing the world. Were it not for sailors all intercourse with foreign countries must be suspended, and the enterprise of extending the domain of christianity be abandoned. When we contemplate the important relation which the skill and labor of the sons of the ocean have in the extension of the means of christian civilization through the world,—it will be conceded, that they are entitled to a large share of sympathy and support from those who estimate their perilous vocation from this point of view.

The relation of maritime enterprise to national prosperity is so obvious, that an allusion to it will be sufficient to show the value of the services performed by the long neglected class of men, who, for a paltry recompense, have periled their lives amidst the hardships, privations and dangers of the sea. To whose agency is the civilized world indebted for the discovery of this continent? Was it not to Columbus, and his heroic band of sailors? To whom was entrusted that momentous movement, destined to plant on the shores of the new world that noble Puritan colony, which has infused into this nation such elements of virtue, freedom and

intelligence, as are not combined in any other nation on the globe? and to whom is our commercial greatness now the admiration of the world, indebted under Providence for its present pre-eminence? The answer is obvious. The country owes its signal prosperity in no small degree to the sacrifices and toils of seamen.—They have been the operatives in working out so grand a destiny for this favored country. Such services, involving as they must, a vast amount of personal sacrifice and suffering, lay the community under a pressure of obligations to this class of men, which is not yet cancelled. We are debtors to them, and when their claims are urged—when appealed to in their behalf, to aid in providing for them means of physical comfort, and social improvement, and religious instruction, how cheerful and liberal should be the response, not only of every christian, but every citizen.

Their claims may be urged on several other grounds to which attention may be invited in a future article.—And at this season of storms and shipwreck, let those who are exposed to perils and death, be remembered by all who in the abundance of prosperity are reaping the fruits of their partially requited toils.—*Examiner.*

A SAILOR HERO.

Although instances of heroism and self-sacrifice are not rare among sailors, few can be adduced more striking than one that has recently come to our knowledge. The British brig *Venilla*, Capt. D'Entrement, left St. Eustatia, West Indies, October 30, for Clare, N. S. Soon after sailing, the officers and crew, seven in number, were taken down with fever, except a young seaman named Hilarion Theriau. Finding that upon him alone rested the responsibility of managing the vessel, and of providing for the safety of the lives and property thus unexpectedly thrown upon his charge, he put the brig under a reefed topsail only, to be prepared for severe weather. When eight days out, Capt. D'Entrement died; five days afterward the first officer breathed his

last. Theriau alone, for forty days, steered the vessel, hove her to, to cook, to attend to the sick, to bury the dead, and to take a few hours rest in the day time; and did his best to get his vessel home, although unacquainted with navigation. He had the satisfaction to deliver her to the owners in Clare, with the proceeds of the outward cargo, in American gold. The rest of the crew, four in number, reached home alive, but very much debilitated. Mr. Theriau is a mere skeleton, from over exertion, anxiety and want of sleep. The proceeds of the cargo were insured in Boston, and it is believed some suitable acknowledgment will be made of the young man's faithfulness, energy and perseverance.—*Boston Adv.*

A SAILOR'S GRATITUDE.

A seaman named Black, was last week discharged from the ship "*Leander*," the lucky fellow having come into a fortune it is said, of £60,000. During the fitting of the ship, and since his return to this port, Jack was frequently an inmate of the excellent establishment, the Devonport Sailor's Home, and not being less wayward than others of his class, Lieutenant Barnard, the master had frequent occasions to place the sailor under restrictions as to his expenditure, and this saved him from the waste of his hard earnings, for which, in his reasonable moments, he was always thankful.

On hearing of his good fortune, Jack proceeded to his friend at the Home, announced the fact, and solicited Lieutenant Barnard to become his future guide and protector of his money, offering him, at the same time, command of a yacht which it was his determination to keep, with a salary of £500 per year. The Lieutenant hesitated, but on Jack's earnestly urging his request, at last consented, stating at the same time, that he should be quite content with half the proffered income if it was guaranteed for three years. A bargain was at once struck, a lawyer brought, and a bond entered into, that the agreement might assume a legal form,

and Lieutenant Barnard has left with his sailor friend for Leath, to be present at the installation of the lucky tar in his newly acquired possessions.—*Plymouth Mail.*

NOAH'S ARK.

It is worthy of notice that the largest ocean steamships now plying on the Atlantic, bear precisely the same proportions in length, breadth, and depth, as is recorded to have existed in NOAH'S ARK. The dimensions of the Atlantic steamers are, length 322 feet, breadth of beam 50 feet, depth 25 1-2 feet. The dimensions of the Ark were, length 300 cubits, breadth 50 cubits, depth 30 cubits. It will be seen, therefore, that the Ark was nearly twice the size, in length and breadth, of these vessels, the cubit being 22 inches. Both had upper, lower, and middle stories. After all the equipments of forty-two centuries, which have elapsed since the Deluge, the ship-builders have to return to the model afforded by NOAH'S ARK.

What Becomes of all the Vessels?

The Boston Atlas gives some interesting facts in relation to the destruction of vessels belonging to the United States, deducted from the marine reports and other sources. It appears that for a period of eighteen months, ending in September of the present year, 103 ships and barks, 144 brigs, and 327 schooners, were totally lost at sea. During the same period, 50 vessels which had previously sailed, were never heard from, 338 put into port in distress, and 102 wrecks were passed. This is, says the writer, a total loss for the given period, of one every 22 hours; one stranded every 44 hours; one abandoned every 75 hours, and one never heard from every ten days.

From the Valparaiso Herald, Dec. 1.

A Ship's Bottom Pierced by a Sword-Fish.

We saw in the Exchange Reading Room the other day, a piece of plank taken from the larboard streak of the British ship Lord Riversdale, which was pierced through with the tusk of a Sword Fish. The plank was of elm, three inches and a half in thick-

ness; the point of the tusk projected through the plank seven inches clear, which, added to the thickness of the plank, makes ten inches and a half, thrust through the wood. On the opposite side the butt of the tusk was shattered and split, as if it had been broken off by a violent shock. The whole length of the piece of tusk remaining was about 20 to 22 inches.

It seems that the ship sprung a leak at sea, and was hove down to find the leak, when this strange cause was discovered.

DISASTERS ON THE LAKES FOR THE Year 1853.

We find in the Buffalo Express a statement by G. W. Rounds, agent for the Northwestern Insurance Company, in relation to the lake disasters for the last year—amounting to two hundred and sixty-six. Loss of property \$84,143. Lives lost 81. The following is a recapitulation:

Amount of loss by

American vessels,	\$635,525
British	" 239,900
Steam	" 461,800
Sail	" 412,343
Collision	" 55,828
Explosion	" 77,394
Fire	" 131,055
Other causes	" 608,871

Amount of loss on Lake Ontario.

Steam	" 183,400
Sail	" 94,677 282,477
Erie steam	" 128,605
Erie sail	" 121,906 205,512
Huron steam	" 88,594
" sail	" 62,744 151,321
Mich. steam	" 23,700
" sail	" 183,616 157,310
Super'r st'm	" 32,500

Of the two hundred and sixty-six disasters here detailed, nineteen occurred in April, thirty in May, seventeen in June, eleven in July, twenty-eight in August, thirty in September, thirty-nine in October, eighty in November and twelve in December.—Six steamers, two propellers and thirty sail vessels have gone out of existence entirely. The number of accidents exceeds those of last year by thirty-seven, while the loss of property is less by \$118,516.

DISASTERS.

Barque H. S. Bradley, from New Orleans for Philadelphia, ashore at Brandywine Shoals, cast anchor off Brandywine Light on the night 23d Dec., and subsequently parted both chains and went ashore on the upper end of the shoal where she bilged and filled.

Schr. Monterey at Philadelphia from Charleston, reports having fallen in with on the 13th Dec., a brig, name not ascertained, with the officers and crew of the barque Madonna on board. The Madonna which was bound from New Orleans for Boston, went ashore on Hatteras Shoals, and became a total wreck.—The M. took off three of the crew, and brought them to Philadelphia.

Schr. Fawn, from Philadelphia for Portsmouth, anchored off Cape Elizabeth at 1 A. M. 29th Dec. and at 11 A. M. During the storm, was driven ashore near Cape Cottage. It is thought the vessel will be a total loss.

Barque Silver Cloud, from Cape Town, C. G. H., put into this port 11th Dec., she is bound to Boston, and put in here in distress, having encountered heavy N. E. gales. Reports: 2d at 8 P. M., discovered a brilliant light, bearing N. N. W. by compass; at 11 P. M. a light breeze springing up, bore for the light; at 2 A. M. spoke ship Onward, of and from Portland for Jamaica, five days out, with all sails furled; had seen the fire the whole night previous, and supposed it to be a steamship; at 6 A. M., made out the hulk of a large ship on fire, dismasted and abandoned; when close up with the wreck, made out two boats to leeward, running for a brig in sight; at 8 A. M. spoke the brig Mazatlan, of Boothbay, Lewis, master, from Baltimore for Martinique, and received on board the captain, mate, second mate and crew of the burned vessel, which proved to be the Br. barque Irving of and for Liverpool from Charleston, 30 days out.

The Yarmouth Register states that a large dismasted vessel was

seen in the bay morn. of 30th Dec. with a signal of distress. There was not a vessel or boat there in a condition to go out to her. A schooner in addition to the Emma V. was ashore on Sandy Neck, between the Light and Scorton Neck. It is feared all hands were lost.

Barque Helen, at Boston from Galveston, reports: 31st Dec., Cape Cod W. by N. 60 miles, fell in with bark Midas, Jordan, from New Orleans for Boston, dismasted and leaky; had been on her beam ends 27th, when her masts were cut away and she righted. When abandoned she had but little water in her: took off the crew.

Schr. S. T. Smith, at Newport from Boston, reports: 31st Dec. fell in with schr. Renelcha Hallock, from Northport, L. I., for Boston, with loss of boat and sails, short of provisions, and in a sinking condition; took off the Captain and crew.

Schr. W. W. Wyer, from Goanaves, for Boston, at Holmes's Hole 23d Dec., experienced very heavy weather during the passage, and lost deck load. During a N. W. gale the same night, the W. W. W. dragged ashore, and on the 26th was full of water and broke amidships.

Packet ship Staffordshire, of and for Boston from Liverpool, was totally lost 30th Dec. with one hundred and seventy-seven lives and a valuable cargo.

Ship R. B. Forbes, at this port from Calcutta, reports: no date, lat. 27° 35' N. lon. 68° W., at 8 A. M. fell in with the ship Roman, 117 days from Canton, for New York in a sinking condition, having experienced very heavy weather and became unmanageable, took off the captain, 3 officers, 18 seamen and a few stores; at 9 A. M. the brig Wm. Price, from Rio Janeiro for Philadelphia, came up and took off the remaining 7 seamen and 1 passenger; lay by her until 3 P. M. when we left her.

Barque Cherokee, Getty, at Charleston from New Orleans; Dec. 13, at 8 A. M. saw a wreck on the lee beam;

went to her, and found her to be the schr. Jas. G. King, of New York, totally dismantled and water-logged, the sea making a clear breach over her; saw nothing on her but wheel and a chain cable hanging over the star-board bow and her bow sprit hanging alongside.

Schr. Benjamin Douglas, from Middletown for Philadelphia, was cast away on Absecom Beach, about 40 miles from Cape May, on Monday night, 16th Dec.

Brig Elmir, at this port from St. Domingo City, reports: Dec. 27, fell in with brig Zebra, of Yarmouth, from Turk's Islands for Portland, in a sinking condition, three feet of water in the hold; stayed by her 24 hours, but a gale coming on, took off the captain and crew she having at the time four feet of water in her hold.

Brig Suwannee, at this port from Apalachicola, reports: Jan. 1, at 11 A. M., fell in with schr. Tekoa, Jackman, of Newburyport, from Baltimore for Providence, and took off captain and crew.

The following concise account of vessels ashore on Cape Cod, we take from the Boston Daily Advertiser: Brig Wm. M. Rogers, from Cape Verde Islands, via Holmes's Hole for Boston, ashore at same place, vessel will be lost. Captain Skinner reports seeing a schooner go to pieces and all hands perish. Barque Elizabeth, from Matanzas, via Holmes's Hole for Boston, went ashore in the night. Schr. Emerald also ashore; crew saved. Brig Lillie Mills, from St. Marys, Geo., for Portland, with timber, is high and dry; crew saved. Barque Lysander. Snow, from Remedios 4th ult. for Boston, is high and dry; crew saved. Br. brig Boston, from Halifax for Boston is ashore; no lives lost. Schr. E. Bray, from Alexandria for Boston, is totally lost, first officer and steward drowned.—Schr. Caroline Richards, Pomeroy, from Fredericksburg for Boston, is high and dry; crew saved. Schr. Wetertich, from Florida for Boston, ashore; first officer and one sailor lost. Schrs. Hannah and Frederick ashore. Schr. Virgin Rock, in Pro-

vincetown Harbor. Schr. John Marshall, unknown, ashore. Schr. Chas. A. Hannum, Smith, from Norfolk for Portland, ashore near Race Point.—Schr. Leo, Burgess, from New York for Quincy, ashore. A number of vessels unknown, ashore at Herring Cove. Barque Ida, Hallett, from Baltimore for Boston, is ashore on Sandy Neck, two or three miles from Beach Point Light; crew saved; vessel in a bad position, with mizen mast gone, and is said to be bilged. Schr. Emma V., from Jacmel for Boston, is ashore near the end of Sandy Neck; crew saved; vessel supposed to be tight. Schr. Com. Kearney, from New York for Boston, is ashore half a mile W. of the Corporation Wharf, Dennis; struck a rock and bilged. Schr. Willow, from Philadelphia, with coal, is high and dry on Dennis Beach. The masts of a schr. were seen above the water at Dennis, which is supposed to have foundered while at anchor, taking down all hands. A schr. ashore at Brewster. Barque Nashua, from Philadelphia for Boston, is at anchor in Chatham harbor, with masts cut away. Brig Almatia, from Aux Cayes for Boston, went ashore at Chatham and bilged. Schr. Eben Herbert, from Philadelphia for Calais, went ashore at same place and bilged. A schr. is ashore on Sandy Neck; crew supposed to be lost.

Schr. Isabella, Smith, from Beaufort, N. C., for this port, sprung leak 22d Dec., and sunk 25th—the crew were taken off by a vessel arrived at Newport, R. I.

Barque Nacoochee, at this port from Cienfuegos, reports: Dec. 25th, fell in with the wreck of schr. J. W. Swain, Townsend, from Attakapas for New York, in a sinking condition, and took from her the Captain and crew.

Brig Clío, from Savannah, 5th January, via Holmes's Hole for Boston, went ashore in the gale, about a mile South of the fourth cliff, Scituate and will be a complete wreck.

Three schooners are ashore near the Monument, Plymouth; crews all saved.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

British Shipping.

A return, just printed, by order of the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Ingham, of the Shipping and Tonnage of the United Kingdom furnishes an account of the progress of British and Colonial Ship-building from the year 1814 to the present time.

One of the most remarkable facts presented by this statement is the tendency shown to increase the size of vessels. In 1814 the average capacity of all the ships constructed in Great Britain during that year was 122 tons, while in 1852 it was 235 tons. Hence, although the aggregate of new tonnage per annum has nearly doubled, the figures having been 86,075 tons in 1815, against 167,491 last year, the number of vessels built each year has remained nearly stationary, the total having been 706 in 1815, and 712 in 1852. In colonial-built ships this tendency is observable to a still greater extent, their average capacity having been only 84 tons in 1815, while in 1851 it had risen to 207 tons. At the same time, the advance of the colonies has been such that, notwithstanding the vast increase in the average capacity of their ships, the number constructed likewise shows an extraordinary augmentation. In 1815 they built 131 vessels, with a total capacity of 11,069 tons, and in 1851 the number was 680 vessels, with a capacity of 141,116 tons. In the face of all the apprehensions on account of the repeal of the Navigation Laws, the total tonnage of English vessels annually construct-

ed since that event, has shown a steady increase, and last year it was larger than at any former time, with the exception of 1840 and 1841 when an unusual addition was made in consequence of a speculative mania that had prevailed for some time at Sunderland. In the colonies the years 1840, 1841, 1842, and 1848 were the most active ever known; and, although after the latter year, during which a great stimulus had been imparted by the demand for freight occasioned by the famine which had just been experienced on this side, a reaction took place, there has subsequently been a steady recovery, until in 1851 the figures again rapidly approached the total from which they had receded. For 1852 the colonial returns are not yet complete, but they will probably show a considerable further advance.

The same document gives an account of the number of vessels belonging to the several parts of the British empire in each year, from 1814 to 1852 inclusive. From this it appears, that in 1814 the total number of vessels was 24,418, with an aggregate capacity of 2,616,965 tons, employing 172,786 men and boys. Last year the total number was 34,402 vessels, with a tonnage of 4,424,392 tons, employing 243,513 men and boys. During the interval of 39 years, therefore, the increase of vessels was equal to 41 per cent. of tonnage to 73 per cent., and of men to 40 per cent., the augmentation of capacity and the improvements in construction causing a comparative

economy in the number of persons employed.

A return is likewise given of the number of foreign ships purchased by British owners since the repeal of the Navigation Law, namely 1850, 1851, and 1852. From this it appears that the totals were 57, with a capacity of 10,499 tons in 1850; 26, with a capacity of 6,049 tons, in 1851; and 28, with a capacity of 6,724 tons, in 1852.

From the same return we also find that, in the year 1852, there were built and registered in the United Kingdom 650 steam and sailing vessels (timber), equal to a tonnage of 139,451, and 62 vessels (iron), of 28,040 tons. In the same year 2,485 vessels, with a tonnage of 432,545 were sold and transferred in the United Kingdom.

We also find that, in 1852 733 sailing, and 9 steam vessels of an aggregate tonnage of 143,784, belonging to the United Kingdom, were wrecked; and 78 sailing, and 29 steam vessels, of an aggregate tonnage of 7,212, also belonging to the United Kingdom, were broken up.

Notices to Mariners.

LIGHT ON BEAR ISLAND, (MAINE.)

—A fixed white light was exhibited on Monday, the sixth day of February, 1854, at sunset, and on each succeeding day from sunset to sunrise, in the lighthouse recently rebuilt to supply the place of the one destroyed by fire 1st December, on the Southwest point of Bear Island, (which is one of the Northernmost of the Cranberry Islands, and South of Mount Desert Island.) This light is intended as a guide to vessels entering Cranberry Island, Northern and Southwest harbors, and will illuminate three quarters of the arc of the horizon.

The tower is constructed of red brick, and is joined to the end of the keeper's dwelling; the roof of the lantern is painted black.

The centre of the lantern is 24 feet above the ground, and the base of the tower 83 feet above high water mark.

The light should be visible in good

weather, from a position ten feet above the water, at the distance of 15 1/2 nautical, or eighteen statute miles.

The approximate position of this light as derived from Blunt's Chart, is—

Lat. 44° 17' North.

Lon. 68° 17' 30 West from Greenwich.

The following magnetic bearings have been taken from the lighthouse.

T. Baker's Island Lighthouse, S. E. by S., distant 5 1/2 miles; Monument on Bunker's Dry Ledge, E. by S. 1/2 S., distant 2 1/4 miles; Granite Ledge, (8 feet at low water.) E. 1/2 S., distant 1 mile; outer end of Long Ledge, S. W. 3/4 S., distant 4 1/2 miles; Northwest point of Cranberry Island, S. by W. 1/2 W., distant 4 miles; Flynn's Ledge, S. W. by S., distant 3 miles.

By order of the Lighthouse Board.

W. B. FRANKLIN.

Corps Topog. Eng'rs, and Inspector

1st L. H. District.

Portland, Me., Dec. 8, 1853.

A letter from Capt. Marsh, of the ship E. L. B. Jenney, of Fairhaven, addressed to Mr. John Kehew, of this city, (says the New Bedford Mercury.) dated at sea July 25, 1853, reports the discovery of a very dangerous Reef in the chain of Japan Islands, bearing from the centre of Harbor Island, S. W. 7 miles distant. On Buntin's chart of the North Pacific, the island is called Beniten Sima, or Bungalow, Norie titles it Harbor Island. The reef extends N. N. E. and S. S. W. about seven-eighths of a mile, and in moderate weather there is no breaker. Capt. M. sounded and found at high water 12 feet in many places. Captain M. adds—"Although it may be known to many navigators, I have never seen it alluded to in any publication, chart, or newspaper, and I consider it highly important that navigators in the Japan sea should be apprised of its existence.

I also take the liberty to inform you that the Benin or Arzobispo Islands are placed on Blunt's general chart just one degree north of the real position."

Cabin Boy's Locker.

THE CABIN BOY.

A poor widow had become very miserable since the death of her husband. She was full of painful anxiety, and was very often famished for want of food, and endured great hardship. Her only son had just left school, and was so unhappy at the state to which his poor mother was reduced, that he went about everywhere, seeking what he could do to help her.

"We must not die of hunger," said he one day, "let me go to sea; perhaps I may be able to earn something for you."

His poor mother at last gave way to his entreaties, but it cost her a great deal to let him go, and almost broke her heart. The young boy went to the nearest seaport, to see if he could get put on board of a merchant vessel. He asked a great many captains to take him, but it was all in vain. After going from one to another, weary and sad, he thought he must return to his mother, but the thought of being a burden to her made him desperately miserable.—Just then he thought he saw another captain looking at him. John (that was the boy's name,) went up to him directly, and said,

"Please, sir, don't you want a cabin boy?"

"I'm looking out for one, here," said the captain.

"Oh, then, dear sir, to take me!"

"Show me your testimonials."

"No one knows me here, sir; if I were in my own parish, I could easily get some."

"I can't take a boy into my ship without any recommendation."

"Oh, sir, I'll be so obedient. I'll do whatever you bid me!"

"Oh, that's very well to say, my good fellow; but, once for all, I say I'll not have a boy without his certificate."

Poor John thought a moment, and looked about him with great sadness. Suddenly he recollected he had got his Bible. He took it out of his pocket and showed the captain what was written on the first page.

"Will that do sir, for a testimonial?"

The captain read—"Give" to John Reynolds, as a reward for his good conduct in the Sunday-School."

"Well, my boy, I'll take you on that recommendation. Follow me quickly to my ship."

John is now on board, on his way to St. Petersburg. After a few days, a violent storm arose, and the vessel was in danger of shipwreck. In the midst of the general confusion and alarm, John took out his Bible and read the 51st Psalm aloud to them. He then knelt down and earnestly prayed to God to make the storm cease, and to save them from its fury. One by one the sailors, and even the captain, fell on their knees and prayed with him. It pleased God to hear their prayer; the wind ceased, and the ship went on her way in safety.

"It was happy for me when I decided to take you, my boy," said the captain. "As soon as we reach St. Petersburg, you shall have a day on shore, for your prayers have saved the ship."

He kept his promise, and the boy employed his holiday in going all over that large and beautiful city. He stopped in front of the Emperor's palace, and stood still, admiring all the magnificent carriages which were passing to and fro. While thus employed, he saw something fall out of one of them. He picked it up; it was a beautiful diamond bracelet. He ran after the carriage, and called out to the coachman to stop, but it was useless. The carriage was soon quite out of sight. John went back directly to the captain, and showed him what he had found.

"You're a lucky fellow John; these are very valuable diamonds."

"But they are not mine," answered John.

"Where did you find them?"

"They fell out close to me; I picked them up and ran after the carriage, but the coachman drove on, and neither saw nor heard me."

"Well John, you did all you could to give them back to their owners; now they are yours, you can sell them in London, and get a great deal of money for them."

But John was much too honest to be caught by the bait.

"No, no, captain, the diamonds are not mine. If we had a storm in re-returning to England, I could not pray to the Lord with such a dishonest intention in my heart; and what would become of us then?"

"Ah, I had not the thought of that," said the captain, who only wanted to try him,—“come, we'll try and find the owner."

He was soon discovered, and John received £50 as a reward for his honesty. An immense sum for him! At the captain's advice he laid it out in furs, which he afterwards sold in England for double the price they had cost him. With this little fortune and a light joyous heart, he begun his journey home. He soon saw the cottage where he had left his poor mother; but the path was all grown over with grass, the windows were shut up, the house was empty. Poor John was almost broken-hearted. "Doubtless," he thought, "my poor mother had died of want and misery." But

he just then recognized one of the neighbors, who ran up to him and told him his mother was still living, and was well, though in the almshouse. With what delight they met, and how happy and grateful did John feel, when he brought her back to their own cottage again! It is his greatest delight to take every care of her, and to support her with his own labor. Now, dear children, God's Word was the cause of all this. This it was which changed the child's heart, and taught him to be an honest boy, full of trust, in the Lord, and made him a tender, dutiful son. This it was which, by the Spirit of God, instructed and directed him. This it is which speaks to him of Christ, the sinner's friend, and makes him look to be with Jesus in heaven, so that he can say with David, "Thy word giveth wisdom and understanding to the simple." Remember, dear children, that if you pray for God's spirit to bless the reading, hearing, and learning of it to your hearts, it can do all this for you too.—*Ch. Pen. Mag.*

"I am rich enough," says Pope to Swift, "and can afford to give away a hundred pounds a year. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good. I will enjoy the pleasure of giving what I give by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it." "When I die," he added, "I should be ashamed to leave enough for a monument, if there was a wanting friend above ground."

Be Content.

There was a boy who only wanted a marble. When he had the marble, he only wanted a ball; when he had a ball, he only wanted a top; when he had a top, he only wanted a kite; and when he had marble, ball, top and kite, he was not happy.

There was a man who only wanted money. When he had money, he only wanted a house; when he had a house, he only wanted land; when he had land, he only wanted a carriage; and when he had money, house, land, and a carriage, he wanted more than ever.

Be content with little; for much will have more, all the world over.

New York, March, 1854.

Sailors' Homes.

It is with a sincere gratification that we mark the progress and usefulness of these invaluable institutions. On another page is a very gratifying statement of what the enterprising citizens of St. John, New Brunswick, are doing for the protection and improvement of the seamen visiting that port. Their home promises to be an ornament and honor to their city as well as a blessing to the seamen.

So also in Portland, Me.

A correspondent writes us recently from Portland:—"What think you of \$5,000 given by nine men for our new home? We hope easily to raise the other \$5,000 and have a good house, well furnished for 100 sailors, in a respectable street away from the docks, and yet within two hundred yards of the Liverpool steamers, &c."

What do we think? We think those gentlemen will find it very difficult to invest the same amount of money in any other enterprise which will yield so large, and rich, social, moral and commercial results.

Correspondence of the Sailor's Magazine.

Mobile Bay Bethel Enterprise.

DEAR SIR:—Without preface or apology I address myself to you, to

remind you of the work which it seems the Seamen's Friend Society has begun with the sanction and concurrence of the good people of Mobile. I say good, for there are some of the excellent of the earth here, who are striving to stem the torrent of profanity, and vice which assails one's eyes and ears, at every corner of the lower parts of the city.

Like other new, and strange enterprises, in the midst of opposition, that of placing a floating Chapel, (or Bethel, as it is called) in the lower Bay for the purpose of preaching the Gospel to seamen, is in danger of making a failure, unless you are thoroughly apprised of the strong opposition it will receive from King Alcohol. He has spread his nets in every direction to catch sailors, and as Jack cannot come to his nets on shore, he has them spread all over the Bay.—To drop the figure, ardent spirits are sold at the bar of all the tobacco boats and steamers, which ply daily between the fleet in the bay, and this city. Now the question arises, shall the whole commercial marine visiting this bay succumb to these retailers of liquid fire? I do not now appeal as a christian, but only as an eye witness of the evil of the system. I ask, do the ship owners of New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Maine and New Hampshire, know

how their property is in danger in this lower bay all the time the ship lies here? Do they know the reason that they cannot keep a white crew here on board without a mutiny?—Tell them it is because "Alcohol" is triumphant.

It is no interest to the steamers to keep it on board, I am assured by their agents. Why then allow the steward to fill up his flagons every trip? I am told the steward pays for this privilege. Why have not shipmasters complained about it before this? Simply because they are so accustomed to see it in every port, and no one likes to become unpopular with those who connect him, and his goods, to and from his ship.

Now as a christian. If the property is in danger, how much more in danger is the never dying souls of these men, who are not permitted to have a sober thought enter their head. Will you send your chaplain down there in that dreary Bay, to be discouraged and broken hearted, at the sight and sound of drunkenness, and profanity? If not, then before another season revolves round, send out an opposition towboat company to Mobile, which shall be conducted on sober, mercantile principles; for then it will be conducted on Christian principles, without injury to our neighbor. The steamers carry from 1,000 to 1,200 bales of cotton and charge 25 cents per bale. Every passenger pays \$1 for passage, dinner not included, I believe. It is expected you will patronize the bar, if you want to be treated civilly.

The Underwriters of New York, I should think, have some interest in this subject. How many ships have taken fire, and burned up, in this bay? What was their value? Now, the most of the ships come here with

colored men, few of which are sailors. Some have Lascars and Chinamen. Among the American ships, scarcely a white man stays on board. On board of the English ships there are some whites, who cannot steal the boat to get away.

Now what are the prospects of your chaplain under these circumstances? I fear he will be disheartened, and the good work stopped, unless you can find some means of removing the grog. Your own old friend,

TERROTAL.

Mobile Jan. 14th. 1844.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

The Bethel Meeting.

This meeting has been held weekly at the Mariner's Church, Roosevelt street, for nearly thirty four years. It is a meeting for prayer and mutual conference conducted mostly by shipmasters and seamen.

At the meeting last evening a portion of Scripture was read in which are found these words, "He lightly afflicted the land of Zebulon and the land of Naphtali, and afterward did more grievously afflict her by the way of the sea." After prayer and a few remarks in reference to the recent disasters and loss of life, a sailor rose and said, "I feel it a privilege indeed to be here, it is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven. Twenty years ago my soul, I trust, was converted under this roof. I have not been here since that time till to-day, and how changed is New York! I did not know where I was till I saw on the lamps over the door the inviting words "Bethel Meeting"; but brethren I must confess that I have "erred through wine and strong drink," but I remember when the candle of the Lord shone around me, and hope I shall again

experience his loving kindness and tender mercy. Pray for your poor unworthy brother."

Another said, "It was a blessed day when I wandered into this Church and found peace to my soul."

An interesting sailor boy rescued from the wreck of the San Francisco by Capt Crighton of the "Three Bells," was there to express his gratitude to God for his wonderful deliverance.

These meetings are frequently of great interest and serve to encourage the friends of seamen when one after another arises and relates his religious experience, and tells of the "works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep."

Eternity alone can reveal the number of seamen that have here been born again, and become partakers of the inheritance of the saints in glory.

L. P. H.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Letter to Sailors.

My Dear Friends:—Shall I tell you how it came into my head to write to you. Simply thus,—I have been hearing some ladies talk much of a box of clothing, which they were making for the shipwrecked sailors at the Home, in New York, and it made me very sad to think that I could not aid in so good a work. Then I thought that I was strong enough to say a few words, and perhaps if they were spoken in a right spirit they might reach some sailor's heart and do him as much good as a comfortable garment. I do not think that any of you know how many friends you have on land. When far away at sea, it might be a comfort to you to realize that many pious hearts were sympathizing in all your trials, and asking God to send you help in your hour of need.

Many a gale which has died away, just as you began to feel that if it lasted much longer all was over, may have been checked in answer to the prayers of some unknown friends.—Mothers and sisters, whose own beloved relations are exposed to the fury of the waves, send up very earnest petitions for all exposed to the same danger, and if you have no such dear ones yourself, you may be much indebted to the faith and love of those who are interested in all seamen, for the sake of an erring brother or son.

But though we can ask God to help you, our love will be vain unless you do something for yourselves. He may save you from the jaws of death, but sooner or later the evil must come. Those kind ladies may send you very comfortable clothing, but will it last forever? There is one garment which you will all need, but it cannot be made by mortal hands. All you may wear on earth and your winding sheet may be prepared by loving friends, but there is still another dress, with which no earthly friend can furnish you. Those very garments, at which I am looking, may be the last you will wear on this earth. At the cry of "a man overboard" that flannel may disappear beneath the waves, itself your shroud. Do you ask what more then you will ever need? Do you not know that the sea shall give up its dead and that small and great must stand before God, stand in the same body that served him on earth, or put him to open shame. And how shall the body then be clothed? Not in the garments that it wore on earth. All who are going to enter heaven, will wear the same dress—a robe of white, and where can it be bought?—No one will purchase it then. Now is the time to procure that garment, and

it is given freely to all who ask for it, believing that they shall receive.— Do you know what I mean now?— It is called “the robe of the Saviour’s righteousness.” What good would the garments those ladies are making do, to the shivering sailors, if they would not put them on? And what good will the love of Christ do you, if you do not make it your own. Full of sin as you are, you have only to own your guilt and need of this covering, and he will place upon you this robe of righteousness.

I have read of a very pious lady whose heart was for a long time and because she knew nothing of the fate of a sailor brother. At last a man died in a foreign hospital in whose chest there was found a Bible, and another excellent book which had been given him, by the brother for whom this lady mourned. This was all she ever knew of his fate, but it made her heart more light. She thought that if he valued those good books, there was reason to hope that he had been preparing for heaven, in the midst of the storms of life. Have you any such books that may reach your friends to whisper consolation? I remember seeing a sailor once, who kept a Bible in his locker as if it were a charm, but he never read it. He might as well have expected to be warmed by clothes which he never wore. If you have one, open it and read about that dress which you will need when you stand before God. If you were going to see a king I am sure you would want to know what you were going to wear; so you must find out the court dress of the King of Kings. If but one sailor will only inquire for the robe of righteousness at his hands, by whom alone it can be bestowed, I shall not have written this letter in vain. Perhaps we may

meet in heaven and pointing exultingly to your spotless garment, you may tell me of his mercy who washed you in his blood and clothed you in that glorious dress. God grant that it may be so prays your friend earnestly.

C. L. T.

The Old Dartmoor Prisoner.

Mr. George Clark, for many years the Carrier of the Sailor’s Magazine, it is known to many died a short time since at an advanced age in this city.

He was a devoted christian, for many years a sailor and one of the Dartmoor prisoners who suffered years in a dreary prison for his country— We write this to call attention to the condition of his poor and infirm widow now living at No. 32 Goerck St. near the East river. She is in want and has no relatives to aid her. We will send from our office anything left for her benefit.

The Christian Anchor.

BY JONATHAN BRACE.

What is this? It is the Christian’s hope. “Which hope,” says an apostle, “We have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil; whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus.”

Much has been said and written on the nature and office of hope. It has moved the pen of essayists, and inspired the lay of poets. Hope, however, is one thing, and a christian’s hope is another; and the above words taken from the sacred oracles, describe a Christian’s hope. The metaphor employed to set it forth is the *anchor*.

As the anchor cast into the water falls to the bottom, passes beyond our sight, reaches for the solid earth and fixes there, holding fast the ship, and keeping her secure amidst the roar of the billows and the raging of the tempest; so the christian’s hope cast within the veil, piercing beyond the visi-

ble to the invisible, and fastening on the covenant of God in Christ Jesus, keeps the Christian safe and firm, amidst the waves of persecution, affliction and death. The apostle says that it is the *Christian's* hope that does this; not every hope. There are a variety of hopes. Every soul has a hope. In this sense it is true that every soul has an anchor. But not every soul has a sure and steadfast anchor; for the anchor is not cast in the right place, takes not hold of the right object; in nautical phrase, it *drags*, and the soul not secure drifts and strikes on the rocks of destruction.

We remember seeing some years since, an account of a ship freighted with passengers, which encountered a terrific gale in the Mediterranean Sea, near Gibraltar. To ride out the gale was impossible; the mainmast had gone by the board, and the sails were torn to ribbons. At this awful crisis they resorted to their anchors. They had two, a large and a smaller one: They dropped the first, and the chain which held it, *parted!* Their only hope was now in the smaller and lighter one. If that gives way all is lost.

They drop it; it strikes the sand, but too light to hold the ship while resting on such a bottom, it is dragged along by the ship, which is blown by the winds towards a lee-shore, where the roar of the breakers is distinctly heard! Despair takes the place of hope, and they await their fate. But some of the passengers are Christians, and they pray. They remember to have read in the book of God: "the energetic prayer of the righteous man, availeth much;" "call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee;" and so to "Him who rides upon the stormy winds, and manages the seas," they lift the voice of earnest supplication. Suddenly, unexpectedly, unaccountably, and near the very jaws of the breakers, the vessel stops. The little anchor has caught something and is fastened there. It holds; the ship drifts no longer; and the passengers are safe!

The storm having abated, and the wind having changed to a favorable

quarter, they attempt to raise the anchor; but the usual complement of men cannot do it. More hands are employed; and they at last succeed in drawing it up. But they draw it not up alone. It is connected with another anchor, an anchor which once belonged to a seventy-four gun ship which was wrecked off Gibraltar, years before. The little anchor dragging along the sand, had caught in the ring of this heavy one, and in this fact under God, was their safety to be attributed. The ring of that heavy anchor was emblematic of that place which the Christian's hope enters, and that covenant on which it fastens. It gives not way. Let the winds blow, and the rain beat, and the breakers thunder against the rocks: it is firm, by being fastened to the throne of God, and the soul is safe.

Reader, where is the anchor of thy hope cast? Look well to that. See that it fixes upon nothing under heaven, but upon Jesus Christ in heaven. "He that hath the Son hath life."—And he only. The cable not woven from the merits of Jesus, and fastened to him, parts in the violence of the storm of death, and leaves the soul to destruction, a wreck on the shores of a miserable eternity!—*Evan.*

The Great Wreck of the Year.

The past has been distinguished as a year of wrecks. No year of the last half century has been so fatal in the loss of life and property in the sea; and no one of the many wrecks has been so disastrous, or created so deep a public sympathy as that of the Steamship *San Francisco*. She sailed from New York for California, Dec. 22, with 500 soldiers, and their wives, children and officers, numbering about 100 more. The number of passengers was about 20 or 30, the crew over 100, making about 750 souls on board. The story of her first day's pleasant sail; then of the rising storm which deepened into the

farious gale, destroying the noble ship and hurrying some 200 souls into eternity; then the appearance under Providence, of three ships, all of them out of their true course, which appeared for the relief of the survivors, has been too often told to require repetition. The whole scene has awakened, throughout the land, feelings and acts highly creditable to humanity, and the holier impulses of the religion of Christ.

We have room only to record the Resolutions adopted by the Merchants and Common Council of the City of New York, and to say that in other cities also, as in Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, similar efficient action has been taken, and uniformly with the most gratifying results. At the meeting of the Merchants in the New York Exchange, Geo. Griswold, Esq. in the chair, the following resolutions were adopted, viz:

Resolved, As the sense of this meeting, that the highest praise is due to Capt. Crichton, of the British ship *Three Bells* of Glasgow; Capt. Lowe of the barque *Kilby* of Boston; and Capt. Stouffer of the ship *Antarctic*, of New York, for their humane, generous, and heroic conduct in rescuing the passengers, officers, and crew, of the steamer *San Francisco*, in their late perilous exposure on the ocean, which was accomplished at the imminent hazard of the lives, of those noble-hearted men, and those who acted under their command.

Resolved. That as an expression of the high sense entertained by this community of their magnanimous conduct, a piece of plate be presented to Capt. Crichton, Capt. Lowe and Capt. Stouffer, and that some proper testimonial be presented to each of the officers and crew of the ships above named, at the discretion of the Committee appointed for the purpose.

Resolved. That the Committee appointed be authorized to solicit funds from our own fellow citizens for the purposes named, and to present the

testimonials to the persons designated, and that the committee have power to add to their number.

Resolved. That a petition to both Houses of Congress be prepared by the said committee, and that the signatures of our fellow citizens be obtained to it, requesting that ample provision be made by the Government of the United States to indemnify the losses incurred by the commanders and owners of the vessels above named; in their endeavors to save the lives of the officers and soldiers of the United States Army from the wreck of the *San Francisco*, and to grant some testimonials of approbation to the commanders, officers, and crews of the "*Three Bells*," "*Kilby*" and "*Antarctic*."

Resolved. That these resolutions be signed by the officers of the meeting, and published in the newspapers of the city, at the discretion of the committee.

The following committee was appointed to collect money to carry out the objects of the resolution.

Committee.

T. Tileston,	W. H. Aspinwall,
D. Duer	K. L. Taylor,
A. A. Low,	James Lee,
Wait Sherman,	Caleb Barslow,
A. B. Neilson,	Z. Cook,
Moses Taylor	Henry Grinnell,
Russell Sturgess,	Wm. Nelson,
J. H. Brower,	David Olyphant,
R. B. Minturn,	W. Delano, Jr.,
J. W. Alsop,	J. D. Ogden,
S. Livingston,	John C. Green,
Jona. Sturges,	E. K. Collins,
P. Perit,	N. Merritt,
A. C. Kingsland,	Royal Phelps,
Joseph Walker,	Robert Kelly,
H. K. Bogert,	F. A. Delano,
Edward Cunard,	C. R. Robert,
David Ogden,	Edw. Richardson.

At a subsequent meeting of the Committee, P. Perit, Esq. in the Chair, Mr. Tileston, Treasurer, announced that the sum in his hands amounted to \$17,350. This sum was voted to be disposed of as follows:

To the Captains of the *Three Bells*,

Kilby and Antarctic, each \$2,500, a gold medal, and silver pitcher, or tea service at option.

To the mates of the above three ships \$25 and a gold medal each.

To the second mates, \$200 each, and a gold medal.

To the petty officers, \$100 each and a gold medal.

To the seamen, \$50 each and a silver medal.

To the Captain of the Lucy Thompson, a service of plate to and \$1000 and a gold medal.

To the other officers of the Lucy Thompson, a gold medal each, and half the amount in money awarded to the officers of like grade of the first named three ships.

To the seamen of the Lucy Thompson, each \$25 and a silver medal.

A service of plate valued at \$1000 and a gold medal to Lieut. Murray of the Navy.

A service of plate valued at \$1000, and a gold medal to Capt. Watkins.

To Mr. Marshall, Chief Engineer of the San Francisco, \$500 and a gold medal.

To the first Mate of the San Francisco, \$250 and a gold medal.

To the second Mate of the San Francisco \$200 and a gold medal.

The Board of Aldermen passed unanimously the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, It is a wise and prudent policy to notice with marks of approbation any act of noble daring and heroic courage, whether accomplished upon the land or upon the sea, and to express our admiration of individuals who, regardless of themselves, and anxious only for the safety of their fellow men, hazard their own lives in an attempt to rescue and preserve those of others; and

Whereas, In the recent calamity which occurred to the ship San Francisco upon her voyage from this port to San Francisco, by which the lives of upwards of one hundred and seventy persons were suddenly sacrificed, the disinterested courage and noble conduct of Capt Robert Crighton, and crew of the British ship Three Bells, from Glasgow, and bound to this port, was the means of rescuing from an

awful death two hundred and thirty persons, among whom were women and helpless children, and many officers and soldiers of our Government, at the imminent hazard of their own lives, and who did so nobly stay by the unfortunate vessel for six days, during a severe gale of wind, and at a time when his ship was in a leaky condition, and heavily loaded with chloride of lime; and whereas, Capt. Lowe, of the bark Kilby, of Boston, did, at the same time, remain by the wreck of the above unfortunate vessel, and with his crew nobly aid and rescue the unfortunate passengers from the above named wreck, while at the same time, his ship was in a leaky condition, short of provisions, and nearly destitute of sails; and whereas, Capt. Stonffer of the ship Antarctic, of New York, with his crew, did nobly aid, and, with heroic devotion, endeavor to rescue the passengers from the above unfortunate vessel; and whereas, Capt. Pendleton of the American ship Lucy Thompson, of New York, did generously aid in bringing into this port a portion of the surviving passengers; therefore

Resolved, That the Common Council of the City of New York have heard with feelings of gratitude and deep interest, of the daring and gallant conduct of the officers and crews of the above named vessels, who, at the imminent hazard of their lives, were the means of saving a large number of persons from the San Francisco, upon the occasion of the recent shipwreck, and for which they are entitled to, and we do hereby tender to them the thanks of the inhabitants of of this, the first commercial city of the Western World, and commend them and their families to the care and attention of those whose duty it is to protect the interests of our gallant seamen.

Resolved, That the Freedom of this City be tendered to Capt. Robert Crighton of the ship Three Bells, and to Capt. Lowe of the bark Kilby, and a copy of this resolution; and that a committee of three be appointed to carry the same into effect.

The resolutions were carried unanimously, and Aldermen Blunt, Hoffmire and Lord appointed a committee.

The manner in which these and similar resolutions have been carried out, shows that generous acts can be generously appreciated, and that true nobility should not go unrewarded.

Letters from Polyne ia.

HONOLULU, Dec. 28, 1853.

Fall Shipping Season—Marquesian Missionary—Expedition—Steam Navigation at the Sandwich Islands—Annexation. &c.

Our Fall shipping season, with the year 1853, is now closing. Two hundred and fifty-two whale ships are reported as having touched at the various islands since the shipping season commenced, or since about September 1st. On board these numerous vessels there have been engaged not less than seven thousand seamen. Adding to these a thousand more belonging to vessels of war, besides another thousand belonging to merchant vessels, and it will appear that not less than ten thousand seamen have visited this group of islands during the last four months.—To meet the spiritual wants of this class of men, more effort has been put forth than ever before. This is especially true in regard to Honolulu. During this period our Hawaiian Tract Society, has employed a Colporteur at \$100 per month. He has shown himself to be a most suitable man, active, patient, self denying and devoted. I have necessarily been a constant observer of his labors. He has held many extra meetings among seamen. The influence has been to reclaim many backsliders and awaken several, whose attention had hitherto been uninterested in the great subject of salvation. I have observed that the influence of these extra meetings has increased the attendance of seamen upon the regular preaching of the Sabbath, and the stated meetings

of the week. So true it is, that one good effort calls forth another, and when the gospel leaven begins to work, it will go on until the whole is leavened. I doubt not, many seamen have attended meetings in Honolulu this fall, who are now savingly benefited, although they are far away from us. Seed has been cast upon the waters. At our last communion two seamen united with our Bethel Church, and others are intending to come forward. I witness enough to convince me, that praying christians in the United States have abundant encouragement to continue their supplications, in behalf of those "going down to the sea in ships."

A few weeks since the "Royalist" returned from her expedition to Marquesas.

The successful trip of this vessel to Marquesas is the occasion of much joy to all those interested in fitting out the Missionary expedition to Fathiva. All, and even more, has been accomplished, than the most sanguine friends of the enterprise reasonably expected. Whatever may be the future history of the mission, "the past is secure," and the historian of missions in Polynesia will record one more praiseworthy effort to convey the gospel to the benighted shores of Marquesas.

As some of your readers may not be acquainted with the origin of this enterprise, we would state a few particulars. Last February, Captain Shockley, of the 'Tamerlane,' brought to the Sandwich Islands a native of Fathiva, the most leeward of the Marquesas group. He represented himself as a chief, and person of influence, and that he had come for Christian teachers. The directors of the Hawaiian Missionary Society, sustained by the voice of the commu-

nity, listened to the appeal, and sent out a company of Hawaiians, as missionaries, who were accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Parker. He has returned, and reports that he saw the missionaries safely landed on the island of Fatuhiva. Makounui, the Chief was joyfully welcomed by his countrymen, and his reception showed that he was what he professed to be. He was one of several chiefs on the island, although not the sole chief, as he never professed to be. Mr. Parker remained on the island about ten days, the guest of Makounui. The Hawaiian Missionaries were well received, and Mr. Parker thinks that in a few weeks they will be able to proceed without difficulty in the Fatuhiva dialect. Mr. Bicknell, who went out with the expedition, had taken up his abode at Fatuhiva, and was laboring harmoniously with the missionaries. Mr. Parker spent two Sabbaths upon the island, and held religious services each day. The natives were respectful and attentive, evidently much gratified to have the missionaries located upon the island. At the Monthly Concert for November, Mr. Parker gave a full account of the expedition, which was highly interesting and instructive; after which a collection of \$43 00 was taken up.

The 'Royalist' touched, both going and returning, at Tahiti, where every facility was afforded to promote the success of the enterprise. The French Governor was not inclined to furnish a written document certifying that the Hawaiian missionaries would be protected; but he assured Mr. Parker that such would be the fact. The French flag, the Governor said, had never been hoisted on Fatuhiva, although claimed by the French; but it now would be, and occasionally a vessel of war would visit the island,

as foreigners had gone thither to reside.

One significant incident occurred while the "Royalist" lay at Fatuhiva. Four days after her arrival, and while Mr. Parker was assisting in the establishment of the mission, with the full approbation of the native population, a French brig-of-war arrived and landed a Catholic priest and two Sandwich Island Missionaries. They left before the "Royalist," and took away again the priest, but intimated that soon a priest would come to reside permanently upon the island.

A new era, that of steam, seems really to have dawned upon the Sandwich Islands. In years past various unsuccessful attempts have been made to introduce steam navigation among the Islands, but, at last, a Company has been formed under circumstances which indicate a favorable result. So far as travelling among the islands, it is going to put a new aspect upon affairs. Hitherto, the inconveniences on board small native schooners has almost absolutely barred pleasure-travelling. Men went for business, but no one for pleasure or health, unless because well nigh *desperate*! I have already made a trip to Lahaina, going and returning in two days. Formerly I could not have calculated upon less than six or seven days, and even more.

Our late U. S. Commissioner and family, Mr. Severance, is about to embark for the United States, we regret to part with so valuable a man. He has suffered much from sickness during his residence among us, but he has sustained the character of the country, and endeared himself to the community. The family will leave with the good wishes of all.

News has just reached the islands

of the organization of the Republic of Sonora, and the probable war between Russia and Turkey. Affairs in our little corner of the world, do not seem altogether settled. Rumor, swift-winged and noisy reports strange probabilities. Time will disclose the truth. Some of my neighbors strong-

ly advocate annexation to the United States, but the question arises, do the good people of the United States really want these sunny isles? Would they take them if offered, free and unshackled? "Ah, there's the rub."

Yours, truly,

S. C. D.

Deaths in the Seamen's Retreat, Staten Island.

Name.	Age.	Birthplace.	Died.
Henry Harp,	38	Delaware,	August 1, 1853.
Samuel Yates,	30	Maine,	" 1, "
John Dolphens, (col'd)	22	Massachusetts,	" 4, "
Michael Carol,	20	Ireland,	" 4, "
A. G. Turner,	27	Maine,	" 6, "
George Dougherty,	17	Nova Scotia,	" 11, "
John Brown,	37	Ireland,	" 15, "
Charles Miller,	37	Sweden,	" 18, "
Andrew Gould,	22	New Hampshire,	" 23, "
James Watkins, (Bl'k)	54	New Jersey,	" 26, "
Charles Johnson,	21	Germany,	" 30, "
William Maxwell,	34	Ireland,	Sept'r, 2, "
Akro,	25	East Indies,	" 3, "
Frederick Jackson,	23	New York,	" 3, "
John R. Closson,	25	Maine,	" 7, "
Jacob Lowrie,	27	Prussia,	" 8, "
William Newman,	32	England,	" 16, "
Thomas Wilson,	32	Norway,	" 21, "
James McLaughlin,	22	Ireland,	" 26, "
Abraham Johnson, (Bl'k)	47	Maryland,	" 26, "
Patrick Burke,	26	Ireland,	Oct'r, 2, "
Paul Higgins,	24	Ireland,	" 18, "
David Baker,	24	Scotland,	" 23, "
Thomas Hanwright,	23	New York,	Nov'r, 2, "
Carl Bendick,	19	Denmark,	" 2, "
John Bowles,	38	England,	" 2, "
Joseph Steples,	23	Massachusetts,	" 3, "
Jas. H. Hill,	37	Rhode Island,	" 6, "
Victor Barry,	19	Sweden,	" 10, "
Chas. Kent,	25	England,	" 11, "
James Mead,	43	England,	" 21, "
John Fields,	43	Maine,	" 27, "
Elias Stout, (Bl'k),	27	New Jersey,	" 27, "
Joseph Angell, (Bl'k),	28	Pennsylvania,	" 27, "
James Knight,	38	New York,	" 28, "
John Wilson,	18	Sweden,	" 29, "
Olof Nelson,	21	Norway,	Dec'r, 2, "
John Ashcroft,	21	England,	" 3, "
Alexander Christie,	44	Ireland,	" 15, "
James Cobbett,	45	Virginia,	" 15, "
Charles Pearson,	55	South Carolina,	" 16, "
John Brown, (Col.),	24	Manilla,	" 27, "

Persons desiring more particular information of the above may address undersigned.

Stapleton, S. I. New York.

D. E. FRANCES,

Chaplain.

NOTICE.

Agents and Subscribers indebted to the Saylor's Magazine, will confer a favor by remitting the same before the end of April, the closing of our financial year.

Deaths in the Pacific.

July 27th Joseph Ryder, aged 24 years. He was a seaman, belonging to Sag Harbor, Long Island. His disease the small pox.

Drowned in Bhering Sea, Sept. 24th, by being struck by a whale. Wm. Sutherland, Boat-steerer of whaleship Robert Morrison, about 24 years of age, formerly of Lowell, Mass.

Killed, Oct. 15th, off Gores Island, in the act of boarding a blanket piece, Capt. Brown of whaleship Ontario.

Account of Monies.

From Jan. 15th, to Feb. 15th, 1854.

Directors for Life by the Payment of Fifty Dollars.

Henry Remsen, New York, by his father, (amt. ac. bl'w)
Mrs. Samuel C. Atkin, Cleveland, Ohio, by Ladies' Beth-el Society, Catskill, N. Y., 50 00

Members for Life by the Payment of Twenty Dollars.

Valentine G. Hall, Jr., New York, by his father, amt. ack. below.)
J. Marcus Boorman, N. York, by his father, (amt. ack. below)
Rev. Stephen Hubbell, North Stonington, Ct., by William Williams Esq., Norwich, Ct. 20 00
Langdon S. Ward, N. York, (amt. prev. ac'k.)
Chauncey Manwarren, by Ladies Benev. Soc'y, Clinton, Ct., 25 00
Miss Jane A. Downer, by Mrs. E. Whiting and Mrs. F. Johnson, Norwich, Ct., (amt. ack. below)

Denise Thompson, by Ref'd Dutch Ch., Freehold, N. J., 30 13
George Benedict, by Cong'l Soc., South Norwalk, Ct., 20 00
Capt. C. B. Pendleton, of ship Lucy Thompson, by Sec'd Cong'l Soc. Norwich, Ct., (amt. ack. b. low.)
Rev. Joseph Nimmo, by Pres. Ch. Huntington, N. Y., 22 79
Rev. Edmund O. Bates, by Meth. Epis. Ch., Huntington. (in part) 10 62
Rev. B. F. Parsons, by Cong. Ch. and Soc. Dover, N.H., 23 00

Donations.

From Ref. Dutch Ch., Washington, Square, N. Y., 322 15
" Sam'l P. Holmes, N. Y., 20 00
" Cong. Soc., Wilton, Ct., 10 31
" Cong. Soc., Patchogue, N. Y., 6 00
" An old Sailor, N. York, 5 00
" First Soc'y Norwich, Ct., 25 00
" Cong. Soc'y Greenville, Ct., 17 16
" Russell Hubbard, Norwich, Ct., 20 00
" Spring street Pres. Ch. New York, (including subscriptions) 114 27
" First Parish, Easthampton, Mass., 21 00
" Balance from First Cong. Soc., Waterbury, Ct., 2 00
" Cong. Soc., Higganum, Ct., 9 00
" A Friend in N. Adams, Mass., 2 00
" Ref. Dutch Ch., Market St., New York, 123 21
" Boston Sea. Fr'd Soc., Boston, 374 35
" Balance from Pres. Ch. Astoria, N. Y., 2 00
" S. S. Arnold, West Halifax, Vt., 3 00
" Cong. Soc'y, Torrington, Ct., 23 21
" A Lady in Rev. J. Marselus' Cong., N. Y., 6 00
" Cong. Soc., Woolwich, Me., 5 83
" First Church of Christ, East Haddam, Ct., 10 00

" Balance from Con. Soc., Sharon, Ct.,	9 50
" A Friend, New York,	2 00
" W. R. Post, Southampton, N. Y.,	5 00
" H. C. Baker, N. York,	4 00
" Francis Mills, N. York.	2 00
" Ladies and Gentlemen in Second Con. Soc., Norwich, Ct.,	137 84
" A Friend, New York,	1 00
" Pres. Church, Mendon, N. J.,	33 47
" Sabbath School Miss. Ass. in Center Ch., New Haven, Ct.,	30 76
" Mrs. Dr. Heming, Steubenville, Ohio,	3 00
" H. Talcott, Portland, Ct.,	3 00
" Balance from Con. Soc., Birmingham, Ct.,	3 00
" Cong. Ch. and Soc'y, Hancock, N. H.,	6 54
" Cong. Ch. and Soc'y, Haverhill and Plaistow, N. H.,	7 24
" Balance from Con. Soc., Fitzwilliam, N. H.,	1 00
" Cong. Ch. and Soc'y, Gorham, Me.,	25 00
" A few Friends, Camden, Me.,	4 00
" Cong'l Ch. and Soc'y Hampton, N. H.,	20 00
	<hr/>
	\$1,421 41

Legacies.

From the late Miss Susan Baldwin, of Newark, N. J.,	856 25
" Late Mary Congar, of Newark, N. J.,	1,000 00
	<hr/>
	\$1,356 25

Sailor's Home, N. Y.

A few ladies of the Pres. Cong'n Washingtonville, N. Y., 14 Flannel Shirts.	
Ladies Bethel Soc. Catskill, N. Y., 25 pair Sheets.	
Young Ladies Miss'y Soc'y in Seminary, Bloomfield, N. J., 5 quilts and sundry papers.	
Juvenile Sewing Circle, Fitzwilliam, N. H., one Quilt.	

Moneys received into the Treas'y of the Boston Sea. Fr'd. Soc.

Chelsea Winnisimmet Ch. and Society,	164 00
Andover (South) Ladies Charitable Soc. to make Mrs. Caroline Smith, of Boston, Mrs. M. B. Gould, Mrs. Phebe Cummings, and Mrs. Multitable Abbot, L. M's.,	94 50
Capt. Henry A. Hopner, Randolph, Rev. Mr. Cordley's Soc., in full, to make Dea Ephraim Wales and Dea Wales Thayer, L. M's.	34 00
East Randolph, Con. Ch. and Society,	17 27
Pittsfield, South Church and Society, \$20 to make John Spencer L. M.,	35 15
East Medway, to make Rev. John O. Means and Mrs. J. O. Means, L. M's.	53 15
Lowell, John St. Ch. and Soc., additional in full, to make Mrs. Nabby Sprague J. M.,	5 00
Sharon Juvenile Union Benev Soc., \$10, and Ladies of Sharon \$10 to make Mrs. L. R. Phillips L. M.,	20 00
Boston, Pine Street Ch. and Society,	30 00
Medway Village, J. C. Hurd and family for room in Sailor's Home, to make Adelaide Maria Linkfield, L. M.,	20 00
Medway Village, Cong. Ch., additional,	2 25
Essex, Con. Ch. and Soc'y, Charlestown, First Con. Ch. and Soc.,	50 00
Monterey, Con. Ch. and Soc.,	9 00
Dalton, Ladies Benev. Soc., Also box of Bedding, valued at \$30 to make Mrs. Sarah Branch L. M.,	8 00
North Andover, Ladies Ben. Soc., of the Evang'l Ch., to make Rev. Win. T. Briggs L. M.,	30 00
Monson, Con. Ch. and Soc.,	50 00

Errata in last Magazine.

For West Newbury read West Medway. For Ladies Dorcas Soc., read Ladies Dorcas Soc., Sunderland.

N. D. Gilbert

Vol. 26.

APRIL, 1854.

No. 8.

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.



SEAMEN'S BANK FOR SAVINGS.

M
New York:

N D
PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

No. 80 WALL STREET.

\$1 Per Annum—Postage, in N. Y., in ADVANCE, 3 Cts., a Year; Elsewhere, in the U. S.
5 Cts.; Single Number 1 Ct.

JNO. H. SCHULTZ & CO., BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS, 122 NASSAU STREET.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

	Page.
Currents of the Sea,	225
Return of the Prodigal,	228
The Wreckers and the Light House,	230
Storms and Sailors,	232
The Expedition to Central America,	232
New York Bible Society,	235
Thrilling and Melancholy Casualty,	239
The Last Hope Gone,	240
The way in which Ice is formed at Sea,	240

NAVAL JOURNAL.

Disasters,	241
Notices to Mariners,	248
Missing Vessels,	248

NEW YORK DEPARTMENT.

	Page.
Floating Bethel in Mobile Bay,	249
The Ship Hope,	249
Apprentice System for the U. S. Merchant Service,	250
Sailor Contrasts,	252
New York Bible Society,	253
Scripture Illustrated in the case of an Old Sailor,	253
Notice,	254
The Widow Remembered,	254
Mobile Bay Chaplaincy,	254
Mutiny on board ship James Wright,	255
Account of Monies,	255

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW-YORK—*Sailor's Home*, Established by the American Seamen's Friend Society No. 190 Cherry st. between Market and Pike sts. Captain Daniel Tracy.

Mariner's Home, No. 107 Greenwich st. J. S. Towne.
Other Boarding-Houses in New-York city.—William Sharp, 271 Water street; William Huelat, 334, 336, Pearl street; Peter Oberg, 91 Market street; Mrs. Alice Perry, 22 Oak st., Ben. F. Buck, 322 Pearl st.; Wm. Johnson, 9 Carlisle st.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society, kept by Albro Lyons, 64 Oliver-st.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—*Sailor's Home*, No. 17 Main st, by Andrew Spaulding.

BATH—Seamen's Mansion.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Edward C. Myers, corner of Market and Bow sts., Spring Hill.

BOSTON—The *Sailor's Home*, established by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society, 99 Purchase st. John O. Chany.

BOSTON—Mariner's House, North Square, by Mr. N. Hamilton.

“ North End Sailor's Home, No. 6 N. Square, by Mr. Roberts.

“ Richmond House, Richmond st., by Mr. Clark.

“ John Kennaley, Clark-st.

“ Murdock Matherson, Fleet-st.

SALEM—Ebenezer Griffin, No. 16 Vine st., clothing store, corner of Liberty and Vine sts.; and Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket st. near Derby st.

BRISTOL, R. I.—Mrs. Ann Pearce.

NEW-BEDFORD—Wm. Cranston, 14 Bethel Court; A. C. Davenport, 25 Middle st. *For Colored Seamen*, by Marshall L. Potts, corner Sixth and Bedford sts.

PHILADELPHIA—*Sailor's Home*, 204 South Front st., by J. H. Cassidy under the care of the Pa. Seamen's Friend Society.

BALTIMORE—New Seamen's Bethel Home and Shipping Office, Edward Kirby, 65 Thames Street.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C.—*Sailor's Home*, by John Robinson.

CHARLESTON—*Sailor's Home*, by Capt. Wm. White, Market st., opposite State st.

SAVANNAH—Foot of Jefferson st., O. C. Parker.

MOBILE—*Sailor's Home*, by Lewis Lawson.

NEW-ORLEANS—*Sailor's Home*, Capt. S. J. Duncan, corner of New Levee and Suzette streets.

ST. JOHNS, N. B.—Seamen's Home, by Joshua Turnbull, keeper.

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. 26.

APRIL, 1854.

No. 2.

Currents of the Sea.

By Lieut. Maury.

In studying the system of oceanic circulation, I have found it necessary to set out with the very obvious and simple principle, viz: that from whatever part of the ocean a current is found to run, to the same part a current of equal volume is obliged to return.

Upon this principle is based the whole system of currents and counter-currents of the air as well as of the water.*

Is it not necessary to associate with oceanic currents the idea that they must of necessity, as on land, run from a higher to a lower level.

So far from this being the case, some currents of the sea actually run up hill, while others run on a level.

The Gulf Stream is of the first class. In a paper read before the National Institute in 1844, I showed why the bottom of the Gulf Stream ought, theoretically, to be an inclined plane, running upwards. If the Gulf Stream be 200 fathoms deep in the Florida pass, † and but 100 fathoms

off Hatteras, it is evident that the bottom would be uplifted 100 fathoms within that distance; and, therefore, while the bottom of the Gulf Stream runs uphill, the top preserves the water-level, or nearly so; for its banks are of sea-water, and being in the ocean, are themselves on a water-level.

The currents which run from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean, and from the Indian ocean into the Red sea, are the reverse of this. Here the bottom of the current is probably a water-level, and the top an inclined plane, running down-hill.

Take the Red sea current as an illustration. That sea lies for the most part within a rainless and riverless district. It may be compared to a long and narrow trough.

Being in a rainless district, the evaporation from it is immense; none of the water thus taken up is returned to it either by rivers or by the rains.

It is about 1000 miles long; it lies nearly North and South, and extends from latitude 12° or 13° to the parallel of 30° North.

I am not able to state the daily rate of evaporation there; ‡ but it may

weeks since, show it to be at least 500 fathoms deep in the Florida Pass.

† I learn from Johnson's Beautiful Physical Atlas, that "from May to October, in the ripper

* Wide paper "on the Currents of the Atlantic Ocean," proceedings of the American Association, Charleston, March, 1860.

† Soundings made by order of Commodore Warrington, on board the U. S. ship Albany, Commander Charles T. Platt, U. S. N., a few

safely be assumed—and for the illustration I will assume it—at the rate of two-tenths (0.2 in.) of an inch a day.

Now, if we suppose the current which runs into that sea, to average from mouth to head 20 miles a day—and this is conjecture merely, but for the purpose of illustration also—it would take the water fifty days to reach the head of it. If it lose daily two-tenths of an inch from its surface, by evaporation, it would appear, that by the time it reached the isthmus of Suez, it would have lost ten inches from its surface.

Thus the waters of the Red sea ought to be lower at the isthmus of Suez than they are at the straits of Babelmandeb. They ought to be lower from two causes, viz: evaporation and temperature—for the temperature of that sea is necessarily lower at Suez, in latitude 20°, than it is at Babelmandeb, in latitude 13°.

To make this quite clear; suppose the channel of the Red sea to have no water in it, and a wave ten feet

part of this sea, the water is two feet lower than in the other months; " and this he accounts for, by the wind which is said to prevail from the northward there, during this season of the year.

This is the hot season; it is the season when evaporation is going on most rapidly; and when we consider how dry, and how hot the winds are which blow upon this sea at this season of the year, we may suppose the daily evaporation to be immense;—not less, certainly, than half an inch, and probably twice that amount. We know that the waste from Canals by evaporation in the summer time, is an element, which the Engineer, when taking the capacity of his feeders into calculation, has to consider. With him it is an important element; how much more so must the waste by evaporation from this sea be, when we consider the physical conditions under which it is placed; its feeder, the Arabian sea, is a thousand miles from its head—its shores are burning sands—the evaporation is ceaseless; and none of the vapors which the scorching winds that blow over it, carry away, are returned to it again in the shape of rains.

The Red sea vapors are carried off and precipitated elsewhere. The depression in the level of its head waters in the summer time therefore, it appears to me, is owing quite as much to the effect of evaporation as to the effect of the wind in blowing the waters back from it into the ocean. Analysis will probably show the surface water at the head, and the deep sea water at the mouth to be saltier, and therefore heavier, than are the surface waters at the mouth of the Red sea.

Philosophers will acknowledge, in grateful terms, the services of any traveller, by the overland route to India, who will collect specimens of these waters, and afford Chemists an opportunity of testing them.

high to enter the straits of Babelmandeb, and to flow up its channel at the rate of twenty miles a day, for fifty days, losing daily, by evaporation two-tenths of an inch;—it is easy to perceive that at the end of the fiftieth day this wave would not be so high, by ten inches, as it was the first day it commenced to flow.

The top of that sea, therefore, may be regarded as an inclined plane, made so by evaporation.

But the salt water, which has lost so much of its freshness by evaporation, becomes saltier, and, therefore, heavier. The lighter water at the straits cannot balance the heavier water at the isthmus, and the colder and saltier, and, therefore, the heavier water, must either run out as an under-current, or it must deposit its surplus salt in the shape of crystals, and thus gradually make the bottom of the Red sea a salt bed; or it must abstract all the salt from the ocean—and we know that neither the one process nor the other is going on.—Hence we infer that there is from the Red sea an under or outer current, as from the Mediterranean through the straits of Gibraltar. Analysis would probably show the surface waters at the head, to be saltier than those near the mouth of the Red sea, and it is hoped that some of my fellow laborers in the Red sea trade, will collect specimens of its waters, and afford us an opportunity of testing them.

And, to show why there should be an outer and under current from each of these two seas, let us suppose the case of a long trough, opening into a vat of oil, with a partition to keep the oil from running into the trough. Now, suppose the trough be filled up with wine, on one side of the partition, to the level of the oil on the other.

The oil is introduced to represent the lighter water, as it enters either of these seas from the ocean, and the wine the same water, after it has lost some of its freshness by evaporation, and, therefore, has become saltier and heavier.

Now, suppose the partition to be raised, what would take place? Why,

the oil would run in as an upper current overflowing the wine, and the wine would run out as an under-current.

The rivers which discharge in the Mediterranean, are not sufficient to supply the waste of evaporation—and it is by a process similar to this, that the salt which is carried in from the ocean is returned to it again; were it not so, the bed of that sea would be a mass of solid salt.

The equilibrium of the seas is preserved, beyond a doubt, by a system of compensations as exquisitely adjusted as are those by which “the music of the spheres” is maintained.

I have also, on a former occasion, pointed out the fact, that, inasmuch as the Gulf Stream is a bed of warm water, lying between banks of cold water—that as warm water is lighter than cold—therefore, the surface of the Gulf Stream ought, theoretically, to be in the shape of a double inclined plane, like the roof of a house, down which we may expect to find a shallow surface or roof-current, running from the middle, towards either edge of the stream.

The fact that this roof-current does exist, has been fully established: A person, who had been engaged on the Coast Survey with observations on the Gulf Stream, informed me that when he tried the current in a boat, he found it sometimes East and sometimes West, but scarcely ever in the true direction; whereas, the vessel, which drew more water, showed it to be constantly in a northeasterly direction.

My object at present is, not to account for the currents of the Atlantic, but merely to mention the fact, to call attention to it; that, though there be well-known currents which bring immense volumes of water into the Atlantic, we know of none which carry it out again, and which, according to the principle with which I set out, ought to be found running back from that ocean.

The La Plata and the Amazon, the Mississippi and St. Lawrence, with many other rivers, and several large oceanic currents, run into this very small ocean, and it is not probable

that all of these waters are taken up from it again by evaporation; “yet the sea is not full.” Where does the surplus go? The ice-bearing current, from Davis’ Straits, which is counter to the Gulf Stream, moves an immense volume of water down towards the equator.

The ice-bearing current which runs from the Antarctic regions, and passes near Cape Horn into the Atlantic, and the Labrador current, which sweeps into it around the Cape of Good Hope, both move immense volumes of water, and bear it along also towards the equatorial regions of the Atlantic.

This water must get out again, or the Atlantic would be constantly rising.

A part of the Gulf Stream runs around North Cape into the Arctic ocean. The thermal charts of the Atlantic ocean now in process of construction, prove this, as also do the admirable charts of Prof. Dove, of Berlin.

This current around North Cape probably performs its circuit of the Arctic ocean, and returns to the Atlantic with increased volume.

There are the rivers of Northern Europe, and all the great rivers of Asia and America, that empty into the Frozen ocean; also the current from the Pacific ocean, into Behring’s Straits. All these sources of supply, serve, in my opinion, to swell the current down from Baffin’s Bay through Davis’ Straits into the Atlantic.

That there is an open water-communication, sometimes at least, from Behring’s Straits to Baffin’s Bay, has been all but * proved by the results of investigations undertaken about two years ago, at the National Observatory, with regard to the habits, migrations, etc., of the whale.

These researches were commenced at this office by Lieutenant Herndon, and they were conducted in such a manner, as to show by a glance at the chart, in what parts of the ocean, and in what months of the year, whales had and had not been seen.

* Since proved by the passage of *Ceromastix McOmbs* of the British Navy.

These investigations soon led to the discovery, that to the right whale, the equator is as a wall of fire,—that that animal is never found near it, seldom or never within a thousand miles of it, on either side.

This fact induced me to inquire of the whalers, whether the right whale of the northern and the right whale of the southern hemispheres was the same animal.

The answer was "No." The right whale of the latter region, as described by these men, is a small pale animal, the largest scarcely yielding more than fifty barrels of oil. Whereas, that of the northern region is a large dark animal, yielding frequently to the single fish upwards of two hundred barrels.

About this time the whale-ship *Superior*, returned from a voyage thro' Behring's Straits, where she also found the right whale of the North Pacific.

This fact induced the further inquiry, as to whether the right whale of Behring's Straits, and the right whale of Davis' Straits were the same animal. For since the fact had been established that the right whale of the North Pacific could not cross the equator, and therefore could not get into the North Atlantic by either of the Capes, a reply in the affirmative to this enquiry would be another link in the chain of circumstantial evidence, going to prove the existence of a so called Northwestern Passage.

The answer from the whalers in this instance, was, in effect: "we have not had an opportunity of comparing the two animals, except after long intervals, but, so far as we can judge, they are the same fish." So far as other facts go, it would appear probable that there is, at times, at least an open water-communication between the two straits; for the instincts of the whale, one might suppose would prevent him from sounding under icebergs, neither could he pass under barriers of great depth or breadth. Seeing that water runs through Behring's Straits from the Pacific, as well as around the Capes, into the Atlantic, where, therefore, is the escape-current from the Atlantic?

The Trade Winds, I am prepared to show, are the great evaporating winds. They are the winds, which, returning from the polar regions, deprived of all the moisture which the hyperborean dew point can compress from them, first come in contact with the surface of the earth, and consequently with an evaporating surface, where they are first felt as trades, and where, therefore, they are dry winds.

Now could the vapor taken up by these winds so increase the saltness of this sea in the trade wind region, as to make the water there tho' warmer, yet specifically heavier than that below, and also than that within the regions of the variable winds and of constant precipitation? If so, might we not have the anomaly of a warm under-current in the South Atlantic ocean, for that ulmost seems to be the only place of escape for a counter current from the Atlantic?

Lieutenant Walsh, who was sent out by the Government, in the schooner *Taney*, to make certain observations in connection with these researches concerning the winds and currents of the ocean, was at my request instructed, among other things, to examine for such a current.

Return of the Predigal.

The importance of placing religious books on board of ships, is fully illustrated by the following facts.

F—— was the son of a devoted New England Minister, and the child of many prayers. His mind was carefully stored with religious knowledge, and disciplined in the best schools of his native city. Evil companionships, however, early led him astray from the paths of virtue. A vicious habit of novel-reading alienated him from the open fountains of wisdom, and drew him away from parental influence and restraint.

At length his restless and adventurous spirit sought a sphere of unchecked indulgence, and he went to the Pacific coast. There he found his associates among the thoughtless sons of fortune, and gave himself up to the life of a homeless adventurer.

Prosperity and adversity served alike to harden his heart. Early convictions were stifled. The house of God neglected.

But there were bands in his wickedness stronger than those of Satan. The anxious and aching hearts of his parents were turned to God. Unceasing, believing prayer ascended in his behalf. His father especially, cherished the unwavering conviction that his wayward son, after running the prodigal's career of vice and folly, would trace the prodigal's steps of penitence and salvation. Year after year he clung to the divine promises, and pleaded them earnestly at the mercy-seat. He felt that he could not be denied.

A few days ago the hearts of father, mother, and friends were gladdened by the intelligence that the lost was found—that the prodigal had returned. He had visited a remote South American port, and on his return voyage he was the only cabin passenger. The captain had depended on him to furnish a supply of cards, novels, and other sources of time-killing, soul-destroying amusements; and he, in turn, knowing the disposition of the captain, had looked to him for an adequate supply. The few means of diversion were soon exhausted, and after being ten days at sea the young man found nothing to do but think. His past life came up in review before him, and conscience revived. Early teachings whispered around him. An injured father's persevering faith, and a weeping mother's counsels haunted his solitary berth. The emptiness of worldly pleasures and the vanity of earthly plans led him to reflect on the surer joys and riches of the Christian. He turned to the word of God and read his condemnation. His guilt rose mountain-high, as the Holy Spirit unfolded the immaculate law. He fell upon his knees and cried for pardon.

By one of those providences which call forth the adoration of the devout, there were in the cabin of this ship copies of Nelson's Cause, and Cure of Infidelity, Baxter's Call to the Unconverted, James' Anxious Inquirer, and Abbott's Young Christian—the

first to dispel his sceptical doubts, the second to fasten the arrow of conviction in his heart, the third to instruct his inquiring soul, and the last to present encouragements and allurements to the Christian life. He read them all prayerfully. Before the vessel landed at San Francisco, the great question was settled, we hope, for ever. He found peace in believing, and entered at once on the new life of Christian discipleship. He made his way immediately to the sanctuary, engaged in Sabbath-school instruction, sought the company of ministers and godly men—abandoning his former companions in sin, or visiting them only to labor for their salvation; and his letters to his parents breathed the spirit of penitence and consecration, coupled with the most touching expressions of gratitude and affection. The "fatted calf" would be a small testimony of the joy that fills the house long saddened by the wandering prodigal, but now gladdened by his return.

Christian parents, and especially those whose sons are far away from home and from God, will find encouragement to their faith in this narrative. There are few cases apparently more hopeless of reformation and conversion than the one before us.—Pride kept him from coming home; an evil conscience restrained him from places and companionships likely to benefit him: only a vigorous faith could anticipate the possibility of a change. Yet grace triumphed; God's truth is vindicated; everlasting promises have their fulfilment; the prodigal returns. Trust that grace; cling to those promises: *your* prodigal son may yet be saved.

What an illustration of the power of prayer! God alone knows how earnestly and constantly that father wrestled for that wayward boy; and how patiently and calmly he expected, nay, relied on his conversion. And in proportion to the darkness of external signs, was the fervency of his petitions. All those prayers were registered on high. In God's time, always the best time, the answer descends in that lone cabin on the broad Pacific. The providence of God at-

ranges the circumstances and the means which the Holy Spirit blesses in bringing to himself the New England prodigal. "Praying breath" was never "spent in vain."

The value of Bible and good books on shipboard finds in this narrative, an admirable illustration, for the thousandth time. It is not known,* nor is it of any account by whose agency the precious volumes of truth found their way to the cabin of this ship: they were in the right place at the right time. And they were blessed of God in doing a work which parental instruction and example, pastoral fidelity, and providential discipline had failed to do. O that every vessel on every sea were thus supplied with preachers for the cabin and the fore-castle. Many a wayward youth, many a weather-beaten tar, might find the blessed gospel their chart in life's ocean.

There are many sons of praying parents who are running a career of folly like that of F—. Does the eye of one of them rest on this page?—Does it suggest a lesson for you? Is a prodigal life a happy life? Are there not memories of other and happier days obtruding on the hours of gayety and folly, and tainting them all? Does not a mother's voice or a father's prayer sometimes steal into the soul in the silent hour, in tones of tender expostulation? Does not the wonted hour of family worship, when the old family Bible revealed its treasures, and the hymn of praise rose from the domestic group—say, does not this scene sometimes throw its shadow across your spirit, and woo you to the paths of piety and peace? Where is the Bible your fond mother placed in your trunk when you left the paternal roof? Unread? Neglected? What have you done with the pious book—the gift of a sister's love? How will you meet these witnesses of Christian fidelity and domestic affection at the bar of God? Is not the same Saviour whom F— found on the silent sea ready to receive you? Is not the same Spirit

that breathed into the heart of F— hovering over your soul, and whispering of guilt and pardon and hope? and will you not, like him, say, with a broken and penitent heart, "I will arise and go to my Father, and say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Then will be heard on earth and in heaven the words of grateful exultation, "This my son was dead, and is alive again: he was lost and is found."—*American Messenger.*

The Wreckers and the Light House.

In the *Sunday School Journal* there is an interesting account of a plan, devised by a gang of wreckers, who prowled along the coasts of Cornwall, England, watching for shipwrecks. They supported themselves and their families by plundering the wrecks that were driven on shore, and robbing the unfortunate people who thus fell into their merciless hands. Off that savage coast, upon the projecting point of a rock, which formed an island when the tide was up, there stood a light house. The only means of communication with the shore was by a causeway, which was bare when the tide was low and covered when the tide was full.

The only occupants of the lonely light house were the keeper and a young daughter ten or eleven years of age. On one occasion these remorseless wreckers saw the keeper coming on shore with his basket to procure provisions. They knew that he left no one at the light house but this little girl. A number of richly freighted merchant vessels were expected to pass that dangerous point during the night, and there were signs of a storm. Greedy for plunder, they formed a plan to waylay the keeper and to detain him so as to prevent the lighting of the friendly lantern in the tower. This expedient promised to effect a number of shipwrecks, from which they would be able to derive a large profit. And as it was their trade to plunder and rob the wrecks and the wrecked, they reasoned that

* We have satisfactory evidence that these books were placed on board this vessel by the faithful agent of the New York Bible Society.—Ed.

it was a lawful source of gain. They carried out their accursed plot by seizing the man, taking him to a lonely spot on the beach, where they tied his hands and feet and left him.—Having, as they supposed, accomplished a purpose that would result in a number of fatal ship-wrecks that night, they were congratulating themselves on reaping a rich harvest of souls as the fruit of their diabolical plot.

Without narrating the results of this scheme of villainy, let us look a moment at the analogy it bears to the work of a more numerous class of wreckers, who live by plundering wrecks of humanity, that fall into their hands. What name better characterizes liquor traffickers than wreckers? They watch all along the dangerous shores of human life, and in concert form their plans of mischief, ready to adopt any scheme that shall multiply these moral wrecks which promise to be a source of pecuniary gain. Let us see how they work to compass their object. They select their positions with sagacity, after a careful survey of the ground, with shrewd calculation as to the facilities it offers for decoying victims. The philanthropist, observing an accumulation of wrecks along the liquor-washed shore, erects a light house and hangs high up in its tower the *temperance lantern*. This interferes with the business of these wreckers, and they band together to put out that light, for they love darkness because they know it favors their deeds of evil.

But the temperance lantern is kept lighted and burning though it is sometimes rather dim. And as they despair of extinguishing it, they will resort, as old-hardened sea-salted wreckers sometimes will do, to the treacherous scheme of kindling up false lights, hoping thus to decoy the stranger, who does not understand the geography of the country. By this means multitudes are bewildered, especially when a fog is raised about the beauties of moral evasion, the rights of property, the unconstitutionality of prohibitory law, &c. As you pass by the places of this damning trade, you will see many a hulk along shore,

that has been stripped and robbed and left to rot—trophies of the wreckers' work. There is one lantern towards which they entertain a mortal spite; it is the *Maine Law light*. This new light which first shone in the East, like the star of Bethlehem, soon attracted the attention of wise men; and it has sent forth its strong radiance far out upon the ocean of danger. It is a grand safety-lamp, in the radiance of which cities and States are beginning to rejoice. Nothing has ever interfered so effectively with the business of these old wreckers.—And they see plainly that it will ruin their business forever, unless they can extinguish it. So they are busy at work in concerting plans, and forming coalitions, and manufacturing elements, to extinguish the strong beams of this great lantern, by the light and power of which their secret works of darkness are searched out and destroyed.

Our shores are thronged with these heartless wreckers, watching for plunder and spoils. And a huge outcry is made when any movement is attempted by the people to protect themselves against these unprincipled depredators, who are so greedy of "filthy lucre," that they will for the sake of a York six pence, or less, pounce like a falcon on their wrecked victim, send his body to the grave, and his soul to a drunkard's hell. Their plea is, as we are wreckers by choice and trade, this is our lawful craft by which we get our living.

We wonder if the old Morasthite, who prophesied in the days of the wicked Abaz, did not refer to a gang of just such characters when he said, "There is none upright among them; they all lie in wait for blood; they hunt every man his brother with a net. That they may do evil with both hands earnestly," the prince (i. e. the governor) asketh, and the judge asketh for a reward, (in money or votes), and the great man he uttereth his mischievous desire; so they wrap it up. The best of them is as a briar; and the most upright of them is sharper than a thorn hedge; (what then must have been the character of the worst of them?) the day of thy

visitation cometh; now shall be their perplexity." If the prophet did not have in view the liquor dealers of the day, and those governors, judges, and great men, who kept them in countenance; we are at a loss how to interpret his language. We have just such a species of the human genius in our times, but "the day of their visitation cometh." The Maine Law, an avenger of blood, will track them.

The storm breeze is blowing, the storm elements are mustering, the wreckers are all along the coast—seize the speaking trumpet, and summon for a rescue. Let the light house be manned, and the big lantern trimmed and furnished with pure Maine Law oil, which burns bright and strong, and the voyagers will clear the rocks, and avoid the plundering wreckers.—*Norwich Examiner.*

Storms and Sailors.

What a terrible night was Monday night last! The wind from the East was terrifying. Sheets of snow seemed passing from East to West almost parallel with the ground. Any one who has lived near the Ocean or been upon its bosom in a storm, could not resist many painful thoughts for the poor mariner, and if he went to pray, to offer petitions for Almighty protection to be extended to the sailor in danger. While you are drawn up near a pleasant fire, the wind, as it howls around the angles of the house, or whistles shrill at the casement, give a reality to the comfort of a well supplied home. The sailor tossed upon the billow, as the deck trembles beneath his feet, gives forth his sighs to the coursing wind, which sighs are with electric speed carried on until they become the very howls and whistling which we now hear. The sound makes you draw nearer your cheerful fire. A word more, a prayer more, an act more for the sailor.—He never in a storm afloat knows true comfort, except in dream. The sailor dreams sweet dreams; he sees the far off loved ones close beside him and the cheerful fire; the petted canary in the cage sings his welcome home, the tender kiss of affection is felt on

his brow, the warm tear of love is broken against his cheek, and all so love him, and he so delightfully enjoying it. The next moment reveals the reality,—the wild notes of the winds in the cordage, and the beating rain upon his face. Think of this; over 100 vessels were driven ashore by the storm about the first of January last! How many were lost far out at sea who can know. A ship is lost every day. A noble band of men are sailors. How often do they display some of the most exquisite traits of a kind heart. Yet who so buffeted, who so exposed, who so in danger, and by some, (we pity such,) who so little thought of, and by some who so much thought of, who more cared for, who more prayed for? The mother of the sailor boy—ah! think you other mothers so think of and pray for their offspring as she? To such, how cheering to know that a spirit is moving among christians to reach out from the shore far over the sea, and to every port, the hand of love, to secure to the sailor safety for his soul, to warn him against the danger of dissoluteness and vice, and to lead him to paths of wisdom. The Seamen's Friend's Society is doing such a work. It is a privilege to aid in such a movement, and he that would not do it now, would never cease to do it, if he was but once exposed to the danger that a thousand times faces the brave mariner, nor could he help doing it if he would read the *Sailor's Magazine*, a most interesting monthly, published at 80 Wall St., N. Y.—*Monmouth Inquirer, Feb. 25.*

The Expedition to Central Africa.

The following letter has been addressed by Mr. Augustus Petermann to the editor of the *London Daily News*:

"Fourteen months since, I laid before the public a communication respecting the progress of the African Expedition, and particularly the important discovery of Dr. Barth, of a magnificent river in the far interior, forming the upper course of the Chadda, a tributary to, but larger than

the Kowara, (commonly called Niger,) and flowing through the extensive kingdom of Adamana, the most fertile and beautiful of all the countries of Central Africa visited by Dr. Barth. Five months since, it was announced in the public papers that an expedition up that river, by means of a steamboat, had been decided on by Her Majesty's Government, and a few weeks since Mr. Macgregor Laird, the contractor for building the vessel, in a communication to the Royal Geographical Society, announced that the vessel would be ready next month. The plan of the expedition is, to arrive at the mouth of the Kowara before the 1st of July, and to steam at once up the river with the rising waters. It is estimated that the kingdom of Adamana may be reached within three or four weeks after leaving the Bight of Benin. It is the opinion of the most competent persons that if anything will open the vast interior of Africa to European commerce and civilization it will be the magnificent river discovered by Dr. Barth; and the British public will therefore, doubtless, look forward with anxiety to the present attempt to ascend the river leading to those important and promising regions. Accounts of the progress of this expedition have been promptly and regularly laid before the public; and the Earl of Clarendon, in order to give to the world the benefit of this information as early as possible, has kindly sanctioned at my particular solicitation, the immediate publication of some most important maps, with descriptive letter press relating thereto. In connection with this publication, which will be ready in the course of a few weeks, I have been kindly allowed to make extracts from Dr. Barth's official communication containing the details of the said discovery, of which the following, as being particularly interesting with respect to the Chadda expedition, I am anxious to make at once known to the public, and would ask of you kindly to afford the space for that purpose. It will be remembered that Dr. Barth, after a twelve months' journey through the great desert, under severe hardships and trials, was

the first of the three travellers to arrive at Lake Tsad. Owing to the melancholy death of Mr. Richardson, the leader of the expedition, he found the whole undertaking in a state of complete disorganization. Yet such was his indomitable energy and courage, that he borrowed a sum of money from the Vizier of Bornu, and determined to penetrate to the south alone, in order to reach Adamana, which country had been reported to him as the most beautiful of Central Africa. On the 29th of May, 1851, accordingly, he left Kuka, and after a fortnight's march through the dominions of Bornu as well as those of independent pagan nations—at a distance from Kuka of 155 Geographical miles, in a straight line,—he reached Uba, the northernmost place of Adamana, situated exactly in the same latitude as the celebrated Mount Mendif, seen by Major Denham, namely, in 10° 20' north latitude, and 35 geographical miles west from it. "From this place," says Dr. Barth, "all the country to the south was covered with the most splendid herbage and enlivened with numerous herds of cattle belonging to the Fellatas. The atmosphere was now cool and refreshing, the sky covered with clouds during the greater part of the day, and thunder-storms occurred almost every day. The country wore altogether a rich and beautiful appearance; the huts of the inhabitants are built with more solidity than in the northern region of Sudan, as the rainy season lasts seven months in Adamana. The population of the country is considerable, large towns being met with at every three or four hours, with villages between, exclusively inhabited by the slaves of the ruling Fellatas. The slaves do all the work, and every Fellata, down to the very poorest, possesses at least from two to four slaves. Indeed in no country of the world is slavery carried on to such a degree as in Adamana, where slaves, in addition to cattle, are considered as the foundation of the wealth of the people. The chiefs of the country have countless multitudes of these poor creatures.—There are few slaves, however, ex-

ported from Adamaua, except those of the Dama tribe east of Yola, the capital of the kingdom, as they do not find a ready sale in the Sudan markets on account of their great mortality when taken away from their mountainous country. Nevertheless, they form, with ivory, the chief articles of commerce. Ivory is extremely cheap in Adamaua on account of the great number of elephants. In Baya, twelve days' journey south of Yola, the elephants are found in still greater numbers. The chief articles of import are turkedies, tobies, glass, pearls and salt. Cowries have no value in this country, the current medium of barter consisting of narrow stripes of coarse cotton called *gebbega*. Saraw, distant 52 miles from Uba, is the chief town of the northern part of Adamaua, and is a considerable market place. Previously to reaching Saraw, we passed a place called Umbutudi, surrounded with beautiful scenery, where the *gigina*, a peculiar species of palm tree, appears. The people of this tract had never seen a christian before my visit, and received me with the utmost kindness and hospitality, taking me altogether for a superior being.—The most important day, however, in all my African journeys, was the 18th day of June, when we reached the river Benue at a point called Tæpe, where it is joined by the river Faro. [In latitude 9° 2' north, and longitude 14° east from Greenwich.] Since leaving Europe, I had not seen so large and imposing a river. The Benue, or 'mother of waters,' which is by far the larger one of the two, is half a mile broad, and 9 1-4 feet deep in the channel where we crossed it. On our return, eleven days later, it had risen 1 1-2 feet. The Faro is 5-12ths of a mile broad, and was three feet deep, which had increased to 7 1-4 feet by our return. Both rivers have a very strong current, and run to the west into the Kowara. We crossed the Benue in boats made out of single trees 25 to 35 feet long and 1 to 1 1-2 feet broad, and forded the Faro, which latter was accomplished not without difficulty, on account of the strong current.—

The Benue is said to rise nine days' journey from Yola in a south-easterly direction, and the Faro, seven days' journey distant, in a rock called Labul. During the rainy season the country is inundated to a great extent by the two rivers, which rise to their highest level towards the end of July, and remain at that level for forty days, viz: till the first days of September when the waters begin to fall. Both rivers are full of crocodiles, and the Benue, I was told, contained gold. After having crossed the rivers, with some difficulty to the camels, we passed at first through some swampy ground, then through a very fine country thickly inhabited, and reached Yola, the capital on the 22d of June. In another communication of Dr. Barth he states, that the river Benue, rises during the rainy season to a height of 40 to 50 feet. The discovery of Dr. Barth is unquestionably the most important which has been made in Africa for a very long time; and so striking did the superior advantages of the river he discovered appear to Her Majesty's Government, that a proposed ascent up the Kowara, to reach Timbuktu and the desert countries, was rejected, and the ascent up the Chadda Benue, was decided on. Indeed, if the hopes of those most able to judge be realized, those virgin countries with their innumerable herds of cattle, and other agricultural treasures, with their abundance of ivory, blessed with a climate which seems so salubrious, that the inhabitants, when brought to the more unhealthy regions further west along the Kowara, die off like sheep—those fertile, cultivated, and densely peopled countries of Inner Africa will be brought to within a few weeks' sail of the docks of London. There is no desert to be past, as in Northern and Southern Africa, which have been, and ever will be, the natural barriers to commerce and civilization."

Value of Money.

"How hardly shall a rich man enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

New York Bible Society.

Extracts from the report of Mr. John S. Pierson, Marine Agent:

The distributions in the Marine Department, during the year just ended, amount to 2,294 Bibles, and 29,149 Testaments, or 31,443 volumes; an increase of 10,985 volumes on those of the preceding year, and quadruple the distributions of four years ago. One cause of this increase is the more thorough supply of emigrant-vessels, which have taken some 18,000 volumes of the above amount.

The exploration and development of this portion of our field, as well as the largeness of the general results above given, is due to the energy of Mr. John S. Pierson, who still continues our only Marine Agent, and with whose wisely directed and untiring labors the Committee take pleasure in expressing their entire satisfaction. It is more than ever apparent, that the work in the Marine Department is too heavy for one person, and the Committee hope soon to be able to report a plan for supplying the needed assistance.

We occupy a position at the second commercial port of the globe; London being the first. There arrived here during the year 1853, 11,138 vessels from salt water, (exclusive of steamboats, barges, canal-boats, river-sloops, &c.,) being a small increase (111) upon 1851.—The number of seamen, arriving yearly, cannot be less than 100,000. In the distribution of the Bible upon this immense shipping, the attention of the Committee has been directed to three ends,—the benefit, 1st, of the sailors who navigate it; 2d, of the emigrants and passengers that come and go upon it; and 3d, of those with whom it comes in contact in foreign ports.

Some 209 *new* vessels (thirty-one being river or ocean steamers) have been furnished with lettered Bibles in cabins, state-rooms, fore-castle, &c. Positions of usefulness have also been sought for Bibles in foreign languages, in the cabins of many vessels running regularly to foreign ports.

Packet-ships, bound for *emigrants* to European ports, have been fitted out, to the number of 384, with cheap Testaments in French, German, Welsh, and English, for distribution on the return passage to this country. Of these vessels, 237 were bound to Liverpool, fifty-two to London, fifty-one to Havre, twenty-seven to Antwerp, eleven to Bremen, and six to Rotterdam. In thus meeting this class of persons, while yet on the sea, the Society are simply anticipating their own proper work.

Another item is the supply of 281 vessels (mostly of large size) bound on *long voyages* to China, California, &c., with the Scriptures in suitable languages for the crews.

Thirty-three grants, amounting to 3,083 volumes, (mostly cheap pocket Testaments,) have been made for distribution among young men and others bound to California, upon the San Juan and Aspinwall steamers. Also for emigrants to the gold regions in Australia, thirty-eight distinct grants have been made, comprising 1,683 volumes.

“December.—Thirty-five *new* vessels have been supplied during the two last months, with one or more large print Bibles for the cabin tables, &c., including the large clipper-ships, *Alboni*, *Eagle*, *Winged Racer*, *Red Rover*, *Storm*, *Wings of the Morning*, and others; also the caloric ship *Ericsson*, and the first class ocean-steamers, *Uncle Sam* and *John L. Stephens*. These latter will run between Panama and San Francisco, and are furnished with the Scriptures in French, German, and Spanish, for the use of the many foreign passengers upon that route.”

“April.—Among the fifteen *new* vessels fitted out this month are the propellers *Western Port* and *Parker Vein*, (two of ten forming a line to Baltimore,) the steamboat *Granite State* and the Spanish steamer *Ve-guero*. This latter vessel is intended for the tobacco trade, from port to port on the northern coast of Cuba, and has been suitably supplied with the Spanish Bible, and a small library of the Am. Tract Society's Spanish volumes. The agent of the vessel

goes out with her, and will see them properly placed. Another interesting case of supply is that of the steamer *Confucius*, destined to run on the Chinese coast, from Shanghai to the South. In addition to supplies for the crew on the voyage out, (mostly Manillamen, speaking Spanish,) it was a pleasure to place in the hands of the captain, (whose aid in distributing I have had before occasion to acknowledge in connexion with the ship *Panama*) a small package of Testaments and tracts for use among his sailors, &c., in that remote field."

"March.—The new clipper ships *Highflyer*, *Antelope*, *Levanter*, *Shooting Star*, *Celestial Empire*, and eleven other new vessels have been supplied this month; also the steamship *Augusta*, for the Savannah line, and the steamship *El Paraguay*, bound on an exploring expedition to the upper waters of the great river La Plata in South America. This interesting expedition is intended to open to American commerce the country of Paraguay, recently made accessible to foreigners by the death of the despot who has for many years ruled over it. In no part of the continent is the Bible so rare as here; and it was, therefore, with no ordinary satisfaction that I embraced the opportunity of placing in very reliable hands on board, beside the usual supply for the vessel, a parcel of Spanish Testaments and tracts (obtained from the proper Societies) for distribution there. I expect soon to be informed of the result of this experiment, and hope that it may open the way for heavier distributions.

"The Bark *Naiad Queen*, purchased by the Dominican government for a vessel of war, has been supplied with Bibles and a little library (both in Spanish), for the use of the officers, &c."

"January.—A leading item this month is the fitting out of thirty-four vessels, mostly of large class, for long voyages of from one to three years into the Pacific or Indian Oceans, with Testaments in various languages, and (through the American Tract Society) with assorted tracts, and a

small religious library to each, including always volumes in German, Swedish, and Danish—all for distribution, as needed, to the crew. Of these vessels, twenty-one go to San Francisco, including the clipper ships, *Sea Serpent*, *Typhoon*, *Ariel*, *Stag-hound*, *Howqua*, and others; eleven go to Australia; one to the island of Java, &c. On three of them, larger ship's libraries have been placed, by the aid of the captains and owners. One of them, the ship——, bound on a trading voyage along the western coast of South America, from Valparaso to Guayaquil, carries supplies in Spanish from the American Bible and Tract Societies, for use, as opportunities offer, at the various small ports which she proposes to touch at.

"The owners of the ships *Talbot* and *Jacob Bell* have ordered at their expense special supplies of Scriptures for the crews.

"Out of nine large ships, which I have visited within a few days, arrived from long voyages, often from around the world, eight have used the supplies placed on board by me last year; seven of these in an apparently thorough and well-intentioned manner, although in two cases (owing to a misapprehension of their purpose) the Testaments were only lent, not given. Thus on the clipper ship *A——*, the captain assured me that he had taken the trouble to make a list of the Testaments which went in the fore-castle, and had reclaimed them at the close of the voyage. In two instances, missionaries, passengers, had found the supplies valuable accessories in their efforts for the benefit of the crew. On most of the vessels, several of the Testaments in foreign languages (French, Spanish, &c.) were found on hand, there having been no sailors of those nations able to read on board. In a single case, as above hinted, I am sorry to say the package was found very much in the same state as when put on board. This does not often occur."

"March.—The extent of the field for Bible distribution presented by one of these large clipper ships is well illustrated in the case of the ship *Flying Cloud*, which carries a

ship's company of seventy persons, all told; as is also its varied character, by the case of the bark Centro-America, which (as the captain informs me) had on board, among officers and men, during her recent passage from the Pacific, persons speaking no less than *eleven languages*.—Europeans, Negroes, Kanakas, Chinaman, &c. At every port touched at, a large vessel loses some of her crew by desertion, &c., and must replace them by such material as may be at hand.

"January.—The following lines, inclosing a donation of \$10 from Captain Arquit, of the bark Candace, a shipmaster of long experience in the China trade, are to the point.

"With much pleasure I inform you, that all the reading matter you have had the kindness to supply to the Candace for several voyages has been received by the crew with much apparent satisfaction. I think that if shipmasters will allow their sailors sufficient time to improve their minds, they will always receive well the Scriptures and other religious books. I think, too, that the books supplied by the New York Bible Society have a very *beneficial effect* upon the morals and discipline of sailors, *if they are allowed time to read them*. Our crews are mostly composed of Germans, Danes, and Swedes, and these appear to receive the books with more gratitude than men of our own or any other nation."

"Many of the books in foreign languages, though put on board primarily for the crew, obtain a useful circulation, upon foreign coasts touched at, among custom house officers and other visitors from the shore.—Thus I hear of French and Portuguese Testaments given away on the coast of Sumatra, and of Spanish Testaments upon the coast of Peru, and, in a number of instances, at the Guano Islands. On the ship Albany, the mate says, 'that, when lying at Manilla, he received a note from the captain on shore, requesting him to send him everything that could be found on board in the Spanish language, as he had a demand for it.' On the ship St. Thomas, the captain speaks of giving Bibles at Calcutta

to two Circars engaged in unloading the cargo, much to their satisfaction. In two cases this month, seaman's chaplains at Shanghai and the Sandwich Islands were stated to have taken gladly some Testaments and tracts remaining unused of the ship's supplies.

"May.—Captain H., of the new clipper ship——, hence for San Francisco, gave his hearty approval to our mode of supplying vessels bound on long voyages, and spoke of having himself been benefited by the books, tracts, &c. As to the proper mode of managing a crew, he said, 'I used myself to be rough with my sailors when I had bad ones; but it is not the right way, sir. A bad bargain is not bettered by chafing at it; you must make the best of it, and keep your temper. I treat my men kindly, but insist on having the work done; and when they growl, (for the best of sailors are often unreasonable) I walk out of the way, and don't hear them.'

"The following letter is from Capt. Smith, of the clipper ship Messenger, which I had the pleasure of supplying last year for a voyage around the world. Coming as it does from a shipmaster of acknowledged ability and experience, it is a valuable testimony to the beneficial effects of religious influences on ship-board, when introduced with tact and discretion:

Ship Messenger, at sea,
April 13th, 1853.

Dear Sir:—As we are now approaching the termination of our voyage, I take pleasure in complying with the request contained in your kind note on the eve of our departure, for a statement as to "the use found for the supplies" of the Scriptures, tracts, &c., put on board "for the benefit of the crew, and for such useful distribution as might fall in my way during the voyage."

My crew consisted of upwards of forty persons, natives of many different countries, there being on board when we sailed from New York, Americans, English, Danish, Swedish, German, French, Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, Greek, and Chinese. To

each of these, except the two last, I was able, through the liberality of your Society and the American Tract Society, to give a copy of the Bible or New Testament, and a variety of tracts in their vernacular tongue; and it was deeply interesting to me, to notice with what pleasure the books were received, prized, and read, especially by natives of those countries in which the Scriptures are a sealed book to the common people. It would be easy to speculate upon the extent of good that may result from these distributions on this single ship. Where the field has been so wide as to national variety, we may reasonably hope for some valuable results. Some of these men will no doubt, in time, revisit the homes of their childhood, and taking these treasures along with them, they may become links in the great chain of circumstances, moulded by the hand of Superior Wisdom, which is to give the pure Word to all nations, the standard of a purer belief,—the true mind-emanicipating faith.

My crew have in part been changed *three* times during the voyage, in consequence of which there are now but seven of the original ones left, four of these being officers; by which circumstance the field of distribution has been so much enlarged, that I have had none of your books to spare for giving in other directions. Yet with all these changes I have had the satisfaction to see harmony, cheerfulness, and content, reign throughout the ship the whole voyage, and, with a single exception, all seemed to vie with each other in preserving peace and good-fellowship, performing the duties of their several stations with promptness and care.

As you may feel some interest in this experiment of mine, to try what effect moral and religious observances might have in *preserving discipline* among a crew of the *colley* description alluded to, on a long voyage; and as the assistance I have received through your agency seems to demand it as an encouragement to your perseverance, I will state some particulars.

No *profanity* was permitted among

officers or men. The first offence against this regulation was promptly dealt with, by a severe reprimand, although the offender was an officer; and the strict injunction was maintained inviolable by the most determined watchfulness.

The sick were promptly visited, and administered to with kindness and care.

Good and *wholesome provisions*, in simple allowance, were dealt to all hands; and attention *daily* given to ensure their being well cooked.

"*Watch and watch*," was an established rule; the ship's time was well regulated, and kept by sound of bell; meals at regular hours; watches were promptly relieved; and the crew were never harassed by un-called-for labor and exposure to sun or rain.

No *grog* or spirituous liquors were allowed; but while doubling Cape Horn at the very worst season of the year, when the cold was intense, and a constant succession of storms assailed us, arrangements were made to give each man a cup of hot coffee every watch; and it is but proper to state, that neither man nor boy gave out, or avoided his full share of duty during that very trying and tempestuous time. But the crowning regulation was in having all hands (cleanly clad) assembled on the quarter deck, at ten o'clock, A. M., on each Sunday (weather permitting), and the beautiful *morning service*, including the lessons and litany appointed for the day by the Protestant Episcopal Church, read to them. They invariably listened with attention and respect, some joining in the responses, and all appearing to maintain a more subdued and grave deportment than usual, during the rest of the day.

From the effects which I have noticed, I feel no hesitation in giving my opinion, that such a course, combined with an effort at *consistency* on the part of the commander, is of the very first importance in establishing and preserving a proper discipline, and in promoting harmony of action, and exciting the best energies of all on board to perform their whole duty; the benefits of which, he and

all concerned will reap in prosperity and peace; besides enjoying the supreme satisfaction of being, as it were, the patriarchal head of a happy and contented family, each member of which looks up to him with respect and regard. These happy influences, too, may not terminate with the voyage; but those who have witnessed them under his command, encouraged by his example, may establish a similar rule themselves, when in a position to do so,—regardless of the scoffs and raillery of those who may deem it too humiliating, in the presence of their assembled dependents, to make a public acknowledgment of their “manifold sins and wickedness,” “with an humble, lowly, penitent, and obedient heart,”—not deterred either by the drudgery of it, but rather feeling it to be the blessed privilege of their station, to read to others “God’s Holy Word,” and to lead the way in “asking those things which are requisite and necessary, as well for the body as the soul.”

Believe me your much obliged friend, and obdt. servt.

FRANKLIN SMITH.

Mr. J. S. PIERSON,
Marine Agent, &c.

Thrilling and Melancholy Casualty.

A correspondent of the Lexington Gazette gives the particulars of a fearful occurrence on James River, at Balcony Falls, on Saturday the 21 of January. The canal boat Clinton, Capt. Wood, with about fifty persons on board, principally negro hands, on their way to the Central Railroad, attempted to proceed up the river to Buchanan. Just after passing the North River Bridge, the tow line broke, and the boat drifted down the stream. The river being very much swollen, the bottom could not be reached with poles, and consequently the boat was completely at the mercy of the current. About a hundred yards above the Mountain dam, five persons jumped off and attempted to swim ashore, but three of the number were drowned—a Mr. Paine, of Fredericksburg, and two negroes. By the

skillful management of the Captain, who held the “tiller,” the boat leaped the dam in safety, and rapidly approached the White Rock, the Little and Great Balcony Falls, and the Tobacco Hills, places, which the writer says, formerly made the boldest heart quake, under favorable circumstances. As it passed within a foot of the White Rock, the Captain and four or five persons jumped out, and were left on the rock in the middle of the river, with the water raging around them.—The boat hurried by, and escaping several dangers, hung lightly on a rock near the Tobacco Hills.

Persons on shore now undertook to rescue the five or six men clinging to the White Rock. A batteau was dragged some distance and launched in the river the water still rising, and the wind blowing a perfect hurricane through the gap of the Mountain.—Frank Padget, an experienced boatman, and Messrs. Matthews and Mc Collogan, and two negroes, embarked in the batteau, and at great personal risk succeeded in bringing the party safely on shore.

By this time, the water had risen enough to float the canal boat again, which was carried headlong through the Tobacco Hills, and caught on a small island below. On her passage, one of the negroes on board had leaped upon a flat rock, where he stood without his coat, wet with spray and shivering with cold, imploring help. The batteau, under command of Padget, could not reach him, and proceeded on towards the others, all of whom were rescued.

The question then arose whether the man on the rock could be saved.—The brave hearted Padget thought he could, and the same men and two more embarked with him to make the attempt. Just as they reached the rock and the man had jumped on board, the batteau struck and was crushed like an egg shell. Five of the party leaped upon the rock, one clung to an oar and drifted to land, and Padget and the man they had gone to rescue were drowned.

Some time elapsed before another batteau could be obtained. At last it arrived and was launched, but a negro

suffered it to be carried off, and it was dashed to pieces upon the rocks.

It was now dark and no other boat was at hand. Thus the five men on the rock were necessarily left there all night, exposed to the drenching spray and freezing weather. During the night a third batteau was brought up and placed under the command of an old ferryman named Sam. Evans. Next morning, contrary to the expectations of all, the men were found to be alive, though several of them were badly frost bitten, and all of them were brought to land, amid the shouts of the spectators.

If this is a truthful narrative, which we have no reason to doubt, the incidents are as thrilling as any we have ever seen recorded.—*Stanton (Va.) Spectator.*

The Last Hope Gone.

The London *Times* argues from Commander McClure's despatches that there is no hope whatever that Sir John Franklin will ever be heard from. That paper says:

“Commander McClure can send us no news of Sir John Franklin's Expedition. The opinion among the most distinguished Polar worthies now is, that Sir John Franklin, after leaving the winter quarters, where his traces were found, proceeded to carry out the Admiralty instructions, steering first westerly for Melville Island, and then shaping a course—as far as the scene of action of the configuration permitted—southerly and westerly for Behring's Straits. It is supposed that, in endeavoring to carry this purpose into effect, the *Erebus* and *Terror* were hopelessly frozen up or destroyed years ago in some of the multitudinous channels which are known or supposed to exist there.

This we find to be the opinion of the principal Arctic navigators, and it comes before us recommended by its extreme probability. Certainly, Sir John Franklin was not an officer to leave unattempted any duty which he had been ordered to perform, and therefore it is probable that he would not deviate from the letter of his in-

structions without excellent cause; had he so deviated, it is all but certain that he would have left behind him at Beechy Island, or elsewhere, some record of his changed intention.

If, then, Commander McClure has been unable to find any trace of the lost expedition between Behring's Straits and the point from which he wrote his despatches, it would appear that our best chance has been exhausted. The public have a right to expect that we have now seen the last of Arctic expeditions. Even Sir John Barrow, had he been yet alive, would now have entreated the Admiralty to hold their hand.”

The Way in which Ice is formed at Sea.

Capt. Scoresby, in his account of the Arctic regions, says, while describing the formation of ice in the open sea, that he has literally seen it grow to a consistence capable of stepping the way of a ship, with a brisk wind, and this even when exposed to the full force of the waves of the Atlantic. The surface is first covered by a peculiar substance called ‘sludge’ resembling snow which has been cast into water too cold to dissolve it.—This smooths the surface of the sea as if oil had been poured upon it: It is composed of small detached crystals which gradually unite, but are broken by the motion of the waves into pieces about three inches in diameter.—These pieces becoming thicker and stouter, again unite, constituting what is called pancake ice. These ‘pancakes’ come together in their turn, and form cakes perhaps a foot in thickness and many yards in circumference. When the sea is perfectly smooth the freezing process proceeds much more rapidly, so that in 48 hours the ice will have become capable of sustaining a man's weight.

A million of New Testaments for China have been subscribed for and will all be printed within three years. The Bible Society has passed a resolution to send 50,000 Bibles to China besides the Testaments.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

Sad and doleful is the requiem that comes up from the sea.

DISASTERS.

Brig Hanover, from Philadelphia for Portland, anchored off Ram Island evening of 26th ult., and about midnight, during the gale, drove ashore on Trundy's Reef, and will be a total loss. Crew saved, except the cook.

Brig G. W. Brinkerhoff, from Nuevitas for New York, put into Newport, 2d January, reports. No date, off Montank, boarded schr. Teneriffa, of Bristol, Me., abandoned.

Capt. Harris, from Sag Harbor at New London, reports a schr. ashore on Gardner's Island, (name unknown)—went on during the late storm, the captain of which had perished.

Schr. Maria, formerly of Pensacola from New Orleans for Apalachicola, was totally lost with her cargo six miles E. of Pensacola.

Barque Victory, from Baltimore for Rio Janeria, was totally lost on the Island of Santa Maria.

Whaling brig Venezuela, of San Francisco, was lost on the Shoals of Cojamilla, in October last.

A slip from the Barnstable Patriot states that schr. Leo, from New York, reported for Quincy, ashore on Scorten Neck, was boarded during the storm by Mr. Azariah Wing, that no person was found on board, and that it is supposed all hands perished before she came on shore. The vessel will be a total loss.

Ship Affghan, Hepburn, hence for Panama, on the 29th Sept., encountered a severe hurricane; a heavy sea struck her, and started the stem below the copper, causing the ship to leak very badly. The next night saw a sail, and hoisted signals of distress, when she ran down to them. She proved to be the Br. barque Director, Capt. Vallent; finding the water still gaining, the officers and crew, seventeen in number, abandoned the ship, and went on board the Director.

Br. brig Henry Poole, from Glasgow Nov. 11th for this port, is ashore at Absecom, and will be a total loss.

Br. schr. Salus, from Boston for Mahone Bay, N. S., went ashore at the Chebogue Point night of Dec. 24th, and became a total loss.

Schr. Chas. A. Vickery, from Norfolk for Newport, was fallen in with by brig Norfolk, (at Baltimore from Eastport) on the 30th Dec., in a sinking condition, who took off the crew, six in number.

Ship Albania is still ashore on Cape Henry. It is thought the vessel will prove a total loss.

Oct. 9th, off the Falkland Islands, in a gale, the schrs. Sarah E. Spear, Capt. Kear, and Flying Cloud, Capt. Claig, both of Stonington, were totally lost, Capt. and crew saved. They were tenders to the barque United States.

Ship Prince Albert, which cleared at this port Dec. 6th for London, was fallen in with, no date, lat. 48°, lon. 15°, in a sinking condition, by the Br. ship Norfolk, Brown, from Madras,

who took off Capt. Bradish and crew, and 16 passengers, and landed them at Queenstown, Ireland, Jan 11.

Barque Inca, Cook, for Baltimore, stranded on the island in the Caribbean sea, where she was getting ready to load guano, no date given, and went to pieces in six hours.

Barque Mary Adams, from Puget's Sound for Singapore, was totally destroyed by fire 19th Oct. last, in the Straits of Mindoro. The captain and crew had arrived at Manila.

Brig Naid, for Baltimore from the guano island in the Gulf of Mexico, was wrecked on the Triangles night of 31st Dec.

Schr. Honolulu Packet, at San Francisco, reports; Dec. 4th Br. ship Lord Western, Parker, from Vancouver Island for San Francisco, as being water logged and abandoned near Nootka Sound.

Schr. John C. Wells, Baker, from New-York for Philadelphia, was run into on Saturday, at 4 P. M. off Cape May, by a light schooner, unknown, and soon after filled and sunk in seven fathoms water.

Br. brig, Eleanora, hence for Halifax, went ashore near Yarmouth, N. S., Jan. 13th, and became a total loss.

Capt. Hooper, late master of schr. Mary Augusta, for Machiasport, from New-York, which was fallen in with 28th Dec., near Cape Sable, N. S. full of water and abandoned, arrived home night of 15th Jan., bringing the first tidings of his fate and that of his crew. Capt. H. states that he made Cape Elizabeth; was then blown off the coast. The vessel leaked badly, and the pumps were going continually till they failed, when bailing was resorted to. Made Cape Sable some thirty miles distant, and as he could carry no sail, the vessel being nearly full of water, and apprehending a N. E. storm, he with his daughter and crew left in the boat at 4 P. M. of the 25th, and landed in safety the next day at about 2 P. M. The crew were very much exhausted. Capt. H. says they found the inhabitants very kind and hospitable.

A correspondent of the Boston Advertiser, at Provincetown, under date of 30th Dec. writes, Schr. James Frederick, (believed of Orland, Me.) had gone to pieces. The master was saved, but every other person on board perished.

Packet brig Mary Stanton, from Boston for Baltimore, ashore on the back of Cape Cod at Eastham, struck at 6 A. M. 30th Dec. during a N. E. snow storm, immediately bilged and broke in two. The crew, after being lashed to the rigging nine hours, were rescued by means of ropes, and hauled up a precipice 60 feet high, in an exhausted state, and more or less frost bitten. One of them died soon after.

Schr. Urana, Henderson master, from Charleston to Tampa Bay was totally lost on Abaco, near Cheroku Sound night of 23d Dec.

Schr. Ira Brewster, Williams, from Wilmington, N. C., was lost on Green Turtle Cay reef 11th Dec.

Schr. Julia Ann, from Wilmington, N. C. for Barbadoes, was wrecked at French Cays, near Crooked Island 15th Dec., cargo sold.

Brig Albert Fraring, from Eastport for Philadelphia, encountered a violent hurricane Dec. 23d, in which she was dismasted, lost bulwarks, stove boats, and had deck swept. A brig hove in sight, and on describing the signal of distress bore down for the wreck, and succeeded in saving all hands, and landed them at Baltimore.

Barque Borneo, hence for London, was fallen in with 1st Jan. (by brig Cobden, at Boston from Palermo) in distress, with the loss of rudder, leaking badly, and with four feet water in the hold; was disabled in the gale of 29th Dec. The Cobden took off the captain and crew, fifteen in all, and brought them to Boston.

The following are reported by telegraph from Boston, under date of January 5th:—The barque Almeda, from New-Orleans for Boston, has arrived at Holme's Hole with the crew of the schr. Arabella, of New-York, abandoned on Cape Henry, in a sinking condition. The barque Elk

had arrived at Newport with the crew of the *Osceola*, from Philadelphia for Boston.

Schr. *Philanthopist*, from Philadelphia, got ashore at Annisquam harbor 24th Dec., and during the storm of the 29th broke up.

Brig *Albatross*, at Bath from Savannah, fell in with the wreck of brig *Ellsworth*, Jordan, from Jacksonville for New-York, with loss of both masts, deck load, and boats, and with five feet water in her hold. The crew were taken off, but as a heavy sea was running, nothing else could be saved from the wreck.

Schr. *Fashion*, from New-York for Boston, went ashore on Nashawinna during a thick snow storm, night of 30th Dec., and has gone to pieces; crew saved.

Br. brig *Coojerat*, from Sidney, C. B. for Boston, was totally lost on a reef off the South Coast of Cape Breton, 16th Dec. The crew barely escaped with their lives.

Schr. *Gordon*, from Port-au-Prince 4th Dec. for Boston, was abandoned at sea, no date.

Brig "*Garryn*," of Eastport, was wrecked 29th Dec., on the beach three miles N. of Cape Henry. Vessel gone to pieces.

Br. schr. *Patriot*, from Nevias, was fallen in with 20th Dec., in a sinking condition, and crew taken off by Br. schr. *Gen. Washington*, lost at Liverpool, N. S. The mate had been washed overboard. The master died the day after being taken off, and the others were sick.

Schr. *Glide*, from Boston, went ashore morning of 27th Dec., on the eastern side of George's Island, and became a total loss.

Ship *Clinton*, from Bath for New-Orleans, drove ashore at Turk's Island, 11th Dec. and went to pieces on the 12th.

Ship *Commerce*, of New-York, Whittlesey, from New-York for London, Dec. 21, was lost at sea as follows: On Dec. 24, the ship sprung a leak; 26, ship *Andrew Foster*, from Liverpool for this port, fell in with her, and took off the captain, crew, and twenty-one passengers, and brought them to this port.

Brig *Eureka*, at this port, from Jacksonville, reports; Dec. 28th, fell in with schr. *Richmond*, of St. George, Me., from Philadelphia for Boston, seven days out, and took off captain and crew.

Ship *Shelter*, at this port from Antwerp, lat. 37° 37', lon. 67° 4', passed schr. *Patriot*, of Port Medway, waterlogged and abandoned.

Ship *Cygnat*, of this port from Manila, reports; Dec. 29th, passed the wreck of the schr. *Rio*, of Sedgwick.

Brig *Wild Pigeon*, at this port from Havanna, Dec. 27th fell in with the wreck of brig or schr. *Montilla*, of Ellsworth, dismasted and abandoned, also full of water.

Schr. *Meridian*, for Rockland from New-York, was fallen in with 25th Dec. Cape Ann W. sixty miles, by Br. schooner *Wave*, from Lunenburg for Boston, which took off the crew.

Schr. *Emma*, from Philadelphia for Boston, which went ashore near Beaver Tail Lighthouse during the storm of 29th Dec., has gone entirely to pieces.

Schr. *Lucy Jane*, from Philadelphia for Alexandria, Va., sprung a leak 29th Dec. 35 miles E. N. E. of Cape Henry, and sunk. The captain and crew only had time to reach the boat, and were picked up same day by schr. *Washington*, and taken to Suffolk, Va.

Ship *Florida*, Sanneman, from New York, at London, Dec. 28, fell in with the schr. *Rebeka*, of and from Beaufort N. C., for New-York, in a sinking condition; took off Captain George Weeks and crew.

Schr. *Mary*, from Baltimore for Providence went ashore during the morning of 5th Jan. on Gardiner's Point, Long Island. The vessel soon filled, and the crew escaped to the shore by swimming, and remaining on the island, the sea breaking over them till ten o'clock in the morning.—Most of them were badly frost bitten, and the captain died shortly after. On Tuesday they were taken off from the island by the revenue cutter and brought to New London.

Key West, Jan. 22.

Ship *Elizabeth Bruce*, Brown, from Liverpool Nov. 23, for Mobile, ran

ashore at 6 P. M., 10th inst., upon the elbow of Carysfort Reef.

Wrecking schr. Wm. Chestnut, Lowe, arrived 16th from Tortugas, with cargo and materials saved from the barque Harriet & Martha, lost at that place on the 13th inst.

Halifax, Jan. 31.

Brig Velocity, arrived here to-day, reports; Jan. 24th, fell in with the Prussian barque St. Johns, from City Point, Va., for Liverpool, in distress, with loss of rudder, sails, spars, leaky, &c. Both vessels being locked with ice, it was impossible to render assistance. Lay by the wreck till the following day, and saved the crew.

Mathewtown, Inagua, Jan. 12.

Brig Swan, Bray, from Gonaives for New-York, struck upon the reef at the South East point of this island this morning, at 5 o'clock. The captain and crew had great difficulty in saving themselves in their boat.

Millisle, near Donaghadee, Jan. 7.

The Am. ship Mermaid, for Philadelphia from Liverpool, got on shore on the Copeland Island near Donaghadee, and has become a total wreck.

Rotterdam, Jan. 7.

The barque Edward Fletcher, from New-York for Plymouth, Eng., before reported abandoned, was fallen in with Dec. 2, in a sinking state, with loss of second mate, two seamen, main and mizen masts overboard; and the remainder of the crew taken off by the schr. Waterloo, Marmelstein, arrived here from Tjalallap, which, on the 24th Dec. fell in with the Am. barque Condor, from Belfast for New York, in a disabled state, and took off the master, crew, and passengers, 28 in number, and landed them at Holvost.

Amsterdam, Jan. 7.

The Emma, Helmers, from Baltimore for this port, which was stranded near Kamperduin, Dec. 31, has gone to pieces; six men drowned.

A letter received from Capt. Jeremiah Abbott, of schr. Rough & Ready hence at Washington, N. C. says: "On the 10th Dec., while lying to in a heavy gale from N. E., saw a barque to windward; ran down under her

lee; she proved to be the barque Mandarin, of Thomaston; when she passed us, showed the words 'we sink' marked on a board. I soon kept away, ran under his lee, and learned that he was in a sinking condition, had four feet water in his hold, and leak gaining fast; wanted to be taken off, but the wind was so high—almost a hurricane—could not. Night coming on, very dark and thick, lost sight of them, and did not see them afterwards. We were at the time in the Gulf Stream, off Cape Lookout."

Schr. Hutoka, from Eastport for Baltimore, was dismasted in South Channel night of 16th January, and sprung a leak. The crew were taken off next day by schr. Harriet Ann, from Lubec for Charleston, and landed at Holme's Hole.

Beaufort, N. C., Jan. 14.

Schr. S. Ha'lock, from Charleston for New-York, was ashore 13th, about a mile west of the Inlet. Vessel a total loss.

Key West, Jan. 10.

The Champion, yesterday, apoke barque Island City, Hinckley, from Boston for Galveston, and took from her the captain, mate, and crew of schr. Walter S. Douglass, from Beaufort, N. C. for New-York, which was abandoned about 12 days since.

Southampton, Jan. 4.

The Am. ship Clayburn, from Bordeaux for New-Orleans, was wrecked on Anegada, near Tortola, 3d Dec.; crew and passengers saved.

Dartmouth, Jan. 6.

The Loyalist, from New-York for London, was wrecked on the 17th December; crew taken off the wreck on the 21st, by the Princeton, of New York, from Quebec.

Schr. Julia & Nancy, of New-Berne, N. C., from the West Indies, sprung a leak and sunk at Ocracoke on the 21st Jan. It is supposed she would prove a total loss.

The Agent of Boston Underwriters writes from Provincetown, 12th Jan., that achrs. Mail & Lowell, went ashore on the extreme point of the Race, and became total wrecks.—

Schr. Hy. Franklin is broken in two and buried in the sand.

Schr. Ellen Matilda, from Calais for New-York, at Holme's Hole, reports: Jan. 7, fell in with schr. Flying Eagle, from Havana for Portland, in distress, short of provisions; had been out of water five days; had been 18 days North of Hatteras, with continued gales; had deck swept away, sails blown away, &c. The E. M. also being short of provisions, laid by until brig S. G. Bass, Crosby, from Eastport for New-York, came up and took off the crew.

Ship Chile, at Boston 15th Jan., from Liverpool, reports: On 2d Jan., fell in with schr. Robert F. Stockton, Hynes, from Long Island, of and for Brunswick, N. J., in a disabled condition, with loss of spars, and all sails, short of provisions, &c., and some of the crew partly frozen. Took off the crew, and brought them to this port.

Ship Roscius, at this port Jan. 18, reports: boarded barque Midas, of Thomaston, abandoned, all her masts gone and everything attached.

Brig Royal Southwick, for Boston, from Curacao, struck on the N. W. point of Cuttyhunk at 11 A. M. 12th Jan., and will prove a total loss.

Halifax, N. S., Dec. 29.

This morning, by land mails, news reached here that the new barque Kate Campbell, bound to Liverpool, N. S., has been driven ashore near Herring Cove. It is feared she will become a total wreck.

Brig Stephen G. Bass, from Eastport, which arrived 13th Jan., reports: 8th Jan., fell in with schr. Flying Eagle, from Havana for Portland, with the captain and crew down with fever; her decks swept of galley and boat, sails split, and four feet water in her hold. The captain of the F. E. reports that himself and crew were seven days without food, water or fire, and, in consequence of the crew being sick, they were unable to clear the wreck. The captain and crew were taken off and brought to this port by the S. G. Bass.

Br. brig John Mann, Field, of and

from Harbor Grace, N. F., was run into night of 11th Jan., during a thick fog, by steamer Georgia, on her trip from Baltimore, and was filled and capsized. The captain and crew were saved, and arrived at Baltimore 13th in the Georgia.

Schr. Woodwell, from Alexandria for Boston, was wrecked during the late gale on Cape Cod

Ship Chauncey Jerome, Jr., Cone, from Liverpool 3d Dec., for this port, went ashore Jan. 12, about half-past 6 A. M., off the Tavern House, N. J., during a thick fog, while in charge of a pilot. She had on board about forty passengers, among whom were some women and children, who were all safely landed by life boats.

Br. brig Charlotte, from Halifax for Charleston, got ashore on Folly Island Beach 11th Jan. The main mast and fore topmast went over the sides soon after she struck, and when the captain left her the same afternoon, she had three feet four inches water in the hold.

Schr. Fountain, from New-York for Frankfort, went ashore on Chatham bars 23d Jan., and sunk early next morning.

Schr. Arabella, of and from New-York for Virginia, was abandoned last inst. in a sinking condition. Her boat, containing Capt. Abrahams and crew was picked up two hours afterwards by barque Almeida, at Boston 5th Jan.

Beaufort, N. C. Jan. 14.

Schr. Samuel Hallock, Fletcher, from Charleston, S. C. for New-York, got ashore 18th Dec. about six miles West of this inlet. The vessel will be a total loss.

Br. ship John Miller at this port 13th Jan. from Cardiff, reports: Jan. 8th, Cape Hatteras, bearing N. W. 160 miles, passed the wreck of schr. Rio, of Sedgwick, dismasted, water-logged and abandoned.

Schr. George Franklin, from Hog Island, Va. for this port, was abandoned previous to 5th Jan. in a sinking condition. Captain and crew taken off and carried to Halifax C. H. Va.

Schr. Reindeer, from Attakapas for

this port, was fallen in with 28th Dec. by schr. Marcia Tribou, who took off the captain and crew and brought them to Wilmington, N. C.

Schr. Northern Light, at Boston from Richmond, reports: 5th Jan., fell in with and boarded barque Midas, before reported abandoned.

"Cape May Court House, Jan. 3.

Schr Samuel R. Paynter is a total loss. Her stern is out—the crew must have all perished."

Brig Jane & Mary, which cleared at Portland Jan. 9th, for Mariel, struck a reef near Abaco, about Jan. 25th, knocking off her keel and stern post; she immediately filled with water and was abandoned.

Brig Denmark, Gamage, from Boston for Wilmington, N. C., went ashore on New Inlet Bar, below the port, 22d Jan., and was expected to be a total loss.

Capt. Reid, of barque Kate, at Savannah, reports passing herm. brig Emma W. Richardson, waterlogged and abandoned.

Br. brig Otter, of Halifax, N. S., from Port Spain, Trin., bound to Baltimore, was wrecked on the middle ground near Cape Charles, Jan. 27th. Vessel a total wreck.

Schr. Sarah Ann, from Rio Janeiro for Baltimore, masts cut away and abandoned, was drifted ashore about 10 miles S. of Berlin, Md., morning of 31st Jan., full of water.

Barque "India, from Boston for Laguna," is stated in a letter received in New Orleans, to have stopped at Sisal to make entry, and while there a strong Northerner, on the 31st Dec., drove her on shore, and she was lost.

Schr. Lucy Ann, from Boston for Charleston, went ashore on the beach in Long Bay, 30 miles E. of Georgetown, S. C., 28th Jan. a total loss.

Berlin, Md., Feb. 4.

Four of the crew of the schr. Sarah Ann, from Rio Janeiro, with coffee, came up from the Chesapeake, and state that the schr. struck the Beach 10 miles South of this place 30th Jan.

Br. barque Envoy, from St. John, N. B. for Londonderry, was totally lost on Briar Island 30th Jan.

Schr. Ariel, from this port for Wilmington, was lost on Hatteras Beach, night of the 21st Dec.

Ship Anson was driven ashore near Bellingham Bay, Puget Sound, on the 5th Jan. in a gale, where she went to pieces.

Barque Wm. O. Alden, at this port from Belize, Hond., reports: Brig Russian, from Navy Bay for Liverpool, was lost on the 25th January off Goff's Key Reef.

Brig Rio, from Turk's Island for New-Orleans, was totally lost about 8th Jan., in the vicinity of Cuba.

Brig G. W. Brinkerhoff, from Nuevitas for New-York, put into Newport 2d Jan., reports: No date, off Montauk, boarded schr. Teneriffe, of Bristol, Me., abandoned.

Schr. Enterprise, from Boston for Jacksonville, E. F., was capsized 12 miles E. N. E. of St. Johns bar, Jan. 27. She went entirely over, bottom up. Capt. Gordon and crew were taken off by brig Mantanzas, from Havana, and carried into Jacksonville next day.

Brig Byzantium, from Wilmington, N. C. for Boston. Night of the 27th Feb., she struck on the New South Shoal, Nantucket, at the south of that Island, and soon after drifted off, but being in a sinking condition, the crew left her about 11 P.M., and soon after saw her go down.

Br. brig Garland, from St. Johns, N. B. for Porto Rico, with a cargo of lumber, went ashore 14th Feb., on Egg Rock, lying between Petit Manan and Beaver Island, and about four miles from Narraguagus Light; the crew were saved with the exception of one man badly frost bitten. The vessel will be a total loss.

Brig John Kendall, at this port from Greenock and St. Johns, N. F., bound to Philadelphia—put into this port 26th Feb. Fell in with the Br. brig Dash, 44 days from Hamburg, bound to St. Johns, N. F., in a sinking condition; took from her the captain and crew, and carried them to St. Johns, after having been on board 33 days.

Br. brig *Resolution*, from New York for St. Johns, N. F., was totally lost at Whitehead, N. S., 10th Feb.

Barque *S. I. Roberta*, for Marseilles for New York, went ashore on Absecom beach during a violent storm 20th Feb., and it is feared will become a total wreck.

New ship *Mary T. Starrett*, hence Jan. 1, for Havre, was abandoned Feb. 1st, with loss of all her sails, foremast and rudder, very leaky, and half of her cargo thrown overboard. The crew were taken off by the packet ship *Westmoreland*, at Liverpool from Philadelphia, which scuttled the ship to get her out of the way of other vessels.

Ship *Europa*, at New-Bedford, reports: 25th Feb, fell in with schr. *Breeze*, of Staten Island from Virginia for New York, in a sinking condition, having sprung a leak in a gale of wind; took off the captain and crew and set fire to the wreck.

A despatch from Portland states that barque *N. W. Bridge*, Woodbury, for Portland, from Matanzas, went ashore night of 26th Feb., on Bunker's Island, off Cape Porpoise, and bilged.

Schr. *Thomas Ireland*, from New Berne, N. C., for New York, got ashore near Beaufort Inlet, N. C., on or about 10th Feb., and went to pieces, the Captain and crew barely escaping with their lives.

Br. brig *Meteor*, Allen of St. John, N. B., from Cienfuegos, ran upon Pickle's Reef at 11 1-2 o'clock, p. m., 25th Jan., vessel bilged, and the officers and crew took to the boats.

Ship *Constitution*, Bunting, before reported abandoned on the voyage hence to Havre, was the vessel seen by Capt. Sturtevant, of barque *Sarah I. Bridge*, at Havana 13th Jan.

Brig *Thomas Trowbridge*, at this port from Barbadoes, brought home the captain and one seaman of the schr. *Yucatan*, abandoned Jan. 7th.

Schr. *Pectorus*, Baker, went ashore in the snow storm morning of 3d Feb. abreast Cape Charles. Vessel full of water and supposed to be a total loss.

On Monday 20th Feb., during the snow storm, a vessel was cast away on Barnegat Shoals, N. J., and with all hands totally lost. Upon the stern, which went on the beach, is the name of G. or Geo. H. Scott, of Fredericksburg, Va.

Schr. *George Ross*, from Virginia, in a leaky condition, was run on shore and went to pieces 20th Feb. The captain and cook were drowned.

Brig *Czarina*, Bates, from Surinam, of and for Boston, was lost on the outer bars at Chatham night of the 5th Feb., crew taken off 7th by the life boat after being 40 hours on the wreck, and landed at Chatham; are well, except being somewhat frost-bitten.

Schr. *Sailor's Delight*, of Brooklyn, was run into on the 3d Feb. near Sand's Point, by propeller *Quinebaug*, and sunk immediately.

Br. barque *Priacilla*, from Philadelphia for Liverpool, foundered 1st Feb. Capt. Thomas, wife and child, Capt. Walsh, a passenger, and the crew, 15 in number, were taken off by the *Peerless*, and taken to St. Johns, N. F.

Ship *Cornelius Grinnell*, Fletcher, at this port 24th Feb., from Liverpool, reports having had the roughest passage ever experienced by Capt F. but has received no damage to hull, spars or sails. On Friday, 26th Jan. at noon, fell in with ship *Columbian*, Stahl, of New-York, from New Orleans bound to Liverpool, with decks swept, all her masts gone, the men lashed to the pumps, and the bulwarks very much broken. The sea at that time was running very high, so much so that it was impossible to lower a boat with any degree of safety; consequently, hove the ship to under bare poles until 4 p. m. next day, when the weather moderating, succeeded in getting a boat near the ship, and hauled the captain, officers and crew, sixteen in number, into the boat through the sea by lines made fast around them, and from the boat to the C. G. in the same manner. The crew were in a very exhausted state from fatigue and exposure. On the 31st, about sunset, saw another dis-

masted vessel; went to her assistance, and succeeded in taking off the captain and crew, nine in number, of the brig Frederick, Parker, of Parsboro', N. S. from Halifax bound to Liverpool.

Lewes Del. Feb. 22.

Reports from the Beach, that nine sail of vessels are ashore, and others, say fifteen, from the effects of the storm last night. The schr. Charles Parker, Appleton, from Virginia is ashore—two of her crew perished; schr. James Maul ashore—two of her crew perished; schr. Sussex, from Lewes, ashore, broke in two pieces.

Ship Phoenix, Crabtree, at this port from Portland, reports: 24th Feb., Highland lights bearing N. N. W. 10 miles, during a heavy gale and snow storm, came in contact with schr. Wm. F. Baird, Crowell, from Boston for Philadelphia, cutting the larboard bow completely off, causing her to sink in less than two minutes. The crew, seven in number, escaped without saving an article except what they had on.

A telegraphic dispatch from Philadelphia, states that the barque S. I. Roberts, from Marseilles for New-York, before reported ashore on Absecom bar, was going to pieces on 27th February.

Schr. Florida, at Mobile Feb. 22, from New-Orleans, reports the wreck of schr. Edith, from New-Orleans via river for Mobile, on the Chandler Breakers.

Schr. Alonzo, from New-Berne, N. C. for New-York, went ashore on the night of 20th Feb., seven miles south of Indian Inlet, where she is likely to prove a complete loss.

Schr. Sarah Victoria, from Georgetown, S. C., for New-York, ran ashore night of Feb. 20, about 7 miles above Berlin, Md. The captain and crew were compelled to take to the rigging for protection, where they remained for 10 hours before they were taken off.

Schr. J. B. Lindsay, which sailed from New-Orleans about Nov. 24th for Norfolk, when within 45 miles of Cape Henry, on the 23d Dec., en-

countered a tremendous gale, which carried away all the remaining sails. She was 18 days drifting about at the mercy of the wind and waves, and on very short allowance of provisions and water. On the 15th Jan. they were taken off by the brig Execute, bound to Santa Cruz.

Notice to Mariners.

A Beacon Light has been established on Lime Rock, at the Southern extremity of the inner harbor of Newport, R. I.

It is a fixed light, composed of a Dioptric (Lens) lantern illuminated by an argand fountain lamp, and burner of one inch in diameter, elevated 30 feet above mean low water.

The tower upon which it is placed is 5 feet square, and 17 1/2 feet high; constructed of brick and whitewashed.

The Light will be exhibited on Monday the 26th inst., at sunset, and every day thereafter from sunset to sunrise.

By order of the Lighthouse Board.
GEORGE DUTTON.

Capt. of Engineers.
Newport, R. I., Dec. 15, 1853.

Missing Vessels.

Brig Vintage, Gallop master, sailed from Salem Feb. 26, 1853, for West Coast of Africa, since which nothing has been heard of her.

Schr. J. K. Randall, Baker, of Dennis, from Philadelphia, for Boston, came over the Shoals evening of 28th Dec., with the fleet which suffered so severely in the gale of the following morning, and has not since been heard from.

Schr. Usher, Crowell, of Dennis, from Norfolk for Boston, came out of Bass river or vicinity evening of 28th Dec. and has not since been heard from.

Schr. Nancy Bishop, Kelly, from Norfolk for Boston, was seen three days before the gale between Block Island and the Shoals, and has not since been heard from.

New York, April, 1854.

Floating Bethel in Mobile Bay.

The friends of seamen will be glad to learn from the following notice taken from the Mobile Daily Register, that there is a Bethel in the Bay of Mobile, where the Gospel is regularly preached to seamen by our Chaplain, Rev. J. Gridley.

MISSION TO THE BAY OF MOBILE.
—According to previous arrangement, the Religious Exercises connected with the Dedication of "the Bethel Ship," took place on board this vessel on Sabbath afternoon, the 5th Feb., at 3 o'clock.

A large number of the friends and patrons of the enterprise was present, together with a numerous assemblage on board the ship and on the wharf.

The Services were conducted with much interest and solemnity, by the several resident clergymen, of different denominations, in the following order:

Reading the Scriptures, by Rev. Dr. Nall.

Prayer, by the Rev. Mr. McGlashan.

Sermon from Isaiah, 23:4—"For the Sea hath spoken," by the Rev. Mr. Gridley.

Dedicatory Prayer, by the Rev. Dr. Hamilton.

Appropriate Addresses were made by the Rev. Messrs. Keene and Dorman.

Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Mickie.

Benediction, by the Rev. Mr. McLane.

The occasion was altogether one of much satisfaction to the friends of Seamen in this city, as the necessity and importance of sending the Gospel steadily to the thousands of seamen, who lie at anchor in the Bay, for weeks and months during the winter, has been urgently felt.

There are some features of this Mission which may be considered peculiar, and unlike anything of the kind in the known world. These are, that the ship is to be anchored in the midst of the fleet, some seven or eight miles from land and twenty-five or thirty from Mobile city. And in addition to the preached gospel, there will be accommodations on board for ministering to the comfort and cure of such sick or disabled seamen as may not prefer to go to the Hospitals in the city.

The Ship Hope.

The sailing of a ship from port is an event too common to require ordinarily any more than the usual newspaper notice. Not so with the 'Hope,' which recently left New York for the Pacific Ocean. Her very name awakens an interest and inspires a hope respecting her such as we have rarely felt. Her master, Capt. Nathan Briggs, has long been noted both for his seamanship and Christian character. Her officers have also a good reputation in their profession. Her crew consists of 20, one half of whom are able seamen, and the other

well educated and active young men, making their first voyage. Her carpenter is a man of God. Such an assemblage of manliness, intelligence and character we have rarely seen on the deck of a merchant ship. The Captain's wife, too, with her matronly air, and Christian excellence, makes a prominent figure in the group. The ship is now at sea tossing the parallels of Northern latitude astern with a will. The hour for worship arriving, and the master of this interesting family, according to his custom, summons all who can be spared from ship duty, to wait upon God. A musical instrument assists the sacred song.

"At once they sing,
At once they pray,
They speak of Heaven
And learn the way."

The Captain reads to them the word of God, and exhorts them to listen to his voice. A Bible class was proposed before sailing, and also stated times for studying navigation; so that those young sailors are now probably making themselves familiar with the charts of the oceans both of time and eternity, and the science of navigating them safely.

THE LORD BLESS THEM, we have occasion to know is the prayer of many anxious hearts, and can we doubt whether those prayers will be answered? We expect to hear of scenes of religious interest and joy on board the *Hope*, like those which transpired a few months since on board the whale ship *Helen Augusta*.

N. B. Capt. Briggs in taking so many young men has adopted the right way to furnish seamen for the Merchant service.

Let others follow his example and the men furnished will be worthy of their calling.

APPRENTICE SYSTEM

FOR THE

United States Merchant Service.

The scarcity of seamen is the burden of complaint among sea captains and commercial men. Never in the history of commerce has it been so difficult to man our ships with competent sailors. What shall be done to remedy the evil? is the common and somewhat earnest inquiry.

A prominent remedy, we would suggest, is pay such wages for services rendered, and only when rendered, as will induce a better class of men and boys to go into the employment.

The sailor, formerly, and even now does not receive as much for his services as the common hod carrier, or street scavenger, although he is obliged to labor seven days in the week, and liable to twenty-four hours in the day of hard toil, in addition to being in a sort of prison and at the risk of his life; and yet no labor more productive than his. Employ such men, and give such wages and encouragements, as will enable them to keep themselves and families above pauperism and want, is one step towards increasing the number and improving the character of our seamen, and promoting the safety and productiveness of our commerce.

Another remedy is suggested from various sources. Although it has been difficult formerly to induce Captains and owners to receive boys on board their ships to teach them seamanship; now the *Apprentice System* seems to be the chief remedy suggested.

We have before us a pamphlet on the subject by John W. Goin, one of the most respectable shipping masters in this city, advocating an appeal to

Congress for laws regulating the Apprentices System, and obliging ships to carry from *one to fourteen* apprentices according to tonnage; the establishment of a Board of education and guardianship; and receiving ships in all our larger ports, as educational institutions for the boys, to make of them thorough sailors — This Board of Education to be also a judicial board in difficulties that may arise between owners or captains and their wards and sailors. Mr. Groin's pamphlet contains many excellent suggestions though in the details of his draft of a form of laws to be proposed, we find some things objectionable, and needing amendment.

Another pamphlet before us on the subject, is from the pen of Captain Sullivan, of the Marine Mission at Large, Boston. That suggests a voluntary Apprentices System, the opening of intelligence offices, to which boys with the consent of parents or guardians may apply for voyages; and captains and owners for apprentices. He gives some facts to show that there is ample material in the country for the increase of seamen. When the clipper ship *Great Republic* lay in New York, a paragraph appeared in one of the city papers, stating "that the ship would receive forty boys." Captain McKay says, "I think I have received hundreds of applications. I get a batch of letters every day from all parts of the country of applicants, and referring to this notice; proving most conclusively that there is material enough in the country for sailors.

We have noticed before the formation of a company of sea captains in Maine, for an educational institution for young sailors.

An old sea captain, now a mer-

chant in New York, suggested to the writer, that the true plan is, that Congress, in connection with the Navy, should establish an apprentice system for boys, having school ships in all our Navy yards, for instruction and discipline. Let the boys be exercised in the revenue cutters. Let the revenue service be increased and become a coast guard to aid vessels in distress. Let such apprentices after a certain time be permitted to ship in the Merchant service. The Chamber of Commerce in New York, also has had the subject under discussion, and will probably petition Congress for laws regulating such a system.

Now if some plan can be devised embracing the prominent principles involved in all these schemes, with enough of the voluntary principle to make it work free and easy, comporting with our notions of liberty; with enough of law and government to give it permanency and strength; with such a union of interest between sailor, captain and owner, Navy and merchant Marine, as to give activity and efficiency, it would greatly increase the profits of the merchant, the comforts of the commander, the moral elevation and well being of the sailor. We hail these various simultaneous movements as an augury of good to the sailor. We hope they will all be guided by a spirit of enlightened liberality and philanthropy towards a long depressed class, yet depressed we must confess in a great measure by their own faults. Let the sailor lend a helping hand to these movements—desert the grog-shop—remember the Saving's Bank, till he shall be able to sail his own craft.

In two days \$10,000 were deposited by Seamen in their Bank in New York.

Sailor Contrasts.

Two young men from New England went to sea about four years ago. Their early training was as diverse as has been their career and destiny. The one had learned that the fear of the Lord is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding. The other had been effectually taught no such lessons.

The sea, which reveals character as distinctly as it mirrors forth the sky, soon exhibited them both. The one habitually aiming to serve God and his superiors with fidelity; and the other actuated by no high principle towards either.

The one was eminently useful among his shipmates, not only as a seaman but as a model of Christian excellence. Their jeers and coarse jokes, at the expense of his religion, soon gave place to respectful language; and in a few weeks, on bended knees, he led them in prayer at the throne of grace for the pardon of their sins. Not a person in that ship could help feeling that young sailor's influence. In a revival of religion during the voyage, more than a dozen hopefullv turned to the Lord.

In a letter dated, Honolulu, S. I., Nov. 30 1853, addressed to his mother and aunt, he says, "From a three years' whaler we are now homeward bound as a merchantman, loaded with oil &c. on freight. Rev. Mr. Damon, and Rev. Mr. Taylor are very kind to me, and indeed I have many dear christian friends in Honolulu. Ship duties confine me, and I go ashore only occasionally. We have sermons and prayer meetings at the Bethel nightly. I trust much good is done. I have seen more religious seamen in port than at any previous time.

The King holds his Levee at the Palace on Monday evening. I shall

strive to attend and be introduced to His Majesty!

How time flies! Is it possible that your *Benjamin* is so near the age of manhood and this the last letter of my minority! When you next see me it will be at the mature age of the *man*, yet I still feel as the *child*.

In looking over my past life, what gratitude to God should fill my whole soul for his many mercies to me!—Yes, thanks to his gracious Providence for my christian parentage and the holy influence of your prayers.—May a childlike confidence in Jesus my Captain, ever mark my way thro' this life. Entering manhood with a childlike trust in God, may I continue as life advances, to grow more, and yet more as a *little child*; leaning more entirely, though not more securely on my Saviour's promises, until at last he lays my carnality in its mother earth, and receives my ransomed spirit free and joyous to unite with my dear parents in singing Redeeming Love.

Yours affectionately, J. P. L.

N. B. I have visited the Palace and been formally presented to his Majesty the King. Particulars when we meet.

J. P. L.

Of the usefulness of the other I cannot speak. That his seamanship was good may be inferred from the fact that he became an officer. But he took the name of God in vain.—Strong drink and strange women made him a fool and an invalid.—Much as he suffered from ill health he would neither cease to do evil nor learn to do well. Nor would he return to his widowed, and sorrowful mother. The Sailor's Home, with its virtuous inmates and healthful influences, he shunned, and made his home on shore with the vile. His last days he spent in a rum sailor

boarding house in New York, where he died one night with none to direct him to Christ or close his eyes. He was found dead in his bed in the morning. The Coroner pronounced it a case of consumption, and the city buried his poor diseased body in the Potter's Field.

Fifteen months after the termination of his sad career, his poor mother was still mourning and inquiring for her long absent boy. She had written him often but could get no reply. In answer to one of inquiry, a letter has just carried her the heavy tidings of his death.

Let seamen mark the contrasts of character, and conduct, and end, thus far, of these two New England sailors, and make their own practical comments.

New York Bible Society.

We have just received the Thirtieth Annual Report of the above named Society. Copious extracts will be found in this and a following number of the Magazine.—There is one feature in the report of the Marine agent, Mr. Piereson, we look upon with the deepest interest. The agency, many of our sea captains and officers are performing in the work of Bible distribution among immigrants, and in foreign ports. We rejoice to know that there is an increasing interest and spirit among the officers of our ships to aid through the Bible and the printed volume, in the work of civilization and evangelization. Why should not all our sea captains aid in these laudable enterprises; few have more facilities to make the world the better for their having lived in it than they. We hail the dawn of the day when all the agencies of commerce shall be on the side of the church.

"The entire number of volumes dispersed by the Society in its various fields is 63,367! of which 8,959 were Bibles, and 44,408 were Testaments.

Scripture Illustrated:

In the Case of an Old Sailor.

GREEN BAY, Feb. 9, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER:—Hav^{ing} occasion to transmit to the Seamen's Friend Society a small donation, I improve the opportunity to remind you of your old friend Porter.

I rejoice with you in the wonders you are permitted to behold upon the sea; and hope you may this year see still greater exhibitions of divine love. The donation of \$5 00 which I forward, is a thank offering to the Lord, of one who was in his early years a sailor. For a time he was like John Newton, on a slave ship on the coast of Africa. A Scotchman by birth and education, and trained under devoted christians, he never could efface those early instructions. After wandering the wide world for many years, he found himself at the Mission Station, at Mackinac, some twenty-three years ago. There he was hopefully converted about the time that his noble countrymen, the late Robert Stuart, and surgeon R. S. T., U. S. A., just rescued from the wreck of the San Francisco, were brought to submit their hearts to the Saviour of the world. This venerable and feeble old man brought me a few years since \$5.00, saved from his very small means, which he said he owed to the Lord, and wished me to send it to the American Tract Society. And now he has brought me his second \$5 00, and wishes it to go to the S. F. Society, for he says: "I love the sailors and am glad so much is doing for them. I want to add my mite."

He has been trying to support him-

self and family, now increased to eight children, all daughters but one, by farming for near twenty years; and being in feeble health, he has found this very difficult. Yet he could not be denied giving something to the Lord. And now I have to add that his case is another illustration of that proverb: "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; There is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty." Since he gave me the last \$5 for your cause, he has received a letter from Scotland, informing him that a younger brother of his had just died intestate, but that some time previous to his death he had invested in good stock £1000, in behalf of his brother; and £500 each in the name of two of his nephews residing near their uncle in this county. Besides this there is left, as the friends suppose, a large estate, half of which will fall by law to your contributor. If it does, your Society will doubtless hear from him again.

He has read for many years my copy of the *Sailor's Magazine*, and will continue to do so, until by receiving means from his native land he will be able to become a paying subscriber. With sincere esteem I am

Yours in the Lord,

JEREMIAH PORTER.

Notice.

The Post Master who returned "John Smith's" Magazine to this office, is informed, that it has given us great trouble to identify, or locate the said John Smith, and that he will in future give the name of the Post Office, where John's Magazine is sent.

The Widow Remembered.

With pleasure we acknowledge the receipt of three dollars, from Capt. George Briggs, and ten dollars from

Francis Spies of this city, for the relief of the widow of "The old Dartmoor prisoner."

Mobile Bay Chaplaincy.

Mobile Bay, on board Bethel Ship, in the midst of the fleet.

FEBRUARY 15, 1854.

To the Secretaries of the American Seamen's Friend Society:—

Dear Brethren,—I am able at last, through considerable effort, and the favor of a kind Providence, to address you from the field of my labors, in actual possession.

As you will perceive by a paper which I sent you, the Bethel Ship for the Bay of Mobile, was dedicated with appropriate religious services, on the 1st Sabbath of February. This was the earliest day that it was possible for us to get ready, owing to the amount of preparation necessary, foul weather, and the inevitable delays incidental to such a work. On Friday night, the 10th inst., at 11 o'clock, we left the wharf at Mobile for the Bay, twenty-five miles below the city, under the escort of the steamboat "Fry," and at five o'clock in the morning were alongside the ship Columbus, of Dublin, Captain Leister, to receive our ballast. We yesterday finished taking it on board, and are now moored with two anchors and chain cables as near as practicable in the centre of a fleet of 43 ships of the larger class. On Sabbath we had worship on board of the Columbus, as our decks were in confusion, and some fifty officers and seamen were in attendance. A good beginning, as we thought, under the circumstances. During Saturday, the first day after our arrival, I had six applications for medical services, and two since. Our Hospital department is very popular, as an idea, and I think will be patronized. The prospects of the Mission, so far as I can judge at this early moment, are auspicious beyond the expectation of its friends. The dedication was an occasion of great interest in the city, a crowd attending beyond the capacity of the ship—double. All seemed pleased and encouraged. As I have said in a former letter, the expense of fitting

up this ship is large—equal to the building of a small church: still it is nothing compared with the object in view. Your appropriation of \$200, was very encouraging to the Committee. The work before us is singular and grand. Money can be raised I think from the churches, on the basis of *success* in this work. The Lord bless it to the praise of his name!

Yours truly,

JNO. GRIDLEY.

Seamen's Chaplain & Physician.

Messrs EDITORS—In your March number I notice an account of a mutiny on board the ship James Wright lying in Mobile Bay, as given by the chaplain of the S. F. Society. That mutiny might have been prevented, and great guilt, I must think, lies at the door of those who might have done so. It might have been prevented by simply letting the men go ashore when they were unwilling to stay any longer, and refused duty. I consider this to be the course which the captain ought in justice to have pursued. Without doubt he has the law, literally interpreted, on his side. His men, I presume, signed articles binding them according to their letter to perform a voyage to Europe, and back to a port of discharge in the United States. But it is generally understood now by ship-masters, shipping-masters and sailors, that men belonging to American vessels, lying in American ports, other than the ports first sailed from, have the right to leave whenever they are dissatisfied; and the masters of such vessels, under such circumstances, have the right to discharge their men whenever they choose and for any reason, or even without assigning a reason. The master of the ship in question might have discharged his men as soon as he dropped anchor in Mobile Bay, without being considered as violating any compact, nor could his men have recovered any damages for their discharge, even if they had been compelled, in consequence, to wander about the streets of Mobile for six months. And he would doubtless have done so had it been for his interest. No judicious ship-master at-

tempts by compulsion to keep a white American crew in Mobile Bay. Nor is it right, for they are hired out to the stevedores at so much per day and the stevedore's foremen are placed over them as masters. This the sailor does not ship for. He knows no master and is responsible to none but the officers of the ship. Again he is not paid for such work. He gets but fifteen or eighteen dollars per month, while the stevedore's men that work with him get from two and a half, to three and a half dollars per day. The case is this, those men for asserting a right that has been conceded for years, and which justly belongs to them in the present state of things, have been accused of mutiny, tried and condemned to the state prison of Alabama for terms of from six months to five years. I refrain from comments in this matter, but I hope that Capt. Hutchins will see his error and use his influence to procure the release of his men who have already suffered enough for their crime, which all must see is very different from "mutiny on the high seas" or in a foreign port. Here is a loud call upon all the friends of the sailor to seek the enactment of more equitable and definite laws for regulating the rights and duties of masters and seaman.

JUSTICE FOR AND AFT.

Account of Monies.

From Feb. 15th, to March 15th, 1854.

Directors for Life by the Payment of Fifty Dollars.

Capt. E. Dennison Post, N. Y.
by Dr. T. Ritter, am't prev. ack.

Members for Life by the Payment of Twenty Dollars.

Mrs. Emily C. Curtis, by
Ladies Bible Class, in South
Church, Woodbury, Ct., 20 00

Rev. H. R. Hoisington, by
First Con. Soc., Williams-
town, Mass., 37 50

Theodore L. Mason, by Mrs.
Mary E. Mason, Greenwich,
Ct., 20 00

Miss Grace Sedgewick, by
Miss H. P. Taylor, Lenox,
Mass., (amt. ack. below),

Gilbert Horton, Greenwich, Ct., (amt. ack. below),	
John Otto, Buffalo, N. Y., by Jasper Corning, N. York,	20 00
Rev. Edwin O. Bates, by Meth. Epis. Ch., Hunting-	
ton, L. I., (balance),	11 25
Richard L. Wyckoff, Brooklyn, N. Y., (amt. ack. bel.),	
Joseph Henry Isham, N. Y., by his father, (am. ac. bel.),	
John A. McGaw, New York, (amt. ack. below),	
Nathaniel Roe, by Pres. Ch., Chester, New York,	22 27
Miss Susan Board, by do do.,	22 27
Miss Phebe Board, by do do.,	22 27
Rev. Henry M. Cotton, by Young Ladies S. F. Soc., S. Woodstock, Ct., (bal.)	8 00
Rev. J. W. Willman, by First Ch., Derry, N. H.,	20 00

Donations.

From Pres. Ch., Southold, L.I.,	2 00
" Pres. Second Ch., Morristown, N. J., (bal.),	17 74
" Cong'l Ch. and Soc'y, Thompson, Ct.,	20 00
" An Old Sailor, Green Bay, Mich.,	5 00
" Meth. Epis. Ch., Port Jefferson, L. I.,	5 42
" Cong'l Ch. and Soc'y, Lenox, Mass.,	72 43
" John H. Hartin, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	8 00
" Mrs. Elizabeth Bailey, of Duane St. Meth. Epis. Ch., N. Y.,	5 00
" Amity St. Bap Ch., N.Y.	100 0 0
" Second Con. Soc. Greenwich, Ct.,	118 26
" Pres. Ch., Connecticut Farms, N. J.,	20 00
" A Friend in Plainfield, Mass.,	2 00
" First Ref'd Dutch Ch., N. Brunswick, N. J.,	11 75
" Con. Ch. and Soc., Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	97 60
" Ch. of the Puritans, N.Y.	480 23
" Bloomingburg Church, Ohio,	6 24
" Con. Soc., Cumberland, Me.,	9 85
" Ref. Dutch Ch., Harlem, N. Y.,	53 12

From Rev. J. N. Lewis, N.Y.,	15 00
" First Con. Soc., Milford, Ct., bal.	8 00
" First Con. Soc., Derby,	60 00
" Wolcott, Ct.,	5 00
" Second Con. Soc., Milford, Ct.,	80 05
" Con. Soc., Branford, Ct.,	20 00
" First Cong'l Ch. and Soc., Greenwich, Ct.,	40 00
" Cong'l. Ch. and Soc'y, Greenland, N. H.,	13 00
" First Church and Soc., Keene, N. H.,	29 93
" A Silver Ring	
	\$1,498 67

Sailor's Home, N. Y.

J. North, New York, 1 over-coat, 1 pair pants, 4 pairs socks, 2 vests, 1 pair drawers, 1 pair brogans.

Moneys received into the Treas'y of the Boston Sea. Fr'd. Soc.

Munson, additional to \$50	4 38
" Juvenile Seaman's Committee" viz: Homer A. Smith, \$3 46, Wm. W. Foster, \$3 25, Martin L. Peck, \$2 83, Esther Gilmore, \$2 76, Carlos L. Peck, \$2 00, Everett H. Converse, \$1 80, Mary L. Hyde, 35 cts., Mrs. Warriner's Children, and children on East Hill, \$3 56 to make Rev. S. Bourne L. M.,	20 00
Gloucester, Con. Ch. and Soc.,	10 77
Fitchburg, Con. Ch. and Soc., to make Rev. G. B. Wilcox, L. M.,	36 38
South Braintree, Rev. Mr. Hammond's Society,	6 00
Stoneham, Rev. Mr. Whitcomb's Society,	6 00
East Randolph, Rev. Mr. Russell's Soc.,	17 27
Springfield, First Cong'l Ch. and Soc.,	24 00
South Weymouth, Union Soc. in full, to make Josiah Reed, and Eliza A. Kelsey L.M.'s,	6 42
North Andover, Ladies Ben. Soc. of the Evang. Ch. and Soc., to make Rev. Wm. T. Briggs L. M.,	30 00
Brighton, Ladies Dorcas, Soc., a box of clothing for the Sailor's Home.	

Vol. 26.

MAY, 1854.

No. 9.

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.



SEAMEN'S BANK FOR SAVINGS.

New York :

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

No. 80 WALL STREET

\$1 Per Annum—Postage, in N. Y., in ADVANCE, 3 Cts., a Year ; Elsewhere, in the U. S.,
6 Cts. ; Single Number 1 Ct.

JNO. H. SCHULTZ & CO., BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS, 122 NASSAU STREET

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

MISCELLANEOUS.		Page.		Page.
Perils of the Sea, -	257	Disasters, -	277	
To whom does the Sailor belong? -	259	Missing Vessels, -	280	
Let go that stern line, -	261	CABIN BOY'S LOCKER.		
A Sailor's Love of the Sea, -	263	The Honest Boy or the Shilling and the		
Boston Marine Mission, -	264	Sovereign, -	291	
Eleven Shipwrecked Seamen saved by a Dog, -	266	POETRY.		
A Boston Millionaire, -	267	Hymn to the New England Sailor, -	282	
The Cow Fish, -	267	Sabbath Morning in New Haven, Ct. -	282	
Sentimental Geography, -	268	NEW YORK DEPARTMENT.		
New York Bible Society, -	269	Anniversary Week, -	283	
NAVAL JOURNAL.		Letters from Polynesia, -	283	
Surgery at Sea, -	273	St. Thomas Chaplaincy, -	276	
Sir Edward Parry's opinion on Sir John		The Old Mariner's Church, New York, -	287	
Franklin's Fate, -	274	Additional Chaplains, -	287	
Statistics of Wrecks, -	276	Care for the Sailor, -	287	
Deaths in the Pacific, -	276	Account of Moneys, -	287	
Humanity, -	277			

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW-YORK—*Sailor's Home*, Established by the American Seamen's Friend Society No. 190 Cherry st. between Market and Pike sts. Captain Daniel Tracy.
Mariner's Home, No. 107 Greenwich st. J. S. Towne.
 Other Boarding-Houses in New-York city.—William Sharp, 271 Water street; William Huelat, 334, 336, Pearl street; Peter Oberg, 91, Market street; Mrs. Alice Perry, 22 Oak st.; Ben. F. Buck, 322 Pearl st.; Wm. Johnson, 9 Carlisle st.
Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society kept by Albro Lyons, 64 Oliver-st.
BUFFALO, N. Y.—*Sailor's Home*, No. 17 Main st., by Andrew Spaulding.
BATH—Seamen's Mansion.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Edward C. Myers, corner of Market and Bow st., Spring Hill.
BOSTON—*The Sailor's Home*, established by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society, 99 Purchase st. John O. Chany.
BOSTON—*Mariner's House*, North Square, by Mr. N. Hamilton.
 “ North End Sailor's Home, No. 6 N. Square, by Mr. Roberts.
 “ Richmond House, Richmond st., by Mr. Clark.
 “ John Kennaley Clark-st.
 “ Murdock Matherson, Fleet-st.
SALEM—Ebenezer Griffin, No. 16 Vine st., clothing store, corner of Liberty and Vine sts.; and Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket st. near Derby st.
BRISTOL, R. I.—Mrs. Ann Pearce.
NEW-BEDFORD—Wm. Cranston, 14 Bethel Court; A. C. Davenport, 25 Middle st.
For Colored Seamen, by Marshall L. Potts, corner Sixth and Bedford sts.
PHILADELPHIA—*Sailor's Home*, 204 South Front st., by J. H. Cassidy under the care of the Pa. Seamen's Friend Society.
BALTIMORE—*New Seamen's Bethel Home and Shipping Office* Edward Kirby, 65 Thames Street.
ALEXANDRIA, D. C.—*Sailor's Home*, by John Robinson.
CHARLESTON—*Sailor's Home*, by Capt. Wm. White, Market st., opposite State st.,
SAVANNAH—Foot of Jefferson st., O. C. Parker.
MOBILE—*Sailor's Home*, by Lewis Lawsen.
NEW-ORLEANS—*Sailor's Home*, Capt. S. J. Dunstan, corner of New Levee and Suzettes sts.
ST. JOHNS, N. B.—*Seamen's Home*, by Joshua Turnbull, keeper.

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. 26.

MAY, 1854.

No. 2.

Perils by Sea.

At the London Lloyds, they are accustomed to say, that, upon an average, one ship is lost by wreck daily. The year Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Three, which we fear may obtain, by sad distinction, the appellation of the Shipwreck Year, may render the tables at the great mart of insurance still more dismal. As our fleets grow greater and greater, and as the tonnage of individual ships is unprecedentedly increased, marine disasters must of course become more and more numerous, and more frightful in the loss of life which they entail. The great, sovereign ocean is not yet wholly conquered; the rebellious sea has not wholly submitted to our enterprise and our science; and sometimes, when we have sent forth the proudest achievement of the builder's masterly skill, and boast that she is as strong as oak and iron can make her, the divinity of the unmeasured ocean, as if it felt that our triumph taunted it, sucks down with fierce exultation into the yeasty wave the argosy, while the "sightless couriers of the air" whistle and scream in exultation over the rebuff and the rebuke of man's insolent challenge to the impetuous elements.

The loss of human life which these

disasters involve, when stated in the aggregate is terrible. During the year 1853, almost two thousand deaths have been reported in our newspapers by the shipwreck of one hundred and thirty vessels. This would not be considered a very sanguinary loss in the bulletin of a single sea fight or land fight; but this, we are obliged to remember, is the dread mortality of peace. We paint commerce with a smiling brow, and scattering from her golden cornucopia everywhere plenty and prosperity. Upon her broad shield is blazoned the white winged ship sailing calmly over a still sea, or proudly driving through the insolent waves. It might add to the truth, if not to the attractiveness of such a heraldic device, if we pictured the foundering bark, going down into the infinite deep with her precious freight of men and women and children. Who shall write the tragedy of the seas? Who shall paint the concentrated agony of that too short moment of dissolution? The first sharp shock of the foundered bark—the trembling limbs which will scarce carry the affrighted and desperate voyager to the slippery deck—the wild, despairing look, cast upward, around, below for succor, and cast in vain—the swift and remorseless wave which cuts short the wretched cogita-

tion—the little ridiculous struggle with the maniac element—the last breath-bubble which floats unnoticed upon the ragged and hissing main? We say, it is all over now; but do we think that all the sorrow of the dreary night went under the inky wave with the miserable sufferer? Alas! by bright fire sides, upon the solid land; by bright fire sides which have grown chill and cheerless with hope deferred, sit the expectant of the loved and forever lost. The widowed mother, who starts with a fresh agony as the wind goes wailing by, shall never clasp again to her bosom her poor sailor boy, for, many fathoms deep his bones are bleaching, and his dear form suffering its sea change. Upon the busy mart, men say that such a ship is gone; they calculate her cargo and figure her insurance; but they do not and they cannot reckon the wealth of love which she dragged into the watery grave with her perfidious hull. They make no note of this agony in the exchanges, and it is not reported in the shipping-lists. "One lost," say the telegraphic despatches—only one! And so men pass on, with pleasant congratulations that things are no worse, and forget that the only one may be the only son of the widow, the only father of the orphan, the only loved of some maiden heart, the only pride of some wifely nature. In this nineteenth century of steam and steel, how beautifully do we estimate the value of a single human life!

Nor is it alone the sudden death by water which pictures itself to the reflecting mind as terrible. A more dismal fate may be in store for those who remain upon the broken and dismantled hull, or who start upon their dreary quest of safety and succor upon the wide, wide sea. They sit down to their meagre meal, but an unwonted guest, pale and ghostlike and sneering sits by them, and they know it is the spectre Starvation. They look into each others faces with wolfish and hungry eyes; they speak hoarsely to each other with cracked and blackened lips; sweet humanities turn to gall within their bosoms; their hearts become hard and their hands murderous, and God is good, if they

are saved from deeds too dreadful for recital, which may make all the after life thus ignobly preserved, a shame and a sorrow.

Nothing strikes the philosophic observer, in the contemplation of these crowding disasters, more forcibly than the evidence which they afford of danger of trusting too implicitly in human skill, and of the folly of boasting too confidently of human infallibility. If we are the great sea kings of history, we are true to the perturbations of the period, and find the elements eminently disloyal and revolutionary. Ours are, doubtless, braver barks than Roman ship or Grecian galley, the longest or the widest that ever floated upon the Mediterranean, bristling with a thousand oars. But human infirmity puts a limit upon the most rampant human pride. Those who know, tell us, that of all these disasters, at least one-third is caused by unskilfulness or carelessness. The conquering captain who flew to San Francisco with a speed that almost rivalled Puck's; who is handy in all manner of sailing, and knows the tides and currents better than he knows the little brook that runs through his paternal fields; who has never cost his owners or the underwriters a dollar, in an unlucky moment sails, with his eyes wide open, and in broad sunlight, and in calm weather, upon some notorious shoal which makes a blot upon his chart broader than his own brawny hand. The best blunder at last, and throw Wall street and State street into a paroxysm of consternation. So, too, the builder, whose triumphs of naval architecture have been blazoned for years in the public prints, gets baulked, now and then, and bewildered in his mensuration, and turns out a piece of 'prentice work, lop sided, or crank, or regardless of her rudder. One would think that by the moist details of steam we should be, by this time, letter-perfect; and yet, it is said, that the ill-luck of the *San Francisco* was in the insufficiency of her engine. Besides this, skillful men tell us, that she was from the beginning a dangerous ship—that the guards which ran all around her were enough to ensure her destruction—

that any decent ship would have ridden out the gale, which devoured her, in safety. So that from the commencement she was only a sham, and when she steamed out of the harbor of New York, merely a predestinate infernal machine for hundreds of her passengers.

These things may well afford a wholesome check to the infidel presumption of man, and put a martingale upon the caprices and curvets of human reason. They serve to show to us, that with all our science and all our skill, we are still the slaves of enigmatical chances, of hidden potencies of lurking foes; that, wise as we think ourselves, we are the daily fools of our own fallacies, and the dupes of our own abominable devices. They are only another lesson of all those which Life and Nature now whisper and now shout to us, from the cradle to the grave; which come to us in the house of mourning, and by the hearth stones where our domestic gods lie shattered and broken; which make ruin eloquent and draw wisdom from defeat and disappointment and death. Such events repeat to us, with startling distinctness, the hard, stern fact of our subservency to higher forces than any we are wont to recognize in the flush of triumph and the heyday of our little and partial successes, such catastrophes but serve to tell us, that Life must still be a struggle.—*N. B. Mercury.*

To Whom Does the Sailor Belong?

"The keepers of the hotels have publicly announced that after March 15th they will use all lawful means to prevent their boarders from leaving by railroad for a less allowance than eighteen cents for each passenger. Steamboats must allow fifteen cents each. After the same date also, board will be raised to one dollar per day. No boarders will be allowed to leave the city on Saturday."

What would be thought of a notice of this kind? Would there be a general feeling of intense indignation, or would not the absurdity of such a manifesto prove the insanity of its

authors? Yet in cool impudence it is fully equalled by the following paragraph which is going the rounds of the newspapers without note or comment:

"The keepers of the Sailor Boarding Houses have publicly announced that after March 15th, they will use all lawful means to prevent the shipment of seamen for less wages than \$18 per month, for voyages west of the Cape of Good Hope, and east of Cape Horn. For voyages to the east of Good Hope and west of Cape Horn, the wages must be \$15. After the same date, also, the sailors will be charged \$4 per week, or 60 cents per day, for board. No men will be put on board ships on Saturday."—*N. Y. Mirror.*

"Strikes" are now common and often mischievous to employers and employees, but there can be no question as to the abstract right of any man, or of any body of men (so long as they do not compel others to join them) to withhold their labor if not contracted for until their wages are advanced. It then remains with the employers to accede to their terms or to hire other men if they can do so advantageously. But the bold effrontery of this throw all common strikes into the shade. You and I have known for a long time what manner of men these sailor landlords generally are, and have often endeavored to give the public some idea of their rascality, but now we have material aid from themselves, as they boldly announce that sailors belong to them! Were it otherwise, did sailors feel themselves aggrieved, they are abundantly able to strike upon their own account. Those among them possessing self-respect will now strike to be freed from the fetters that bind them. Slavery is looking out for its interests in these days, and the landlords want \$18 (or rather \$36, for it is always two months advance,) for turning their chattels out of their rum-holes and "putting" them on board of ships, on such days, and such only as suit their convenience!

We all know that it matters little to the majority of sailors whether

their wages are \$18 or \$3 per month. They carry no money away, and whatever their rate of wages, their "kit" is much the same in value. But it makes an essential difference to the landlord—all that Jack is paid off with, and all that is advanced for his next voyage, belongs to him. What is made by prosecuting the officers and the ship is a half profit arrangement between the landlord and some pettifogging lawyer. But the sailor himself is more immediately the property of the former. He belongs to him body and soul, and so he will ever, till the public awaken to a greater interest in his welfare than it has yet done, although abuses are becoming so frequent and so palpable, that eyes are beginning to open. It remains to be seen what effect this manifesto will have in New-York, and whether merchants will submit to this slaveholding tariff. Of course the landlords have a right to advance their price of board, and it matters very little whether the rate be \$3.50 or \$4. Jack's personal property on sailing will not be effected by the change. The regular board charged by the landlord is a very small part of his profits. He can board the sailor for two cents per week, and become rich at that! He gets Jack's money when he is paid off, "to keep for him." He does keep it. He takes his advance "to buy him some clothes and tobacco." He does buy—not much. Jack is then "put on board," and a long account is handed him. His intellect having been very muddy since his arrival, is particularly so on his departure, so that the items jump Jim Crow all over the paper, and he can't recollect whether he has been ashore a fortnight or six months, but he supposes it is all right. He feels jolly, says, "Good bye, old boy," to the landlord, and claps on to the topsail balyards.

In a day or two, after perhaps a touch of delirium tremens, his long lost senses return. He feels how miserably he has been duped, and swears that he will never trust that landlord again. But he does—for when he returns to port, that same slimy-shark crawls on board again, a

smile on his face, a bottle in his hand, and again slides poor Jack into his insatiable maw!

Merchants, we call upon you!—The war long covertly waged against sailors, shipmasters and yourselves, is now openly proclaimed. You are offered a pitched battle. Will you decline it, when by one onset all their ammunition may be destroyed? Make one successful on-laught upon the system of **ADVANCE WAGES**, and the victory is yours. Therein lies all their strength and all their power for evil. Now is the crisis, the time to show your spirit or your submission. Two powerful though often opposing incentives to action, urge you on, self-interest and benevolence, for the conquest will not only ensure your own independence, but will raise degraded beings to the ranks of men.

RINGBOLT.

We republish from the Boston Journal the above communication by a sea captain, that all parties may have a hearing and fair play. "No men will be put on board *Saturday*." Saturday is a typographical error; it should have read *Sunday*, then in principle it is right.

The writer seems to have supposed that the combination is solely of "land sharks," or rum landlords; there too, he is mistaken. The facts are these. As early as last October similar action was taken by sailor landlords in Boston, including the keepers of the temperance houses and sailor's homes. The temperance houses found the necessity of raising the price of board in consequence of the increasing prices of provisions; but the sailor was paying all he could afford with his low wages. Hence the necessity of a combination for the increase of wages. We accord with the Captain that the principle in the mode of doing it is bad; and it would have been much better for the sailors to have taken the matter into their own hands, if in their power. Our

motto is, let the rights of all be protected and equal justice be meted out to all.

The operation of the Boston move, was to draw sailors, and the better class too, from New-York to Boston to ship for better wages; hence the necessity for the combination here, which really operates for the interest of the owner as well as the sailor and the landlord. It is true the sharks are in the combination; but this time probably not with so evil intentions as ordinarily.

We wish the Captain abundant success in the "onslaught upon the system of **ADVANCE WAGES.**"

Far better for all concerned, except the sharks, to give the sailor \$36 a month and pay him when the work is done, than pay him \$18 a month and \$40 advance to Europe as a bounty for him to run away from the ship there to take refuge in the jaws of the shark.

It would cost no more to get the ship to Europe, and often be greatly to the comfort of the Captain and interest of the crew. If we would get better men into the service we must pay better wages and have them earned before received.

Let go that Stern Line.

I stood on the wharf at New York, a few years since, watching a Boston brig get ready for sea; the top-sails and courses were loosed, the jib hung from the boom, and the halyards stretched out ready to run it up. Just at this moment a gentleman, who had been looking on, sprung from the wharf to the quarter-deck; inquiring as he did so, of the mate in command, "Are you all ready?" "All ready, sir," said the officer; for he recognised in the gentleman referred to, the Pilot who was to take her through the Narrows.

Then came the command: "Stand by to run up that jib!" "Hands by

the head braces!" "Cast off your head-fast, and stand by aft there to let go that stern line!" Let go! Man the top-sail halyards. Run 'em up, boys—run 'em up! Does the jib take? Haul over that starboard sheet! She pays off fine—there she goes, and—Hilloa! Hilloa! What's the matter? What's fast there? "Starboard the helm! Starboard!" shouted the Pilot. "What holds her? Is there anything foul aft, there? Why, look at that stern line! Heave it off the timber head—Heave off that turn!" "It's foul ashore, sir," said one of the crew. "Then cut it, cut it! D'ye hear? Never mind the hawser. Cut it before she loses her way." By this time there was a tant strain on the hawser: a seaman drew his sheath knife across the strands, which soon parted, the brig forged ahead, the sails were run up and trimmed to the breeze, and the "*Billow, of Boston,*" filled away.

I was at that time among the careless—I was "*without God in the world.*" and consequently was not in a condition to moralize on so common an event. But since then I have learned to love the Lord Jesus Christ, and that scene has been sensibly recalled to my mind very often.

For example. When I see men who have immortal souls to save, bound to the world by "*the cords of their sins.*" and remember that God has said "*Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope.*"—(Isa. v. 8).—then I think of that scene, and feel like crying out, Gather in your breast lines, and haul out from the shores of destruction. Fly, as Lot from guilty Sodom!

There are many—and you, my Reader, may be among the number—who make no effort to cast loose from the scene of danger. Is it so with you? Or are you to be counted with those who feel that all is not as safe as it should be, and therefore cherish the desire to remove? Then why have you not hauled off, or backed out, before this? "O," you say, "I don't know how it is. There is some obstacle in the way." Yes, I believe you. Some cord of sin is fast, which you are unwilling to let go. There

are some whose outward conduct would indicate that they are really in earnest—that they are apprised of their danger, and long to escape the “wages of sin” for which they have so long labored; they have hoisted the sails of their affections, the breezes of divine grace seem already to fan them; all is ready for a start—but there is some line, some “cord,” holding them. Friend, it may be that you are precisely in that fix. Let me, then, ask you a few plain and simple questions. Do not be offended if I appear to be in earnest in my inquiries, for I have your good at heart.

Have you given your heart to the Lord Jesus Christ? This involves the whole of Religion. This decides the question of your Salvation. This, too, is a personal question, you will perceive. You are not required to answer for your neighbor, but for *yourself*. I am aware that it may *appear* difficult for you to give a definite answer to this inquiry, but it is not quite so formidable as it appears. Let me suppose that you answer this question by saying “No;” and yet qualify the answer by stating that you “have often tried to be religious but in vain,” and yet you “cannot tell the reason why.”

Did it ever occur to you that the Bible might solve that question? There is a reason assigned *there* for this failure. In Proverbs v. 22, it is said: “*His own iniquity shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins.*” And again, the Apostle James, speaking by the Spirit, asserts that the blame can only be attached to the individual in such cases. His words are: “*Let no man say, when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted of evil, neither tempteth he any man: But every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed.*” Have you not been “*holden*” and “*drawn*” by the *cords* of some darling sin—some “*easily besetting sin*”? Is not such a cord holding you to this world and its pleasures? How is it? I am afraid you do not desire to let go everything.

Let us see, if we can, what that

“cord” is. *Are you a Sabbath breaker?*

You say “No, not altogether. I do work sometimes on the Sabbath, it is true; for if I did not the boat would lose her trip, and I should lose my berth.”

Aye, *there's* the rub. Your “berth,” and the boat's trip” are more valuable than your soul. But answer me—“*What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*” Suppose you “foot it up,” and “strike the balance.” Put your “berth” and “the boat's trip” in one scale, and your soul in the other, and you need not wait for any one to kick the beam. Get up steam, and keep your chains and lines fast ashore, and *something must part* before you can make any progress, and *you know that*. Sabbath breaking is a great sin, a strong cord, holding you back, and keeping your soul from Christ. *Let go that line!*

You use profane language, it may be, sometimes. You take “the name of God in vain.” You must let go *that* line. God declares that He “*will not hold them guiltless that take his name in vain.*” Christ commands, “*Swear not at all; neither by Heaven, for it is God's throne: Nor by the earth, for it is His footstool:*” * * *Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. Let your communication be Yea, Yea; Nay, Nay; for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil.*” Do you say, “I know it is a bad habit?” Then *let it go!* Cut it. Better cut the hawser, than lose the craft.

One is held by Lust, another by Pride, another by Love of Money, which is the “*root of all evil*,” another is careless—but these are all strands in the hawser of Unbelief. Let them *all* go!

Another strong line that holds the soul fast in its thrall is the love of, or the use of, *Intoxicating Drinks*. How many has it drawn from the bar of the rum shop, or steamboat, to the bar of the Criminal Court, and thence

to the gallows—and too often to the drunkard's grave and the bar of judgment! The rest, you know. God declares, "*The drunkard shall not inherit the Kingdom of Heaven.*" Let go *that* line! Do you plead for the stimulus and excitement? Let it go. If it be as dear as a "right hand, cut it off!" If it be as dear as a "*right eye, pluck it out!*"

Scepticism and hatred of the truth is another strong cord; Ambition unsanctified is another. A thousand cords bind the soul to earth—some of them secret sins, it is true—but they are none the less strong, and tenacious of their hold on the soul on that account. Evil companions, evil propensities, evil habits—all have their influence, and fetter the soul. Can you expect the chained eagle to soar, or the lark to carol in the heavens with clipped wings? Then do not blame me for crying out, Let go *that* line!

When I see a man "*having no hope, and without God in the world,*" and feel that he is "*holden with the cords of his sins,*" I sing out, Let go *that* line!

If I see a man desecrating the day which God has consecrated to rest—taking his own pleasure in its sacred hours, and turning away from the sanctuary, I wish he would let go *that* line. When I see one drawn into the vortex of destruction by the poison bowl and the "strange woman," I am grieved at heart, and involuntarily exclaim, Let go *that* line! For I know that Christ was lifted up that He might "*draw all men unto him,*" and that he is willing now to *draw* them with the cords of his love. Why do you not come to him? Why not "cast off" your sins by repentance, and shape your course for the shores of eternal life? "*Lay aside every weight,* and the sin which does so easily beset you," and run the race set before you in the Gospel, "*looking to Jesus.*" He came to "loose them that are bound"—to "let the oppressed go free," and "to break every yoke." Look well to your own heart, then, and see if there be any secret sins that are holding you. Examine yourselves closely, in the

light of God's holy word, and if you find any sin which is arresting you in your course heavenward, and holding you back from God, break it as Samson broke the green withes with which his Delilah had bound him! and ever bear in mind that you are accountable to God for the exhortation of a friend, who, seeing your danger, warned you to let go that stern line.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

A Sailor's Love of the Sea.

BY REV. HENRY M. PARSONS.

Life has been likened to the ocean. The comparison is appropriate, not merely because both are bearing us onward to our destination, whether we wake or sleep, but because both are invested with illusions. The sailor, embarking on his voyage, cherishes so much of hope, and is animated by so much of buoyancy, that he sees not the discomforts that will multiply on his course, and hears not the moanings of the tempest that may rend his canvass, snap asunder his masts, and entomb him in the deep.

Such is the voyage of life. Man enters upon it in untried ardor, unconscious that later years will dissipate his anticipations, weaken his energies, oppress his spirit, and render him the wreck of his former self. In the earlier part of his career, he is confident that the rough winds of to-day will be followed by the gentle airs of to-morrow. But towards the close of his voyage, each passing storm becomes increasingly perilous, in consequence of diminished strength.

The youthful sailor loves the sea. But he loves it for the adventures, enjoyments and treasures with which it tempts him. The aged sailor loves the sea. But he loves it because it is his home—he has little else to love. This remark is illustrated in the following story of an aged mariner, who had been discharged from a man of

war, because too infirm to be of further service. With his little store, the broken-down sailor reached his native place. This was a quiet village, on the shore of a narrow bay, communicating with the sea. The playmates of his childhood had one by one departed to their graves. The dwellings, the fields, the very trees of his native place had all been changed. But the waters still laved the beach, as they did before he became a wanderer, and to them he attached himself as to familiar friends. Despite the counsel and importunity of kind hearts, who had learned his story and would gladly have administered to his comfort, the veteran rover procured a slight canoe, and day after day, and month after month might he have been seen in all kinds of weather, urging his slender bark over the placid waters or guiding it amidst the excited billows, with seemingly unequal strength, but with the dexterity of long experience. The sea was the only link that bound his affections to life. It was not known how, or under what circumstances he died, but his canoe was found floating one morning near the shore, no longer occupied by its venerable pilot. He had clung to the deep long after he had experienced its hardships and mourned over its disappointments.

Boston Marine Mission.

We have received the report of the **MARINE MISSION** at **LARGE** in **Boston**. Captain T. V. Sullivan, Missionary.

The title of the pamphlet is "**SCARCITY OF SEAMEN**," which indicates the burden and discussion of the report. It proposes a remedy in a voluntary Apprenticeship system, and in encouraging seamen to become owners in ships and cargoes. The theory

of ownership is good; but there are practical difficulties in the way, one of which is, the irresponsibility of companies, likely to engage in the undertaking. We fear the confiding sailor will find himself again a dupe to artful, and designing land sharks.

Could responsible merchants and owners be induced to grant such encouragements to their crews, by allowing them to buy into the ship or cargo, and share in the profits, we think the tendency would be most happy on the sailor, and the profits of commerce. We have not room for the body of the report, but give a few **EXTRACTS FROM THE APPENDIX.**

The want of Able Seamen is General.

Among the numerous disasters by sea during the present winter, attended with a sad loss of human life, the recent wreck of the English ship **Taylor**, on the Coast of Ireland, stands conspicuous. The **Taylor** was a new ship, constructed of iron, of more than 2000 tons, and sailed from Liverpool for Australia, with a valuable cargo, and a large number of passengers. She experienced a heavy gale in the Channel, and went on shore at **Lambay**, in the vicinity of **Dublin Bay**. The whole number of souls on board, are stated to have been 660, of which 282 only were saved. Of those lost 250 were women and children. The loss of the vessel was generally attributed to errors in the compass, and to the inefficiency of her crew, fifteen only out of fifty men were able seamen. The crew included Chinese and Lascars, who were unable to understand the English language, and the orders were therefore imperfectly executed. The vessel is said to have drifted about at the mercy of the winds and waves, for several hours before the wreck.

The idea not unfrequently entertained and expressed is, that "seamen cannot be influenced by proper motives to do right." This is a libel on the whole class, and bears alike on officers and seamen. There is a strange inconsistency here. It is

common to speak of sailors—"as a class of noble, generous hearted men, who will go any lengths to serve a friend, or deny themselves to benefit others; as the soul of honor, chivalrous and gallant, and in their way polite," and yet, these same men, from among whom a larger proportion of nature's noblemen may be produced than from any other equal portion of the human race, "cannot be influenced by motives to do right"—cannot be treated with as other men, have no appreciation of kindness, and as little of the value of property; that they are too migratory in spirit to become attached to any particular place; and more of the same sort which might be named. But time, and a better knowledge of the sailor, than is now generally possessed, will set this matter right, and we can well afford to wait the event. For the present, by way of commentary on the general subject, and with the design more fully to illustrate certain points brought to view in the foregoing pages, a few illustrative facts are furnished which may assist in giving completeness to the view taken.

The Sailor needs an interest in the Ship.

Why should he not have it, if it will be for his benefit, and that of the owners? The principle of fractional joint interest in the ship, or in her earnings, by the common sailor, is no new doctrine, it prevails to some extent among the Eastern vessels, and is general in the Cod, the Mackerel, and Whale Fisheries; in the latter, not always to the advantage of the sailor. We hear of small "Lays," long voyages with much wear and tear, and an inflated "slop-chest," and sometimes the sailor, at the end of a three year's voyage, finds himself "astern the lighter." Nevertheless, the principle in itself is good—good for the sailor as for the principal owner; were it not, Commerce and the Fisheries would be at an end. It is only when the arrangement between the parties is inequitable, and bears unjustly on the sailor, that the principle works badly. Applied to the case of the sailor in the merchant ship, it works as follows:

A retired ship-master relates of

himself, that "during the period in which he sailed 'before the mast,' he made a voyage in a Salem East Indiaman, to Sumatra, and thence to Europe. On board that ship the custom prevailed, of allowing to each of the crew a half ton privilege, to be filled with the Sailor's Venture; the Captain effecting sales on the sailors' account without charge. Navigation also, was taught on board by the officers. As the result of all this painstaking to benefit seamen, nearly all of that crew subsequently became officers of vessels."

The Sailor needs to know his Employer.

This is the privilege of the mechanic on shore, and why should it not be of the sailor at sea? The former needs not the countenance and favor of his employer as does the sailor. Around him is thrown every needed safeguard, his every interest, personal and social, his own proper manhood included are protected by law; and the conventionalities of society. How different the condition of the sailor—a homeless wanderer, every where a stranger, his character and claims seldom understood, or at least not acknowledged. To him, kindness is as rare as flowers in mid-winter, and as grateful when met with. A ship-master, who commenced his sea life about the time of the discovery of South Shetland, and who made his first voyage to that inhospitable region, relates the following incident to illustrate the effect of kindness and attention on the part of a ship-owner. "The gentleman (who understood sailors better than some who rail against them,) accompanied the ship down the harbor and returned with the pilot. While on board he addressed the crew on the nature of the voyage, spoke of his own expectations and hopes, and expressed his confidence in the ability and good conduct of the crew as the main dependence in the making of a voyage. The effect of that well-timed benevolent speech, was like magic, and of a large ship's company of men and boys, there was not one that did not feel its full force, or that was not influenced by it for good, during the long and most unpleasant voyage."

Sailors can be Trusted.

In the sweeping charges often brought against sailors, the exceptions made are usually rare, and few in number, those who are admitted to possess redeeming traits of character. This is most unfortunate, as it operates to the injury of the whole class, and tends to depress, rather than to stimulate and encourage to an honorable course. A ship master furnishes the following, to illustrate the readiness of seamen generally to do right, when properly influenced. For several years "he ran a packet between New York and a port in South America. The custom then, as now, was to load and unload with stevedores, the crew being discharged immediately on the return of the vessel to her port, where there was a detention ordinarily of from three to four weeks. Becoming at length wearied with bad crews, he ventured on an experiment and shipped a crew of average moral character, selected from a number of men sent on board by the shipping officer, and went to sea. On setting the watches at night, the men were called together, and he addressed them briefly, in regard to their duty, and promised them, on his part, kind and just treatment. They had never before been treated thus, and it surprised and won them. On entering port, at the close of the voyage, they came aft in a body and asked permission to stay by the vessel, discharge her cargo, load and go to sea in her again. The proposition was submitted to the owner, but he objected, he had no faith, he said, in sailors. The captain urged the suit of his crew, to whom he had become attached, and the owner at length consented. They staid by the ship, and more than realized the expectations entertained of them. They made repeated voyages in the same vessel under his command, doing their duty like men when at sea, and when in port proving the best of ship-keepers and stevedores, with much saving of expense to the ship, and of anxiety and trouble to owners and officers."

Good Officers make good Men.

THE NOBLE COMMODORE.—The following account of an interesting

occurrence which took place in this city in November, 1845, and which created no little sensation at the time, is taken from the "Boston Post." It speaks for itself.

"The crew of the United States Frigate *Cumberland*, at this port, preceded by the brass band, and bearing aloft at regular intervals the National flag, walked in procession to the United States Hotel, to pay their parting respects to their beloved Commodore. The sailors were dressed in blue jackets and trousers, white frocks with blue collars, and black hats with the frigate's name on the bands. The farewell salutation of the tars, and the reply of the gallant Commodore, to use one of Father Taylor's phrases—'were all soul,' and the cheers and music blending, sent up parting echoes that were heard miles distant. Nothing can be more morally true than the old saying, that good officers make good men."—and vice versa.

Eleven Shipwrecked Seamen saved by a Dog.

The London papers contain an account of the wreck of the British ship *Rebecca*, on the coast of Van Dieman's land with the loss of the Captain, his wife and nineteen of the crew. The *Rebecca* was bound from London to Sydney. On the 29th of April she reached the west coast of Van Dieman's Land, and while sailing at the rate of eight and a half knots, struck violently on a reef. Attempts to get her off proved unavailing, and she continued to drive on shore fast, and within an hour was thrown on her broadside, the sea washed completely over her. The masts were cut away but failing to bring her upright, a boat was lowered and pushed off, containing the second mate and Mrs. Shepard, with a lad and seven seamen; the boat, however, was almost immediately swamped, and but three of the seamen succeeded in reaching the shore, about a quarter of a mile distant. The rest found a watery grave. The master and the remainder of the crew, finding that the ship was fast breaking up, finally resolved to make an attempt to reach the shore. Eight

only succeeded. Captain Sheppard was drowned.

The eleven survivors formed an encampment and commenced an exploring of the surrounding country. They could find no inhabitants. After two weeks of suffering and privation during which time they subsisted upon stores washed up from the wreck, they were surprised at the appearance of a dog, which they hailed as the harbinger of deliverance. They wrote an account of their situation and tied it round the dog's neck. The dog belonged to a gentleman, named Burgess, who with a party, was exploring the country. Upon reading the note, they immediately set out for the wreck, and came up with the survivors on the 23d day after landing. They were fast sinking, but through care and kindness their lives were preserved. They eventually started for Hobart Town, which they all reached in safety.

A Boston Millionaire.

A minister in Maine gives us the following particulars in the life of Robert G. Shaw, one of the merchant princes of Boston, who died some time since, leaving about two millions of dollars. It will be seen from what humble origin and with how many hard struggles men attain to the highest positions.

Mr. Shaw was a native of Gouldsborough, Maine. His father had six children, of whom four lived to mature years. An uncle of Robert G. Shaw lived in Boston, who was engaged in the East India trade. When a boy, Robert G. visited Boston, where he remained a few months with another uncle, by whom he was employed as a clerk in his store. He resolved however, to return to Maine, and was about starting in a vessel of which his grandfather was captain, when suddenly he changed his mind and concluded to stay longer. His grandfather sailed, and was wrecked on his voyage on the Grand Menan Island, and perished with all on board. Mr. Shaw concluded, as his life was saved by staying in Boston, that he would remain there; and so honest

and faithful was he, that he could go into business just as he chose, and obtain all the assistance he needed. It was sixty-four years ago that he was clerk in Boston.

Gouldsborough is about fifty miles distant from Machias in Eastern Maine. Mr. Shaw left eight children. He was liberal to his less fortunate relatives in Maine, often enclosing a check of \$100 in a kind letter, while his generosity was freely and nobly extended beyond the family circle. At his death, he bequeathed about \$200,000 to establish an institution in Boston, for the education of the children of poor sailors.—*Concord Con. Journal.*

The Cow-Fish.

One day the fisherman brought us in a fine "peixe boi," or cow-fish, a species of Manatus, which inhabits the Amazon, and is particularly abundant in the lakes in this part of the river. It was a female, about six feet long, and near five in circumference in the thickest part. The body is perfectly smooth, and without any projections or inequalities, gradually changing into a horizontal semi-circular flat tail, with no appearance whatever of hind limbs. There is no distinct neck; the head is not very large, and is terminated by a large mouth and fleshy lips, somewhat resembling those of a cow. There are stiff bristles on the limbs, and a few distantly scattered hairs over the body. Behind the head are two powerful oval fins, and just beneath them are the breasts, from which, pressure being applied, flows a stream of beautiful white milk. The ears are minute holes, and the eyes very small, the color is a dusky lead, with some large pinkish white marble blotches on the belly. The skin is about an inch thick on the back, and a quarter of an inch on the belly. Beneath the skin is a layer of fat of a greater or less thickness, generally about an inch, which is boiled down to make an oil used for light and for cooking. The intestines are very voluminous, the heart about the size of a sheep's, and the lungs about two feet long, and six

or seven inches wide, very cellular and spongy, and can be blown out like a bladder. The skull is large and solid, with no front teeth; the veribræ extends to the very tip of the tail, but show no rudiments of posterior limbs; the fore limbs, on the contrary, are very highly developed, the bones exactly correspond to those of the human arm, having even the five fingers, with every joint distinct, yet enclosed, in a stiff, inflexible skin, where not a joint can have any motion.

The cow-fish feeds on grass at the borders of the rivers and lakes, and swims quickly with the tail and paddles; and though the external organs of sight and hearing are so imperfect, these senses are said by the hunters to be remarkably acute, and to render necessary all their caution and skill to capture the animals. They bring forth one, or rarely two young ones, which they clasp in their arms or paddles while giving suck. They are harpooned, or caught in a strong net, at the narrow entrance of a lake or stream, and are killed by driving a wooden plug with a mallet up their nostrils. Each yields from five to twenty-five gallons of oil. The flesh is good, being something between beef and pork, and this one furnished us with several meals, and was an agreeable change from our fish diet. — *Wallace's Travels on the Amazon.*

Sentimental Geography.

ANTHONY VAN DIEMEN, governor of Batavia, had a daughter, whose name was Maria. Since she was not only charming and accomplished, but also the only child of a rich papa who was governor of the Dutch East Indies, Maria's image was impressed on many a heart, and she had no lack of suitors. There were great men among them: but, with maiden-like perversity, Maria most favored a poor young sailor—a handsome, dashing fellow, who was very skillful in his business; but who had no pockets, or no use for any. The young sailor's name was Abel Jan-en Tasman. He was devoted to Maria's heart and soul, had ex-

changed pledges with her, and had brought matters to so serious a pass, that the proud father determined to put the young adventurer quietly and courteously out of sight; the doing so he took to be a better and more fatherly course than the institution of a great family quarrel. That his Maria should become Mrs. Tasman, he knew very well was a thing not for a moment to be thought of.—Whoever won his daughter must have wealth and a patent of nobility. She was no fit mate for a poor sailor.—Tasman, however, could be easily dismissed from dangling after her.

The Batavian traders had at that time a vague notion that there was a vast continent—an unknown Austral land somewhere near the South Pole; and Van Diemen determined to send Tasman out to see about it. If he never came back it would not matter; but at any rate, he would be certainly a long time gone. Van Diemen therefore fitted out an expedition, and gave to young Tasman the command of it.

Off the young fellow set, in the year 1642, and like an enamored swain as he was, the first new ground he discovered—a considerable stretch of land, now forming a very well known English colony—he named after his dear love, Van Diemen's Land, and put Miss Van Diemen's Christian name beside her patronymic, by giving the name of Maria to a small adjoining island close to the southeastern extremity of the new land. That land—Van Diemen's Land—we have of late begun very generally to call after its discoverer, Tasmania.

Continuing his journey southward, the young sailor anchored his ships on the eighteenth of December, in a sheltered bay, which he called Moednare's (Murderer's) Bay, because the natives there attacked his ships and killed three of his men. Travelling on, he reached, after some days, the islands which he called after the three kings, because he saw them on the feast of the Epiphany: and then, coming upon New Zealand from the north, he called it in a patriotic way, after the States of Holland, Staten Land, but the extreme northern point

of it, a fine bold headland jutting out into the sea, strong as his love, he entitled again Cape Maria. For he had gone out resolved not indeed to "carve her name on trunks of trees," but to do his mistress the same sort of honor in a way that would be nobler, manlier, and more enduring.

After a long and prosperous voyage, graced by one or two more discoveries, Tasman came back to Batavia. He had more than earned his wife; for he had won for himself sudden and high renown, court favor, rank, and fortune. Governor Van Diemen got a famous son-in-law, and there was no cross to the rest of the career of the most comfortable married couple, Abel and Maria. Tasman did not make another journey to New Zealand; it remained unvisited until 1769, when it was re-discovered by Captain Cook, who very quickly recognized it as a portion of the land that had been first seen by the love-lorn sailor.—*Household Words.*

New York Bible Society.

Extracts from the report of Mr. John S. Piermon, Marine Agent.

"March.—Some two hundred and seven volumes have gone this month upon five vessels bearing emigrants (from forty to two hundred each) to the gold regions in Australia. The captains have also taken tracts in charge for regular Sunday distribution during the voyage; and in two cases were supplied with a volume of sermons, to enable them to conduct divine service in the absence of a clergyman. On the barks Oregon and Theixana, the owners co-operate in placing in the cabin of each a library of near one hundred volumes, for the use of the passengers."

"January.—Four hundred and four Testaments (mostly of the sixpenny pocket edition) have been furnished this month to the captains of four of the San Juan and Aspinwall steamers, for distribution among some 2,500 passengers bound to California. I consider this one of the most useful of the Society's distributions. The books are not expensive, and come more un-faillingly into hands where they will

be valued and read, than perhaps any other of my gratuitous distributions. The testimony of the captains who aid in this matter is unanimous as to the hearty good will with which the books are received. I regret that I cannot give it to the Board in the glowing terms, in which, on a number of occasions, I have heard it expressed.

"Generally, upon the first Sabbath out, notices (of which copies are sent with each package) are posted, calling the attention of the passengers to the fact that a copy of the New Testament is at the service of any person who may be unprovided. This brings applications; and the supply is frequently exhausted in a few hours. On the steamer ———, the mate informed me, that the time chosen was toward the end of the voyage, when the transfer tickets for the steamer on the other side were issued at the office. Testaments were in sight, for such as desired with their tickets."

"November.—Some sixty ships bound to Liverpool, London, Havre, Bremen, and Antwerp, have, during the month, received suitable supplies of Testaments for distribution to their steerage passengers, on the return passage to this country. The American Tract Society also send packages of assorted tracts in the English, German, Low Dutch, French, and Welsh languages, for the same purpose. These form an excellent introduction to the Testaments, and are often accepted where they would not be. Printed directions for the distribution accompany the whole.

"In four cases this month the smallness of the supply sent was spoken of with regret. On one vessel the captain welcomes the supplies, as furnishing matter to occupy his passengers, and keep them quiet. He speaks of them as if they were a regular ration not to be dispensed with, and makes it a subject of complaint that he was out of tracts for a whole week last voyage."

"On the ship ———, the steward (himself deeply interested in the work) informed me that the supplies were carefully dispensed by Rev. Mr. ———,

a cabin passenger. On another ship the captain's wife succeeded admirably, in the same delicate office, among the Catholic passengers. On several vessels, we are indebted to the first officer of the ship for very thorough distributions."

"September.—On the ship——, from Liverpool, a cabin passenger, a reporter for a Dublin paper and a Romanist, talked blusteringly about 'this miserable proselyting business,' threatening to write an account of it for publication at home. The ship's doctor, who, though a Catholic, had aided cordially on former voyages, was so far intimidated as to decline helping as usual. 'When I heard of this,' said the captain, 'I soon let it be understood that I was master of the ship, and that all who wanted should have tract or Testament without molestation. And to show that it was not a matter to be ashamed of, I gave out myself on the remaining Sundays. The Irish passengers took quite generally, and read.'

"The occasional destruction of Testaments and tracts by bigoted Romanists (almost exclusively Irish) is a thing to be regretted; though occurring as it does unfrequently, it forms no argument against our distributions. I may here say, that generally no one is more sensitive to such cases of waste than the captain or the mate who has undertaken to distribute both from that sentiment of respect for the volume of God's Word, which dislikes to see it wantonly abused, (a sentiment pervading, I firmly believe, no class of men more thoroughly than sea-faring men,) and also from a praiseworthy motive of prudence.—The first impulse in such cases is to discontinue further distribution, except among Protestants; and I have frequently to combat this tendency. A few Testaments and tracts, ostentatiously torn up, should not be allowed to put out of mind the hundreds quietly taken and preserved. Were the waste one in ten, (and that is undoubtedly too large an allowance,) it would be a moderate percentage of insurance to pay in working so difficult a field; less, indeed, (and so I take pains to represent,) than the So-

cieties furnishing the supplies are prepared to encounter. In every sowing of the Divine Word, some of the seed must 'fall by the way-side,' and some 'upon the rock.'"

"December.—Captain P., of the packet ship——, states, that his method of dealing with his Irish passengers is to give a few at a time, writing inside of the cover of each the name of the ship, the date, and the number of miles yet remaining of the voyage; and that they will be seen from day to day, Testament in hand, computing their distance from New York. 'There is no danger of their destroying these books.'"

"April.—I still continue to avail myself of the numerous opportunities, furnished by our almost ubiquitous commerce, for benefiting those with whom it may come in contact in foreign lands, by placing upon vessels, bound to Roman Catholic countries, small supplies of Testaments, &c., in the suitable languages, for distribution to foreigners who may be passengers, or who may visit the vessel. For this work of making colporteurs of our seamen, the central position of New York affords unsurpassed advantages; nor is there any lack of religious captains, and others not professing religion, who might be easily interested in a system of operations of this kind, and become our steady co-workers. With all the efforts of our great Societies, missionaries and Bible agents are few and far between, on the face of the heathen and Roman Catholic world. But sailors go every where; to the little fishing hamlet on the coast,—to the lonely island in the Pacific, not yet down on the map, but already inhabited with fugitives from civilization,—and up the deadly African river, where the missionary could not live; and let the Bible or the Testament and the tract in the appropriate language be in the chest or on the cabin-table, or in an extra copy on the book-shelf for distribution, and a most economical and valuable circulation of the Gospel might be achieved. During the past month, I have reached in this way, through some thirty-one vessels, Madeira, Lisbon, Oporto, Marseilles, Terragona, Rio Grande du

Brazil, the Canary Islands, Loango on the African coast, and many other ports nearer at hand, on and contiguous to our own continent."

"December.—The valuable results of these distributions, in carrying far and wide a knowledge of the Scriptures, and in creating a thirst for them and for evangelical reading, are frequently seen; and are, doubtless, much more frequently realized without the real cause of them being known. Thus in the present month, I heard casually of an order for eighteen copies of the Portuguese Scriptures, coming from Maranhão, Brazil, upon a vessel which I have kept supplied from voyage to voyage, with a few Testaments, and presented with a Portuguese Bible for the cabin-table.

"Another illustration of the same point is furnished on the packet brig from Cuba, similarly furnished.—Among her passengers, on the last voyage hither, was a young Cuban, son of a wealthy planter in the interior. This young man was much interested in the Spanish Bible and books which he found in the Cabin library,—and, by means of the address inscribed, with some difficulty found his way to my office, in order to procure a supply to send to his friends at home. He said that his father's library contained the Bible, with notes, in eight large volumes, but that the tracts (and especially those on the subject of Protestantism) would be a novelty. He wished to purchase also a Bible for himself, but hesitated to take our version, as he had been informed that it was an adulterated one. He called several times about this, and finally, after hearing my explanations, and comparing the corrected version with the Catholic one of Padre Scio, (a copy of which I offered him in case he decided for it,) he deliberately chose the Protestant version.—This was an interesting case; for with more than usual intelligence, there was a certain seriousness and resolute interest in religious matters, which indicated a very hopeful state of mind. At his request I procured for him a copy of 'James' Young Man from Home,' one of the books that had pleased him so on board ship.

"Another case of interest was that of a Spanish sailor, of some fifty years of age,—an old man-of-war's man, late of the U. S. Ship Independence, who called at the office to see about getting a Spanish Bible. Years ago, he said, while standing in front of a boarding house in Cherry Street, a person gave him a tract, and finding him a foreigner, had brought him a Bible in his own language, which he soon learned to love as a great treasure. He had not been easy since he parted with it to a countryman in Buenos Ayres, and now he wanted two, so that he could have a copy to give away, and yet keep his own.—These he bought, as well as other Spanish books: to these I added several Testaments, &c, in the same language, for distribution among his shipmates, and he went away much pleased. This man, with his intelligent face, and his neat rig of white pantaloons blue shirt and tarpaulin, speaking of thrift, temperance, and self-respect, was a good specimen of what a sailor may be, and what we hope he will often be, not long hence.

"Says the captain of the barque —, regular trader to a Spanish-American port, who, for several voyages has taken Spanish supplies for distribution to his passengers, &c., 'I want you, for the coming voyage, to give me all the books you can. I took up the last to M——, the captain, eighty miles in the interior, and had no opposition from the Bishop, as on the previous occasion. The priest at—— (this port) is my warm friend, and does not hesitate to speak in favor of the books publicly. His approval has done much for their circulation there. At M——, when we were at the dinner-table—some twenty or so, at the hotel—a play-actor took occasion to praise the Spanish spelling-book of which you sent specimens, and to read aloud some of the Scripture passages in it. He pronounced them sublime. I have a special request from this man for a Bible, as also from a judge of the High Court, a man of eminence. Little can be done now in the matter of selling. The book must be circulated enough to make it known, and then a

demand may be expected to arise. A portion of the Spanish tracts I gave to a school, and soon had applications from children and parents for more. I need scarcely say, that it was a pleasure to procure for the Captain the additional supplies he wanted, especially two assorted packages of interesting Spanish publications for the schools."

"April.—Heard to-day of an order brought by Captain —, of the packet bark —, for one thousand copies of the Spanish Tract Primer, an evangelical book of some ninety pages, containing many lessons from the Bible, lately published by the American Tract Society, for circulation in schools at a port in the West Indies, the result of several specimen copies placed in the cabin with our Testaments, &c., on a previous voyage. Al-o had the pleasure of forwarding an order for eighteen dozen of the same work coming in the same manner on another vessel."

"May.—The captain of the Danish brig —, running to Porto Rico, informs me that the supercargo, a young West Indian of good family, read very attentively the Spanish Bible in the cabin, and was especially struck by the copy of 'D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation' in Spanish, which I had procured for him when last here. On finishing it, he exclaimed, 'I am a Catholic no longer! This religion of Luther is the true religion!' and when he reached home, he scandalized his friends by avowing openly the same sentiments, telling them, 'You have not got the true religion,' &c."

"August.—Upon a number of American vessels, I have reports of distributions in the Spanish language, in the West Indies, &c. In one case the captain speaks of sending most of his supplies by a mechanic, a passenger, going to work at a plantation in the interior. In another instance, a similar distribution was effected through the country people bringing down fruit to the seaport. In another, the schoolmaster was much gratified by a present of some reading for himself and his scholars. In another, the captain brings \$2 00, returns for books sold.

June.—"The pious, warm-hearted mate of a packet to a port in the West Indies writes me as follows, in regard to a small parcel of Testaments and tracts supplied him in the French language:

"I am happy to say, that the cause of our blessed Lord is increasing at P—. Those Testaments and other books in French, which you gave me for distribution, were received with a thankful heart and sincere gratitude. I had a large number of men and women calling to me when they saw me, 'Oh, Captain, do give me the Word of God!' and when they found I had no more to give, they turned away with marks of sorrow."

"He takes back with him several Bibles (on request) for English and American prisoners, seamen and others, living in the prison at that port."

"From Captain P., who took out the steamer Manzanarez, last June, to her route upon the river Magdalena in New Granada, I have a glowing account of the usefulness of a supply of Spanish Testaments and other publications procured for him from the American Bible and Tract Societies. On his course up the river, his vessel, being a novelty, was thronged with visitors from the banks, and he found that his supply would soon be exhausted if he gave to every one who asked; so he adopted the method of leaving, at each village touched at, a parcel for the village-school. As long as the books lasted, he was, to use his words, 'the greatest man in that region.' In illustration of the value put upon them, he mentioned the case of an old woman, who watched for him on the voyage down, and came on board with three eggs wrapped up in her apron, to beg at least one more '*libro*.' She had received two four-page tracts. The captain found several at the bottom of his 'trawer, and she went away completely happy. He states that there is very little difficulty in distributing in those parts. Since the Jesuits have been expelled from the country, the priests are very timid about crossing the inclinations of the people, and the people are increasingly curious about Protestantism, and more and more ready to read the Bible and heretical books."

NAVAL JOURNAL.

Surgery at Sea.

Extraordinary Operation on the Subclavian Vein by the Mate of a Vessel.—Recovery.

The following narrative is given with three objects: Firstly, to show the value of self-control and common sense, in scenes of danger; secondly, the resources of nature under the most desperate circumstances; and thirdly, to correct the boastful surgeon, when he feels inclined to convince the world that all that is excellent and skilful centers in himself. The merest chance in the world elicited the simple and child-like narrative from the operator, and he seemed as much astonished as ourself, when the almost certain character of his performance was pointed out to him on a preparation of the heart and blood vessels. Edward T. Hinckley, of Wareham, Mass., then mate of the bark *Andrews*, commanded by James L. Nye, of Sandwich, Mass., sailed some two years and a half since (we find the date omitted in our minutes) from New Bedford, Mass., on a whaling voyage. When off the Gallipagos Islands, one of the hands, who had shown a mutinous disposition, attacked Captain Nye with some violence, in consequence of a reproof given him for disobedience. In the scuffle which ensued, a wound was inflicted with a knife, commencing at the angle of the jaw, and dividing the skin and superficial tissues of the left side of the neck down to the middle of the clavicle, under which the point of the knife went. It was done in broad

day, in presence of the greater part of the crew; and Mr. Hinckley, the mate, being so near, that he was at that moment rushing to the captain's assistance. Instantly seizing the villain, and handing him over to the crew, the knife either fell or was drawn by some one present, and a frightful gush of dark blood welled up from the wound, as the captain fell upon the deck. Mr. Hinckley immediately thrust his fingers into the wound, and endeavored to catch the bleeding vessel; with thumb against the clavicle, as a point of action, and gripping, as he expressed it to me, "all between," he found the bleeding nearly cease. The whole affair was so sudden, that Mr. Hinckley stated to me, he was completely at a loss what step to take. Such had been the violence of the hemorrhage, a space on the deck fully as large as a barrel head, being covered with blood in a few seconds, that it was evident from that and the consequent faintness, that the captain would instantly die, should he remove his fingers from the bleeding vessel. As Mr. H. said to me, with the simplicity and straightforward style of a seaman, 'I brought to,' for a minute, to think over the matter. The bleeding coming upwards from under the collar-bone, and being completely concealed by it, it was plain enough that I couldn't get at the blood vessel, without sawing the bone in two; and this I would not like to have tried, even if I had dared to remove my fingers. Feeling that my fingers' ends were so deep as to

be below the bone, and yet the bleeding having stopped, I passed them a little further downwards still keeping up the pressure against the bone with the middle joints. I then found, my fingers passed under something running in the same course with the bone; this I slowly endeavored to draw up out of the wound, so as to see if it was not the blood vessel.—Finding it give a little, I slowly pulled it up with one finger; *when I was pulling it up, the Captain groaned terribly*, but I went on, because I knew I could do nothing else. As soon as I could see it, I washed away the blood, and was astonished and very glad to see there were two vessels, as I supposed them to be, one behind the other, *the cut was in the front one*. It was the full breadth of the knife, or about half an inch, and neither across nor lengthways, but about between the two, and went about half its thickness through the blood vessel; *it was smooth and blue in appearance*, and the cut had stopped bleeding, as I supposed at the time, because the vessel was pressed together by being stretched across my finger. As I had often sewed up cuts in the flesh, and knew nothing about tying blood vessels, and supposed that was only done when they were cut in two, as in amputated limbs, I concluded to try my hand at sewing it up; so I took five little stitches; they were very near together, for the wound was certainly not half an inch wide, if so much.” On inquiry of Mr. Hinckley, if he cut off the thread each time and threaded the needle again, he said Yes; but “I only cut off one end and left the other hanging out.” This he had learned from a little book, prepared for the use of sea captains and others, when no surgeon was on board. Mr. H. continued; “I twisted the ends together loosely, so as to make one large one, and let it hang out of the wound over the bone; then I closed all up with stitches and plasters. On the fourteenth day I found the strings loose in the wound, from which matter had freely come; it healed up like any other cut.” Poor Captain Nye finally met a sad fate, he was drowned

on the destruction of his boat by an enraged whale.

The practical anatomist and surgeon will at once see the internal evidence of the entire truthfulness of this extraordinary narrative, and the certainty that Mr. Hinckley must have closed up a wound in the subclavian vein. Aside from the position of the wound rendering any other explanation impossible, and the color and amount of blood instantly lost, the fact that a wound of the subclavian artery must have been followed by aneurism, if not instant death, renders the conviction unavoidable that it must have been the vein. When the Captain “groaned terribly,” as Mr. Hinckley was drawing up the vessel with his finger, the brachial plexus of nerves was evidently put on the stretch.—Indeed, it is impossible to suppose, aside from Mr. Hinckley's high character and the corroboration of the log-book, that such a story could have been devised by any but a surgeon of decided practical ability. We may be mistaken in our views of its importance, but we think that in the estimation of our professional readers we have placed upon record one of the most extraordinary circumstance in the whole history of Surgery.

If the case be not worth an ordinary surgeon's eye and going the rounds of every journal in the land, we are mistaken: every student should commit it to memory; it will teach him modesty and self-possession.—*Scalpel.*

Sir Edward Parry's Opinion on Sir John Franklin's Fate.

A complimentary dinner was recently given to Lieut. SAMUEL GURNEY CRESSWELL, of the British Navy, on his return from the Arctic regions, whither he went with Capt. McClure, at his native town of Lynn, England. During the dinner, Sir Edward Parry, the celebrated Arctic navigator, was toasted, and in the course of his reply made the following interesting remarks on the course *possibly* taken by Sir John Franklin:

"While we are rejoicing over the return of our friend, and the probable return of his shipmates, we cannot but turn to that which is not a matter of rejoicing, but rather a matter of sorrow and regret—that there has not been found a single token of our dear long-lost Franklin and his companions. Not only has that been the case in the expedition in which Lieutenant Gurney Cresswell has been engaged, but I understand it to be the case with Sir Edward Belcher, who has gone up the Wellington Inlet, where I certainly thought traces must be found, because at Beechy Island we knew Franklin passed the first Winter when he went out. There we found three graves of his men, and that is, up to the present moment, the only token whatever we have received of him. I do consider it a most mysterious thing, and I have thought of it as much as anybody. I can form but a single idea as to the probable fate of Franklin. I do not agree with our friend Gurney Cresswell about the probability of both ships having gone down and nothing been seen of them, because, although it is true that nothing might have been seen of the ships themselves, I do not believe the crews would all have perished at one moment. I think there is that stuff and stamina in one hundred and twenty Englishmen, that somehow or other they would have maintained themselves as well as a parcel of Esquimaux would. They would have found the Esquimaux, and there would have been something like a trace of them if they had been on earth. The only thing which I can suggest is this: Wellington Strait was discovered by myself on the expedition I spoke of. It is a large opening from Lancaster Sound. When I was going up westward from Melville Island, we saw Wellington Straits perfectly free from ice, and so I marked it on my chart. It was not my business to go north as long as I could get west, and, therefore, we ran past and did not examine it. But it has always been a favorite idea of those who imagined the north-west passage was to be easily made by going north. That, we know, was the favorite idea

of Franklin, and we know he did intend, if he could get westward, to go up Wellington Channel. We have it from his own lips: My belief is still that *after the first Winter he did go up that channel*, and that having steam power (which I had not in my time,) it is possible he may have gone up in a favorable season. For you cannot imagine anything more different than a favorable and an unfavorable season in those regions. You cannot imagine the changes that take place in the ice there. I have been myself sometimes beset for two or three days together by the ice, in such a way that from the mast-head I could not see sufficient water to float that bottle in; and in twenty-four hours there was not a bit of ice to be seen—nobody could tell why—I cannot tell why; and you might have sailed about as you may in your own river, as far as ice is concerned. Therefore, in a favorable season he may have gone up that inlet, and *may by the power of steam and favorable circumstances have got so far to the north-west that in an ordinary season he could not get back again*. And those who knew Franklin, know this—that *he would push on year after year so long as his provisions lasted*. Nothing could stop him. He was not a man to look back if he believed the thing was still possible. He may have got beyond the reach of our searching parties, for Sir Edward Belcher has not been able to get far up, and we have not been able to get the investigation completed. In speaking of Franklin every one will feel sorrow for his probable fate. My dear friend Franklin was sixty years old when he left this country; and I shall never forget the zeal, the almost youthful enthusiasm, with which that man entered upon that expedition. Lord Haddington, who was then first Lord of the Admiralty, sent for me, and said: "I see, by looking at the list, that Franklin is sixty years old; do you think we ought to let him go?" I said, "He is a fitter man to go than any I know; and if you don't let him go, the man will die of disappointment." He did go, and has been gone eight years; and, therefore, I leave to

yourselves to consider what is the probability of the life of that excellent and valuable man. In the whole course of my experience I have never known a man like Franklin. I do not say it because he is dead—upon the principle *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*; but I never knew a man in whom different qualities were so remarkably combined. In my dear friend Franklin, with all the tenderness of heart of a simple child, there was all the greatness and magnanimity of a hero. It is recorded of that man that he would not even kill a mosquito that was stinging him. But whether that be true or not, it is a true type of the tenderness of that man's heart.

Statistics of Wrecks.

The following is the awful summary of 1851-52:—

The wrecks of British and foreign vessels on the coasts and seas of the United Kingdom were 681. Of these 277 were total wrecks; sunk by leaks or collision, 84; stranded and damaged so as to require the discharge of cargo, 304; abandoned, 16; total wrecks, 681; total lives lost, 784. In the year 1851, the wrecks on our coast were 701. Of these 353 were total wrecks, or sunk and abandoned, and 348 stranded or damaged so as to require the discharge of cargo.—The number of lives lost—as far as could be ascertained—was 750. The most disastrous portion was the month of September, and the heavy storm of the 25th and 26th of that month, 117 vessels were stranded, while, during the month, the whole number amounted to 163, or more than five a day; thus affording additional proof of the necessity of making the utmost efforts to avert so much calamity. But the past year, 1853, has far exceeded in respect to shipwrecks, the two former periods, in amount and fatality, no less than 1100 vessels having been wrecked on the shores of the British Isles, and the number of lives lost, as far as could be ascertained, being about 900. The greatest havoc took place about the latter end of last October, and beginning of November. In this interval no less than 600 ships sought refuge

in the Humber. Many more, however, could reach no shelter; and thus, in the course of a few days, the unprecedented number of 300 vessels were lost or damaged with the fearful loss of 217 lives. The greater part of this terrible work of destruction took place on the east coast of England, off Flamborough Head.

Deaths in the Pacific.

Fell overboard from the fore topsail yard of the whaleship Huntville, Oct. 6, 1853, George Harrison, of Rochester, N. Y., aged about 19 y'rs.

Killed, 9th of October, Benjamin F. Crapo, of New Bedford. He belonged to the Manuel Ortiz. This unfortunate man was a boat-steerer, and his death occurred under the following circumstances. The vessel was leaving the Ochotsk Sea in a gale of wind, and he came on deck at the calling of his watch. A few minutes after a water tank gave way and crushed him instantly.

On board the Maria Theresa, at sea, and buried on shore 2d of July, Mr. William F. Douglass.

In Honolulu at U. S. Hospital, Nov. 9, Mr. Johnson, first officer of ship Golconda.

Suddenly, on the 10th inst., in Honolulu, John Jones, belonging to ship John and Elizabeth. The deceased came on shore and called at Dr. Hoffman's office, where he died suddenly.

On board ship Mary Ann, Oct. 15, George Shaw, of consumption. He was a native of New Hampshire, and aged 23 years.

Drowned by falling overboard, Sept. 27th, Lodowick Prentiss, of Stonington, Conn. He belonged to ship Cabinet.

July 15, on board ship Tamerlane, James F. Daniels, Steward, belonging to Foxborough, Mass. He came out in the vessel.

In Honolulu, January 25, after a short illness of five days, THOMAS HORNSBY, steward of the American whaleship Antelope, aged 17 years. The deceased belonged to Newport,

and came out in the vessel. He was much beloved and esteemed by his shipmates, and especially by the master, Capt Potter, and officers, who have evinced the most unwearied attention and solicitude for his welfare during his sickness. His funeral was attended on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 26th, and his remains are deposited in the Seaman's Lot, of N. V. Cemetery.

At the U. S. Hospital, Honolulu, Jan. 18th, Mr. P. TURDELL, belonging to Brooklyn, New York. He left the United States on board the "Mary Frazier." He was a cooper by trade.

In Honolulu, Nov. 17, Geo. B. Lawrence, aged 25, late from San Francisco. The deceased was a native of Groton, Mass., where his friends now reside. He came passenger from California in the E. L. Frost.

At Sea, about Nov. 25, Mr. Albert Leonard, 3d officer of ship Phoenix, of New Bedford. He belonged to Fall River, Mass., where his wife now resides.

At City Hospital, Honolulu, Nov. 23, John N. Fraser, colored steward of the American whaleship Napoleon.

Humanity.

It always gives us sincere pleasure to record and commend humane acts connected with the sea. We rejoice to know that seamen are vying with each other in lending a helping hand to the distressed. Hence hesitancy and regret on our part in transferring to our columns from "The Friend" the following CARD:

A CARD.—The undersigned, late master of the whaleship Citizen, of New Bedford, feels it a duty he owes alike to the living and the dead, to make known the following circumstances.

On the 25th of September, 1852, in the Arctic Ocean, in lat. 78° 10' N. the ship Citizen was wrecked, and five men lost; himself and the balance of the crew reached the shore without anything but the cloths they stood in. It was very cold, and they kept alive by burning casks of oil that

floated ashore from the wreck. That they lived near the wreck until Oct. 3d, when the whaleship Citizen, of Nantucket, Capt. Bailey, hove in sight. They immediately hoisted a flag upon a pole 30 feet high, and made every signal they could of distress. That the ship at first stood in as though she saw them, then hauled up and shivered in the wind, and afterwards filled away and left them. She was so close at one time that those on shore could see her davits. The feelings with which they saw the vessel leave them are indescribable, as no hope was left them but to endure the rigors of a winter's residence in this cold, bleak and desolate region, if they could escape the tomahawks of the savage. That their signals were seen by Capt. Bailey, there can be no doubt, as Capt. B. reported seeing his signals last fall. The mate of Capt. Bailey's vessel reported to Capt. B. that he could see sailors on the shore and requested a boat to go to their relief, which Capt. B. refused.

Through the inhumanity of Capt. Bailey, we were compelled to remain nine months in this barren region, destitute of clothing and food, other than the natives could supply us from their scanty stores of blubber and furs. During this time two of the crew perished with cold, and left their bones to bleach among the snows of the north as a monument of "Man's inhumanity to man."

The natives were humane, kind and hospitable to us, though wretchedly poor.

THOS. H. NORTON.

DISASTERS.

Schr. Pactolus, went ashore in the snow storm of 10th Feb., abreast Cape Charles.

Barque David Kimball, at this port, from New Orleans, reports: March 3d, fell in with brig Monterey, of Bristol, full of water and abandoned.

"Galveston, Feb. 3.

I have to inform you of the wreck of the schr. Alimo, on the Bar at the mouth of San Bernard River.

Portland, February 27.

The barque N. W. Bridge, of Portland, from Matanzas for this port,

went ashore last night on Bunker's Island, off Cape Porpoise, and bilged.

Brig Draco was wrecked in the Rio Pongos, West Coast of Africa, Nov. 22d, and is a total loss.

Capt. Wainwright, of the schooner James G. King, before reported water-logged on her voyage from Savannah to this port, was taken off the wreck of his vessel, after having been seven days without food or water, by brig Torcello, from Savannah for Boston, and carried into Norfolk.

Whale ship Sylph, of Fairhaven, was lost on N. W. side of Isle Sal, January 9, while taking in wood and water, by the swell setting her on the rocks in a calm; vessel and cargo a total loss.

Brig Flying Cloud, at this port from Ciudad Bolivar, reports: On the outward passage, Dec. 30th, in a gale, fell in with the wreck of the brig Sarah Nash, of New York, from Georgetown, S. C., with ship timber, for New Bedford: both masts gone, deck ripped up, and the sea making a complete breach over her, having been blown off the coast three times. Sent our boat, and succeeded in taking off safely Capt. G. C. Gibbs, two mates, and four seamen, and brought them to this port.

The clipper ship San Francisco from New York, was lost under the charge of a pilot upon the rocks at the entrance of the harbor of San Francisco 8th Feb.

British barque Mary, Scott, before reported abandoned, had struck a field of ice, and foundered; the crew took to their boats, and in five days reached St. John's, N. F., previous to March 23, all frostbitten. One of their number was dead on the arrival of the boats.

Ship Warbler, Captain Edward Hunter, which arrived at Liverpool on the 10th, from New Orleans, passed on the 15th Feb., the schooner H. M. Johnstone, of Tremont, water-logged and abandoned.

Schr. Tennessee, from Georgetown, S. C., for Havana, was wrecked on the night of February 22nd on Abaco; vessel a total loss.

Schr. John Q. Adams, for Boston, from Fredericksburg, attempted to go into Little Egg harbor in the storm of 26th Feb., but struck upon the bar, fell over, carried away both masts and drove ashore, bottom up, on the beach.

Br. brig Juliet, Hilton, from Boston, out 15 days, bound to Liverpool, N. S. got ashore at Ragged Islands on the 21st February. Vessel a total wreck.

Steamer George Law, at this port from Aspinwall, reports; Feb. 22d, at 8 A. M., passed wreck of schr. E. S. Powell, of Brooklyn, decks swept, full of water, bulwarks and spar sails gone, except bowsprit; no person on board; appeared to have been recently wrecked. At 12 M., took off the captain and crew of the dismantled schr. D. C. Oakes, of Bangor, Me., Bansil, master, from Santa Cruz, bound to New York.

Barque Ionia, at this port from New Orleans, reports: March 1st, spoke schr. Sally Ann, of Philadelphia, from Attakapas for Baltimore, dismantled and in a sinking condition; took off Captain Johnson and crew, and brought them to this port.

Brig Orinoco, at this port, from Sagna la Grande, reports: March 6th, fell in with brig Laleah, of St. John, N. B., dismantled and abandoned, and full of water.

New American ship Pantheon, Barstow, was totally lost near Holyhead on the English coast, on the night of the 8th March. The Pantheon cleared from New York for Liverpool on the 8th ult.

Letters from Thomaston, Me., under date of 7th March, state that accounts had reached there from the postmaster at Ocracoke, N. C., saying that pieces of a wrecked barque with "Thomaston" on her stern plank, and two bbls. of bread marked "Robt. Walsh's Stores," came on shore at that place on the 8th Feb., also, that eleven dead bodies had been picked up, supposed to have comprised the crew of that vessel.

Br. ship Express, from New York for Liverpool, was fallen in with 1st March in a sinking condition, by

barque Octavia, Woodbury, from Portland, who took off the crew, fourteen in number.

Schr. Cassius, sailed from Boston 19th Feb. for Wilmington, N. C., and during the voyage encountered heavy weather and gales. On the 7th Mar. 60 miles from Cape Hatteras, experienced a heavy gale and sprung a leak, which caused her to sink in 16 fathoms water.

Schr. Gilbert Jamieson, from San Francisco, arrived at Hobart Town Nov. 5th. She called at Tahiti, and took two of the crew of the barque Rapid, bound to Sydney from San Francisco, and which, through stress of weather, parted her anchors and drove on a reef off Tongataboo, one of the Society Islands.

Barque Parana, at this port from Buenos Ayres, reports: March 1, at meridian, passed brig Eagle, of Falmouth, Jam., with mainmast gone just above the deck, waterlogged, foresail all whole, loose on the foreyard, top-sail and topgallant sail all furled, jib and flying jib furled, mainboom alongside, mainmast fore and aft the deck as it fell, lot of sail piled on the deck: part of a deck load of lumber, water casks, &c., all in their places on deck, rudder gone, no one on board.

Schr. Hellespont, from Rappahanock for —, struck on Middle Ground on the night of the 1st Mar. bilged and filled with water. The captain and crew took to the boat and arrived at Norfolk. Vessel total loss.

Br. barque Acastus, from Newport, W. for this port, was fallen in with 1st Mar., in a sinking condition by ship Liverpool, who took off the captain and crew, 17 in number.

Ship Devonshire, at this port from London reports: 15th inst passed the Br. barque Express, of Liverpool, waterlogged and abandoned.

Boston, March 23.

Ship Fleetwood, which arrived here this morning from Shanghai, rescued 20th inst., the crew of the schr. Hope, of and from New York for Boston, which she fell in with, in a sinking condition.

Schr. Mary Elizabeth, at this port

from Washington, N. C., reports:—4th inst., schr. —, from Baltimore for Charleston, struck on Ocracoke Bar, and went to pieces; the crew were all saved.

Br. schr. Bluenose, at this port from Halifax, March 7th, passed the wreck of brig Express, of Liverpool, waterlogged, dismasted and abandoned

Baltimore, March 23.

Schr. General Veazie, from Attakapas for Baltimore, went ashore at Cape Henry 20th March. The vessel is a total loss.

On Sunday morning, 26th about one o'clock, as the propeller PETERL, Jones, from Providence, was off Little Gulf Island, she came in contact with the Schr. VIOLA, of Bucksport, Strakerance, hence bound to Belfast, striking the schr. on her larboard bow, carrying away bowsprit and main mast; the P. then took her in tow, and after proceeding a short distance, the schr. sank, carrying down with her Capt. Joseph C. Lawrence, master, of Bucksport, and Mr. West, seaman.

Schr. Sarah & Mary, of Plymouth, Mass., Hawes, from Boston for Baltimore, struck on "Thamer Sprig Shoal" on the night of March 26, and bilged. The crew were taken off next day, and carried to Hyannis port. Vessel a total loss.

Missing Vessels.

Schr. SARAH H. CRAMER, of Base River, N. C. John Falkenburg master, sailed from Alexandria Dec. 22d, for this port, and was seen in Chesapeake Bay about 15th—since which has not been heard from.

Brig Amethyst, of Sullivan, Ober, from Philadelphia, for Bath, left Holmes's Hole, Dec. 21st, previous to the great gale, and has not since been heard from.

Brig Esther Elizabeth, of Eastport, Shackford, sailed from Philadelphia about 16th Dec. for Boston, and has not since been heard from.

Paris, Jan. 2.

The Arco Iris, Clark, sailed from New-York 24th August, for Havre, and has not since been heard of.

Barque J. Patton, (supposed of Philadelphia) Johns, which sailed from Havana, Dec. 14 for New-York, has not since been heard from.

Brig Emma, of Eastport, Carpenter, sailed from Alexandria, 10th Jan. for Boston, and has not since been heard from.

Barque John A. Taylor, Captain J. Loud, sailed from Cardenas Oct. 7th for Boston, and has not since been heard from.

The barque Antelope, of Boston, was driven to sea from her moorings at Rum Cay, in the gale of 21st Nov. last, since which nothing has been heard of her.

Brig Abigail & Maria, Spurling, of Tremount, Me., sailed from Boston, Oct. 6th, for Jacksonville, and has not since been heard from.

Br. brig Syria, of Windsor, from Baltimore, left Edgartown Dec. 28th, and has not since been heard from.

Clipper ship WARNER, sailed hence Dec. 18th for Dunkirk, with a cargo of grain, and has not since been heard from. The WARNER was owned by Capt. Merritt, built in 1851, and was of unusual strength for the merchant service, having been constructed for a man-of-war. She was a full clipper, and has made some of the quickest passages on record. She was valued at \$35,000 to \$40,000, on which there is about \$30,000 insurance in this city. The following is a list of her officers and crew:—Luther Ripley, Jr., master; James Quin, 1st mate, John A. Dewar, 2nd do.; Fredrick Graham, carpenter; Henry F. Beath, cook and steward; George Beatty, boy; Charles Nash, John P. Smith, Alvin Wilson, Thos. Johnson, John Murray, Charles Clark, John Cotter, and John Leman, seamen. Capt. Ripley was one of the most efficient and promising shipmasters in the American service, and his loss will be severely felt, more particularly among his friends and those who knew him well. •

The Br. brigantine CHARLOTTE. Tyrrell, master, sailed from this port about the 20th December last, for Aspinwall, and has not since been heard from.

Ship ANNA TIFT, Ross, sailed from

Mobile for Toulon, France, about Nov. 9, and has not since been heard from.

Schr. Cicero, Shackelford, from New Berne, N. C., 9th ult., for this port, has not since been heard of, and fears are entertained for her safety.

Schr. JOSHUA H. DAVIS, of Truro, sailed from Rappahannock for Boston several days previous to the gale of Feb. 22, and has not since been heard from. Harvey Small was master; Jas. Livermore mate, both of whom have left families. Michael Lombard, of Truro, and one other man, unknown were seamen.

Schr. SEA BIRD, of Surry, Me., Bullerwell, for New-York, left Jacksonville Dec. 5th, since which nothing has been heard of her.

Brig SARAH NASH, of this port, Gibby, sailed from Georgetown, S. C. Dec. 18th for Fairhaven, Mass. since which time she has not been heard from.

Brig JOHN MARSALL, Schoonbeck, cleared at Wilmington, N. C. Dec. 10th, for Bath, and has not since been heard from.

Ship LEVIATHAN, of New-York, owned by Messrs. Sturges, Clearman & Co., built in Newcastle, Me., in 1851, 1207 tons register, A 1, cleared at this port on the 22d Nov. for Liverpool, and has not since been heard of.

Ship WATERLOO, of New-York, Capt. Harvey, owned by Messrs. Kermit & Carow, built in New-York. in 1846, 892 tons burthen, A 1, a superior vessel, cleared for Liverpool on the 22d November.

The new brig W. L. CROSBY, Capt. Clifford, sailed from Bath Dec. 25th for Philadelphia, and has not since been heard from since.

Schr. A. K. HAY, of Philadelphia, Mark H. Leeds, master, left Philadelphia Dec. 8, bound to Savannah, Geo., since that time no intelligence has been heard from her. Geo. Hand, mate; seamen, Harvey A. Dutton, of Vermont; Absalom Seoy, of New-Jersey, and two others from the same State, names not known; besides two apprentice boys, Risley and Lewis Smith.

Gabin Boy's Locker.

The Honest Boy, or the Shilling and the Sovereign.

Some time ago, the Duke of Buccleugh, in one of his walks, purchased a cow from a person in the neighborhood of Dalkeith, and left orders to send it to his palace the following morning; according to agreement, the cow was sent, and the Duke happened to be in dishabille, and walking in the avenue espied a little fellow ineffectually attempting to drive the animal forward to its destination. The boy not knowing the Duke, bawled out to him:

"Flimom, come here an' gie's a han' wi' this beast."

The Duke saw the mistake, and determined on having a joke with the little fellow; pretending, therefore, not to understand him, the Duke walked on slowly, the boy still craving his assistance; at last he cried out, in a tone of apparent distress,

"Come here, mun, an' help us, an' as sure as anything I'll gi'e you half I get!"

This last solicitation had the desired effect. The Duke went and lent a helping hand.

"And now," said the Duke, as they trudged along, "how much do you think ye'll get for this job?"

"Oh, I dinna ken," said the boy, "but I'm sure o' something, for the folk up at the house are good to a' bodies."

As they approached the house, the Duke darted from the boy, and entered by a different way. He called a servant and put a sovereign into his hand, saying, "Give that to the boy

who has brought the cow." The Duke returned to the avenue, and was soon rejoined by the boy.

"Well, how much did you get?" said the Duke.

"A shilling," said the boy, "an' there's the half o' it t'ye."

"But you surely got more than a shilling," said the Duke.

"No," said the boy, with the utmost earnestness, "as sure's death that's a' I got—an' d'ye not think it's a plenty?"

"I do not," said the Duke; "there must be some mistake, and as I am acquainted with the Duke, if you return, I think I'll get you more."

The boy consented—back they went; the Duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

"Now," said the Duke to the boy, "point me out the person that gave you the shilling."

"It was that chap with the apron," pointing to the butler.

The delinquent confessed, fell on his knees, and attempted an apology; but the Duke interrupted him, indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign, and quit his service instantly.

"You have lost," said the Duke, "your money, your situation, and your character, by your covetousness; learn, henceforth, that honesty is the best policy."

The boy by this time, recognized his assistant, in the person of the Duke, and the Duke was so delighted with the sterling worth and honesty of the boy, that he ordered him to be sent to school, kept there and provided for at his own expense.

POETRY.

For the Sailor's Magazine. Hymn of the New England Sailor.

BY MARY A. SANCROFT.

The green fields of my native land,
How beautiful, they are !
The hills from which at day's decline,
I watched the rising star.
My own bright star, how sweet it rose,
How gladly met my sight ;
My brow has darkened since with toil,
Yet still its beams are bright.

Its beams are bright, they gild the spot
Where splendid cities lie ;
Amid the pageantry of which
I wandered with a sigh.
By day, I heap of wealth a store,
To hoard with anxious care ;
The sun goes down :—the quick tears start,
At home, they kneel in prayer.

They gather in that little room ;
How vividly I see
The very spot, where long ago
My father prayed for me :—
My mother too, with gentle mien,
And furrowed brow, yet fair ;
Tiared above so beautiful,
With silvery—sprinkled hair.

Her voice ;—none other had the power
My haughty pride to quell ;
So gently on my heart's wild lyre
Its quivering accents fell.
Brothers and sisters too, with smiles,
And kindly voices come ;
Earth hath no melody like this,
Remembered strains of home.

Remember ? yes, tis even so,
The beauteous dream has pass'd ;
It floated back on memory's wings,
In fancy's mirror cast.
A sadder vision rises now,
The grave-yard on the hill
Comes up before my aching view,
All shadowy, lone, and still.

A sound blends with the sea-wave's moan,
A solemn dirge-like strain ;
A whisper of the broken links,
Earth may not clasp again.
It tells how from that cherished home
A parent's love has fled ;
And with their young feet, fairest one,
They slumber with the dead.

The night grows dark :—so would my soul,
Did not Hope's radiant form
Break through despair's most fearful gloom,
Like sunshine 'midst the storm.

Oh ! these vast ocean-waves are far
Less boundless than his love ;
Who, gently gathers home his own,
To perfect bliss above.

Father ! rejoicing in thy will,
On, o'er the seas I roam,
My longing spirit ne'er again,
May greet my native home ;
But when I near that flowery shore,
The haven of the blest,
Thou wilt conduct me to that home,
Where earth's—once-loved ones rest.
Suffield, Conn.

Sabbath Morning In New Haven, Ct.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

How beautiful !—Not fancy sweeps,
This mellow music from the trees
That tremble like a living lyre,
Beneath the finger of the breeze—
Nature's own Psalmist, with his lay,
Now ushers in the holy day,
Soft as the sound that sweetly swells
In ocean's own enchanted shells,
Yet, with a movement as sublime
As choral spheres that measure time.

And see, how calm the blue wave there
In morning's light rejoicing rolls,
As if its azure pulses throbb'd
In unison with human souls ;
While from the far red Orient, fires
Are sparkling on the stately spires,
And one wide sweep of splendor falls
On all the groves and classic halls,
And light and music make divine
The humblest home, the simplest shrine.

It is not fancy ! No, that wave
At least, a living symbol gleams ;
There is a sacred meaning where
God's rose on morning's bosom beams ;
Yon single cloud that floats away,
But speaks—"The light of Zion's day
Shall yet be cloudless ;" and the air
Is stirred by something like a prayer,
While yonder mist, so grandly curled,
Doth make an altar of the world.

O troubled heart ! O weary soul !
Look out ! look out upon this morn
So full of light and harmony,
And smile away the skeptic's scorn !
Look out, ye quiet dwellers here,
On the great wonder of our sphere,
And feel Religion wrap the whole—
City and stream, and sky, and soul—
In all, His endless worship see,
Whose lifetime is Eternity.

New York, May, 1854.

Anniversary Meeting.

The Twenty-Sixth Annual Meeting of the American Seamen's Friend Society, will be held in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, on Monday evening, the 8th instant, at half past seven o'clock.

Stormy or pleasant, a full and deeply interested audience, including many seamen, is anticipated.

—•••—
For the Sailor's Magazine.

Letters from Polynesia.

HONOLULU, Jan. 30, 1854.

A new feature in the Whaling business—Death of a sailor, Thomas Hornsby, of Newport, R. I.—Hawaiian Tract Society meeting, &c., &c.

The owners and agents of whale ships are introducing a new feature in carrying forward their business. Formerly a ship was fitted out, from some port in the United States, and sailed for the Pacific, but to return when she had filled up, whether it took one, two, three or four years. This system is generally passing away. Ships now come out, to fill up once, twice or thrice, before they return, if, indeed they ever should. Their oil is shipped from time to time, as they visit port. This business of transshipping oil, from whaleships to merchant vessels, is becoming of considerable importance in our port. I am watching

with no little anxiety, the influence which this new feature of the whaling business will have upon seamen. I can now foresee that it will tend to the unsettling the crews of those vessels which ship their oil. As a general thing, neither officers nor sailors, incline to remain by a ship for several years in succession. Jack is always ready for a change. Like the element upon which he floats, he cannot be at rest. The practice is now becoming very common to go by the season. Sailors are becoming "Seasoners." This being the case, multitudes will thereby be prevented from returning to the Atlantic States. Formerly they would go to New Bedford or Nantucket to be paid off, but now they are paid off here; and I am sorry to say, that nearly all spend their money, before they ship again. This fact creates the necessity for a Savings' Bank. I am now strongly urging the establishment of such an Institution in Honolulu.

Another effect of this change in the whaling business, will be to induce Masters and officers to locate their families in Honolulu. I see not why they may not do it. In that case, they might be with their families, for several weeks, and even months every year, whereas now, they are separated for long, long years. While then, I foresee evils attending the new sys-

tem, I am not blind to the good results. Perhaps the latter may more than counterbalance the former.— May God grant that such may be the case, even a thousand fold.

A death occurred last week, among seamen, that was quite singular and melancholy. A youth, about sixteen, by the name of Thomas Hornsby, of Newport, R. I., steward of the whale-ship "Antelope," came on shore a few days since. While, in company, with a shipmate, and engaged in playful sport, he received a blow in his back, which so affected his spine, that he died after a short illness. Under Captain Potter's care, he was removed on shore, to comfortable quarters, where he received every possible medical care, but all was of no avail. I saw him twice the day of his death. On the day following his death, his funeral was well attended, although it was a very rainy day. His captain did everything that could be done for a sick man. I never knew a person more attentive. Even after his remains were deposited in their final resting place, he placed funds in my hands to send to the United States for the purchase of a suitable grave stone. I could not but contrast Captain Potter's kind and unwearied attentions, with the almost inhuman treatment of some shipmasters, who will not read the burial service over a sailor's remains, at sea, or attend their funeral on land.

A most interesting and fully attended meeting of the Hawaiian Tract Society, was held at the Bethel, Tuesday evening, January 17th. The meeting was called to hear the report of Mr. Ryan, the Society's colporteur. For the information of your readers, I would remark, that during the last six months, this Society has employed a colporteur. The time for which he

was engaged being about to expire, the members of the society and the friends of the cause were called together to listen to his report, and make up the deficiency in the necessary funds to meet the expenses of the society.

The Colporteur's report was read by the Secretary of the Society, and heard with the most cordial sentiments of approbation. Those who have watched the labors of Mr. Ryan, felt that the report was most truthful, and convincing, in regard to the importance and propriety of employing a colporteur, whose sole employment should be "going about and doing good." In the discharge of this duty Mr. Ryan, has given the most unqualified satisfaction to the society, which testified its approval, by authorizing the Ex-Committee to make some satisfactory arrangement with him, if he was willing to remain in the Society's service. As a guaranty that funds should not be wanting, the sum of \$490 was immediately pledged. This commendable measure was adopted, after the contribution of \$248 16, to discharge previous liabilities. This amount added to what had previously been contributed for the Colportage enterprise, makes the total sum of \$757 33.

There prevailed the utmost cordiality and generous feeling. Every one present seemed inspired with the sentiment, the tract cause is a good cause, and it is an inestimable privilege to be engaged in its prosecution.

I learn that Mr. Ryan contemplates visiting the United States, holding out however, the reasonable expectation, that he may return and continue in the Society's employ.

In late American papers, I notice frequent allusions to the subject of Annexation. So far as the authori-

ties here are concerned, I do not believe any definite steps have, as yet been taken. I do not think that it will be so easy a matter as men fondly imagine, although I expect such an event will take place, at no very distant period.

Yours, truly,
S. C. DAMON.

St. Thomas Chaplaincy.

ST. THOMAS, W. I. MARCH, 8th
1854.

Arrival-Embarrassments and Encouragements-Importance of the Station-Incidents of labor-Colleage Chaplains.

I arrived at my post of duty here the 16th of Dec. last. Entrance upon the discharge of my labors was somewhat embarrassed for a time by two causes. The *first* was the appearance of Cholera in town simultaneously with my arrival which threw everything into confusion, and the *second*, the necessity of getting from the Danish Authorities, resident at St. Croix permission to labor as a Minister before I could begin my preaching services. Not however considering Bible and Tract distribution a disregard of this restrictive policy on the promulgation of the gospel, I entered on labors of that description.

St. Thomas is almost exclusively commercial in its character. Commerce may be said to be its sole interest. The arrival and departure of vessels, the relation of these to trade, incidents in the harbor—these are the leading matters which occupy and interest men's minds. The sympathies of the entire community are therefore mainly commercial. Hence a Seamen's Chaplain seems a quite natural and essential personage here; while this close and peculiar implication of interests between town and harbor, brings the Chaplain into relations to the merchants and citizens generally, which are not only highly agreeable in themselves, but furnish also good vantage ground for the prosecution of his labors for the good

of Seamen. It is with pleasure therefore that I record my favourable reception, and readiness to facilitate my labors not only on the part of masters of vessels, but also of many gentlemen prominently related to the shipping interest, and of others who love the cause.

Importance of the Station.

The importance of this as a Chaplaincy station of the Seamen's F. Society is unquestionable. Vessels are constantly arriving from all parts of Europe, from the Atlantic and Pacific shores of the western Continent, and the far-off Isles of the Pacific. Many are driven or put in here for supplies or repairs. From thirty to sixty sail are almost constantly riding at anchor in our beautiful little harbor, among which "the Stars and Stripes" predominate—Often, and at certain seasons of the year this number is greatly increased. The past winter the amount of Shipping has been quite limited for St. Thomas, owing to the Cholera. Being at last happily free from that dreadful scourge, from which however the shipping has been free with the exception of two or three cases. The harbor begins once more to present its wonted appearance. Even this untoward circumstance has been compensated for by the arrival from time to time of in all a large number of distressed American vessels, which being obliged to remain for weeks, and in some cases even months for repairs, have furnished your Chaplain opportunities for systematic labor, and for making permanent impressions which would not have been the case to so great an extent with vessels arriving in the ordinary course of trade.

Means of Extended Evangelization.

In estimating the importance of having a chaplain to Seamen here we should not overlook the facilities for circulating the Scriptures and Evangelical books and tracts in Catholic and formally protestant lands in Europe, the West India islands, and the South American States. I have had the pleasure of distributing the word of God and religious tracts, in addi-

tion to the English language, in nearly all the languages of Europe. And the avidity and apparently genuine interest with which these rough Sons of the ocean, whom you almost fear to approach lest you should meet with a coarse repulse, receive and fall to the perusal of tracts and books and particularly those speaking foreign languages, is perhaps the pleasantest feature of my labor, one has the exhilarating consciousness that he is sowing the good seed of the kingdom broad-cast in that field which is the world; while in the individual heart he is encouraged to hope there may be a good and teeming soil waiting for the germ of divine truth.

Sabbath Services.

My audiences on the sabbath have consisted of from twelve to forty persons, from whom I have invariably received good attention, and often have been gratified to notice much apparent interest. Some cheering incidents have occurred in connexion with these services. One Sabbath I was to preach on a large ship, and as her crew came upon the quarter deck where an awning and seats had been prepared, one after another to the number of fifteen or twenty in their clean white pants and woolen shirts, I noticed that many of them had their bibles in their hands, which as I read a portion of scriptures they opened and followed me in my reading. A week ago last sabbath also, I was reading the chapter in which occurs the parable of the Prodigal Son, and as I came to the conclusion of that little tale of penitance and pardon, every eye was riveted upon me with the most eager expression of interest. Surely men exhibiting such sympathies are not to be despaired of.

Incidents from Betsy.

Jan. 17.—Visited Brig ——— Capt. P. talked with him about efforts for improving the condition of sailors. He said the work must begin by breaking up Sailor's Boarding houses at home, and having licensed homes instead, and modifying by legislation the present system of shipping crews, which he said was an abominable treaty between boarding masters and

shipping masters for the purpose of robbing and degrading sailors.

The men were eating breakfast, I asked them if they wanted tracts. Some took them gladly, but two said they didn't want them. One of them a Portuguese, tried to make sport of the matter. I addressed him in presence of his shipmates, personally and seriously on the subject of death and judgment, and the different light in which he would then view the matter of religion. He at last asked me for some tracts, and said he would read them. I afterwards gave him a Portuguese Testament.

Jan. 21.—A sailor boy of 18, (from the brig above mentioned) came to my room to beg for a Testament, said he was trying to be good—felt he was a sinner. I tried to impress on him the enormity of sin, the nature of repentance, the way of Salvation, and the demands of Christian duty. I think him really serious.

Practical Arminianism.

Feb. 18.—Visited Bark M———. Had an interesting conversation with Captain M. He appears and talks like a christian, in whom the principle of divine life barely exists; said he felt the obligation of a christian life, but couldn't live up to it—that he sometimes tried to, and then he was happy, but didn't believe he should be a good christian until he took up his residence on the land—that he was once a professor of religion, "but that was a long time since." I reminded him that Salvation was from God, from whom alone could come our strength; that Christianity did not consist in saving ourselves but in *being saved*, and that therefore, the Christian method was by faith, reliance on God through the aids of his grace and Spirit.

This phase of religious experience I have met in one other instance—the case of a German sailor, a professor, and member of a church in New York, though in this person it took a different form, to wit: a painful self-confidence, and spiritual pride. It is not difficult to see that this type of piety may naturally result from the resistance necessary to be put forth

against many and strong temptations to abandon, or at least to live but a very imperfect Christian life. And, therefore, these isolated Christians deserve to be sustained by the prayers of the Church, and the religious influence which can be thrown around them.

Colleague Chaplains.

It is pleasant to hear the respectful and affectionate manner in which masters and crews of vessels touching here casually, on their homeward way, speak of the character and efforts of brother chaplains at other stations, such as Messrs. Fletcher, at Rio de Janeiro, and Damon at Honolulu, and others. Coming direct from these ports, and seeming to bear about them an atmosphere of good influences, I experience sincere pleasure and a powerful sense of obligation also to second their efforts, to carry on the good work, and do the utmost in my power lest they shall have labored in vain, and spent their strength for nought. Thus, dear brethren, across the wide interval of waters, may we extend to each other, an earnest and effectual "right hand of fellowship," and co-operation. May the means be permanently multiplied, until in every port, vessels arriving shall meet "The Sailor's Minister," and the instructions and influence of that Gospel, which was commanded to be preached to every creature.

ELISHA WHITTLESEY,
Chaplain.

The Old Mariners Church, New York.

On the 4th day of June, 1820, the Mariner's Church in Roosevelt St. New York, was dedicated with appropriate exercises to the worship of God. It was the first edifice ever built for this purpose. For some time, its location has rendered a change desirable; and we are happy to inform seamen and others, whose associations linger tenderly around that spot, it is in the way of being accomplished. On Sabbath, the 9th

of April the closing exercises were held in that house, the Rev. Dr. Matthews who preached the Sermon when it was dedicated, taking a part. It has been sold and will be occupied as a school house. In the mean time the Congregation will occupy a room known as the "Church of the Good Shepherd" at the junction of Market, Hamilton and Munroe Sts., until the Trustees can erect a better Mariner's Church on a more desirable site. The Sabbath School, one of the most interesting in the city, and averaging a weekly attendance of 100 children, follows the Congregation to the place above named. We trust that the "Chief of the fathers" who saw the first house, will have no occasion to weep when the foundations of the second are laid, for fear that its glory and beauty and usefulness shall be inferior to those of the former.

Additional Chaplains.

At a recent meeting of the Board, the Rev. F. W. Bill, and the Rev. D. H. Wheeler, were appointed Chaplains to seamen; the former at Callao and the Chincha Islands, and the latter at Aspinwall.

Care for the Sailor.

The Duke of Northumberland has given land worth £1,000 at North Shields, and is about to erect and present to the Port, a handsome Sailor's Home, which will cost £4,000, and will have accommodations for above 100 seamen, with a library, saving bank, &c. The ship-owners will raise £2,000 more for its endowment. So God, in His Providence, takes care for the sailor.

Account of Monkeys.

From March 15, to April 15, 1854.

*Directors for Life by the payment
of Fifty Dollars.*

Rev. A. W. McClure, by

First Ref'd Dutch Ch., Jersey City,	50 00	From Miss Craig, N. York,	2 00
<i>Members for Life by the payment of Twenty Dollars.</i>		" South Pres. Ch. Brook- lyn,	133 00
Rensselaer Havens Bissell, Greenwich, Ct., (amt. ack. last month,)		" Second Pres. Church, Woodbridge, N. J.,	9 50
Ralph Denning, by Con. Soc. Stockbridge, Mass.	22 00	" T. W. Harvey, N. Y.,	5 00
William P. Warner, by do. do.	22 00	" North and Lafayette, Ref'd Dutch Chs., New York,	134 04
Mrs. Phebe Manchester, by Ladies Sewing Circle, Pau- tucket, R. I.,	20 00	" A Friend,	1 00
Rev. William Aitchinson, Miss'y to Shanghai, by Con. Soc., Fitchville, Ct.,	20 00	" Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	290 00
Miles W. Marsh, of Bakers- ville, Ct., by Mrs. Lucy Deforest of Watertown, Ct.	20 00	" First Chnrch, Jaffray, N. H., (in part,)	2 03
Monroe Emmons, by Cong'l. Soc., Hinsdale, Mass.,	26 19	" First Ch., Wells, Me.,	8 00
Charles J. Kittredge, by do do,	26 20	<i>Legacies.</i>	
Asabel Barker, by do do,	26 20	Late Hannah Curtis of New York,	200 00
Miss Susan A. Smith, by Ladies Union Soc., Mad- ison, Ct.,	20 00	<i>Sailor's Home, New York.</i>	
Sally M. Hill, by do do., (in part,)	11 00	From A Friend for Shipwrecked Sailors two Flannel Shirts.	
and to complete two Life Memberships, (prev. ack.,)	5 00	<i>Money received into the Treasury of the Boston Seamen's Friend Society.</i>	
David Van Dyck, New Paltz, N. Y., by a Friend,	20 00	Westboro, Con. Ch. and Soc.,	
Mrs. A. D. Chenery, of Mon- tagne, Mass., (amt. paid in to Boston Soc'y,		Rev. Mr. Cady's,	82 41
John Whittemore, Fitzwil- liam, N. H. (balance)	10 00	Westminster, Rev. Mr. White's Society,	18 00
Rev. T. G. Brainard, by Pres. Church Londonderry, N. H., (in part,)	16 00	Pepperel, Evan. Ch. and Soc., by C. Lawrence,	5 98
Rev. Luther Townsend, Troy, N. H., (balance,)	5 00	Uxbridge, Con. Soc., Rev. Mr. Abbott's	42 00
<i>Donations.</i>		to make Phineas Wood and Wm. W. Thayer L. M.'s	
From Third Pres. Ch., Brook- lyn, N. Y.,	67 50	West Newton, Rev. Mr. Gil- bert's Society,	23 75
" Spring St. Pres. Ch., N. Y., (balance),	29 00	Waltham, A Friend,	1 50
" Rev. A. Darrow, Ma- rietta, Ohio,	1 00	Lowell, John St. Ch. and Soc.	
" A Member of Dr. Har- denburg's Con. N.Y.	5 00	Additional,	5 00
" Theron Fisk Warsaw, N. Y.,	2 00	Newburyport, Whitfield Ch. and Soc., to make Thomas Griffin L. M.	30 00
" Second Ref. Dutch Ch., Pokeysie, N. Y.,	34 46	South Reading, Rev. Mr. Hall's Society, to make Wm. Haven L. M.,	31 00
		Chesterfield, Rev. Mr. Bar- num's Society,	10 00
		<i>For the Sailor's Home, Boston.</i>	
		E. S. Tobey,	100 00
		John Albrow,	10 00
		Betsey and Nancy Oliver, 64 Vols. of Books.	

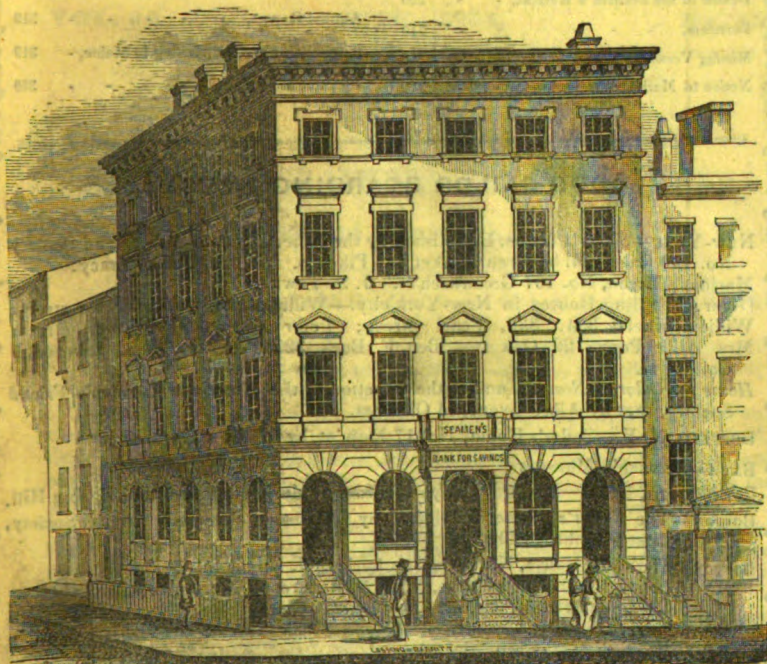
N. P. Gilbert

Vol. 26.

JUNE, 1854.

No 10.

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.



SEAMEN'S BANK FOR SAVINGS.

New York:

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

No. 80 WALL STREET.

\$1 Per Annum—Postage, in N. Y., in ADVANCE 3 Cts., a Year; Elsewhere, in the U. S.
6 Cts.; Single Number 1 Ct.

JNO. H. SCHULTZ & CO., BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS, 122 NASSAU STREET.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

MISCELLANEOUS.	Page.	NEW YORK DEPARTMENT.	Page
Twenty-Sixth Annual Report, - - -	289	Anniversary Meetings, - - -	313
Panama Chaplaincy, - - -	308	Mobile Chaplaincy, - - -	317
		New Chaplaincy, - - -	319
NAVAL JOURNAL.		Africa and the American Flag, - -	319
Deaths in the Seamen's Retreat, - -	309	Annual Report, - - -	319
Disasters, - - -	310	Shipbuilding and Lumbering in Maine, -	319
Missing Vessels, - - -	312	Account of Moneys, - - -	319
Notice to Mariners, - - -	312		

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

- NEW-YORK**—*Sailor's Home*, Established by the American Seamen's Friend Society
No. 190 Cherry st. between Market and Pike sts. Captain Daniel Tracy.
Mariner's Home, No. 107 Greenwich st. J. S. Towne.
Other Boarding-Houses in New-York city.—William Sharp, 271 Water street;
William Huelat, 334, 336, Pearl street; Peter Oberg, 91 Market street;
Mrs. Alice Perry, 22 Oak st., Ben. F. Buck, 322 Pearl st.; Wm. Johnson, 9
Carlisle st.
Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend
Society, kept by Albro Lyons, 64 Oliver-st.
- BUFFALO, N. Y.**—Sailor's Home, No. 17 Main st, by Andrew Spaulding.
- BATH**—Seamen's Mansion.
- PORTSMOUTH, N. H.**—Edward C. Myers, corner of Market and Bow sts., Spring Hill.
- BOSTON**—The *Sailor's Home*, established by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society,
99 Purchase st. John O. Chany.
- BOSTON**—Mariner's House, North Square, by Mr. N. Hamilton.
" North End Sailor's Home, No. 6 N. Square, by Mr. Roberts.
" Richmond House, Richmond st., by Mr. Clark.
" John Kennaley, Clark-st.
" Murdock Matherson, Fleet-st.
- SALEM**—Ebenezer Griffin, No. 16 Vine st., clothing store, corner of Liberty and Vine
sts.; and Mrs Greenleaf, Becket st. near Derby st.
- BRISTOL, R. I.**—Mrs. Ann Pearce.
- NEW-BEDFORD**—Wm. Cranston, 14 Bethel Court; A. C. Davenport, 25 Middle st.
For Colored Seamen, by Marshall L. Potts, corner Sixth and Bedford sts.
- PHILADELPHIA**—Sailor's Home, 204 South Front st., by J. H. Cassidy under the
care of the Pa. Seamen's Friend Society.
- BALTIMORE**—New Seamen's Bethel Home and Shipping Office, Edward Kirby, 65
Thames Street.
- ALEXANDRIA, D. C.**—Sailor's Home, by John Robinson.
- CHARLESTON**—Sailor's Home, by Capt. Wm. White, Market st., opposite State st.
- SAVANNAH**—Foot of Jefferson st., O. C. Parker.
- MOBILE**—Sailor's Home, by Lewis Lawson.
- NEW-ORLEANS**—Sailor's Home, Capt. S. J. Duncan, corner of New Levee and
Suzette streets.
- ST. JOHNS, N. B.**—Seamen's Home, by Joshua Turnbull, keeper.

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. 26.

JUNE, 1854.

No. 10.

TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

Presented May 8th, 1854.

This Society is charged with the duty, under God, of giving to the Church the empire of the sea.

The Board of Directors present their **TWENTY-SIXTH** Annual Report with mingled feelings of sadness and thanksgiving,—sadness for failures and judgments, thanksgiving for mercies and successes.

The past year has been peculiarly marked with storms, and wrecks, and disaster, and death on the sea. Deep grief fills many a stricken heart on land; dark images cluster thick around the mental vision of many a mother, and widow, and orphan, of the untold struggle and anguish in the storm and the wreck.

* *Seventy ships, sixty-one barques, one hundred and seven brigs, two hundred and thirty-two schooners, and eleven steamers, in all four hundred and eighty-one vessels are reported as lost,—a large share of them total wrecks.*

Of five ships, five barques, nine brigs, thirteen schooners, and one steamer, the record is, they sailed at a certain date and have not been heard of since. In these wrecks nearly eight hundred and fifty lives are known to have been lost. There could not have been less than seven hundred on board the thirty-two missing vessels: on which side shall we reckon them, or any on the treacherous sea? among the living or the dead?

Notwithstanding God has so often in the past year spoken in the tempest, and the whirlwind, and the fire, and the still small voice, and the Society has toiled as His humble instrument, near thirty years, for the moral and spiritual improvement of seamen, "*They are no better,*" say some; "*They were never so bad,*" reiterate others; "*We never had so much difficulty to man our ships with good seamen,*" respond many merchants; and many ardent friends of the sailor among them make no reply, and the faint-hearted and weak in faith yield to despondency.

* These numbers do not include the wrecks on our western waters, nor do they profess to be mathematically correct; a small portion of them are foreign vessels. It is believed the numbers are less than the truth would warrant.

There is some truth, but more falsehood and error, in the assertion.

To admit the truth, and expose the error, we propose to travel a little out of the ordinary course of an Annual Report, and point out first, some of the *obstacles* in the way of the reform of seamen; secondly, show the *real advance* in the work of reform, and present advantageous position of the Society, by the history of its past year's operations, through its chaplains and sailor missionaries, on the foreign field; through its *aided auxiliaries* at home, and through the co-operation of kindred societies in this land.

We ask for a fair and comprehensive view of the whole subject; and the wonder will be, we think, not that *so little* has been done, but that, under the circumstances, *so much* has been accomplished.

OBSTACLES.

The *material*, on which we have to work, or that peculiar class of men of which our seamen are composed, presents no common obstacles to reform.

That impulsive, restless, reckless, adventurous, roving, romantic spirit, these original characteristics of the boy who will be a sailor, the very opposite of those calm, quiet, reflective, calculating, cautious traits of mind that constitute the power of self-control, and deter from the dangers and privations of the sea, while they contain some of the noblest impulses of our nature, that indomitable energy and bravery necessary for the employment, and often lead to deeds of noble daring, and self-sacrificing benevolence; there is, at the same time, a strong tendency in them to break away from all restraint, all law, all good influences human and divine.

These, to a considerable extent, were the characteristics of our seamen at an earlier day in our commercial history, when we had not more than *fifty thousand*, and most of them of New-England origin, and many of them had a pecuniary interest in the ship or cargo. But now the material is still worse. The *fifty thousand* have grown to more than *two hundred thousand*, and *four-fifths* of them of foreign origin, composed of young men trained in every variety of circumstances, and under all shades of religious belief, from a pure Christianity to the most degrading paganism. While many of the foreign seamen under our flag are, in most respects, quite equal to our own, others are of the very worst character. It is in this increase and change of material, that we are to find the ground of the truth of the assertion, "that sailors are worse now than formerly."

A *second obstacle* in the way of reform and elevation, may be found in the *character* of the government under which this material is brought.

Necessarily absolutism. The order on shipboard must be promptly obeyed, without question or gainsaying. Where in the history of the world has any community, deprived of all influence in the government, and any interest in the state, been elevated? The very tendency of absolutism is to dwarf men to children, and induce the helplessness of infancy. Here is one of the chief grounds of the childish helplessness and unprotected condition of this class of men.

It is not only absolutism, but it often becomes cruelly tyrannical, and excessively depressing, and hardening on the character of the sailor. Did this quarter-deck absolutism always associate with itself, as it might and should, the maternal, it would be perhaps the very best kind of government under the circumstances, for the material, and for the elevation of the governed.

We know that no marine service on earth can boast a finer set of officers, composed of more responsible, moral and humane men than ours. We know too that the feeling among them is general, and often expressed, "that the sympathies of the community are all on the side of the sailor, little left for the captain."

It is not so. We appreciate the difficulties of his position. Placed in authority over men to him unknown, often savage and ungovernable, shut up

with them at sea, feeling the necessity of keeping armed to the teeth in defence of his own life, it is not strange if the government partakes now and then somewhat too much of the *iron* and too little of the *golden* and *persuasive*. Our captains must be more than human, never to err under these trials. They need more philosophy and grace than many of us on land possess, to keep them always unruffled and calm. Nevertheless, the motto over the office-door of Captain Sherman's steamboat on Lake Champlain,—“KEEP YOUR TEMPER,” should be as a sign on the “frontlet” of every sea-captain; and coupled with it the Quaker Owen's instructions to his captain,—“John! *First*, Be sure that thy men always have their rights; *Second*, Be sure that they always obey thee;” or the obstacles to the reform of the men under a government of *absoluteism* rendered tyranny are well nigh insurmountable.

A *third obstacle* is found in the small and inadequate compensation the sailor receives for his labors and hardships.

There are more evils originating here, more difficulties in the way of improving the condition of our merchant and naval service, and elevating the character of our seamen, than is generally supposed. The type-setter, the house-joiner, and mason, receive from one and a half to two dollars a day for eight or ten hours labor, even the hod-carrier and scavenger, from a dollar to a dollar and a half a day, while the sailor receives little more than half the scavenger's wages, though his week may know no Sabbath, and his day may be twenty-four hours long. Why is it? Because his avocation is so mean, so unproductive. The obvious tendency is to drive the better class, the more enterprising young men out of the service, to other employments, or the gold-fields of California and Australia, and leave in it but the dregs of the service.

With this obstacle in the way, even the operations of the Society in the reformation of the men, has a tendency to depress the service, because the reformed leave it. More than this even, it depresses the men remaining in it. It prevents them from being the possessors of the tools of their craft, the owners of the implements of their trade. It deters the sailor from those humanizing, elevating relations,—the landman's high privilege, by the gloomy alternative of leaving a wife and orphan children upon the cold charities of his employers.

Nor does the evil stop here. The wages, small as they are, have not always been honorably paid; which, altogether, has induced in the mind of the sailor the feeling that *he* is the *oppressed*, and sets him on the defensive, to gain his rights by dishonest and immoral means.

For a long time past seamen's wages have been two or three dollars less a month in England than in this country. It was common, years ago, to ship men at the monthly wages in our own ports for the voyage to Europe and back. It was by no means uncommon, though many honorable exceptions to it, indeed it had become a system almost tacitly acquiesced in, for the officers, in the expressive language of the sailor, to “work us off ship on the other side.” The simple process was, by over work and harsh treatment, to weary the patience of the crew, till they would run away from the ship, leaving her in debt to them, and the privilege of shipping a new crew at less wages, adding somewhat to the profits of the voyage, and redounding to the credit of the captain. The evil has neutralized itself by creating a greater one.

It has had more to do in fixing on the service as an incubus, and the sailor's *bane*, the system of *advance wages*, than is generally supposed. A system so entirely *evil*, so wrought into the service, that it seems almost impossible ever to eradicate it. The sailor in self defence, in combination with his helpful landlord, soon refused to ship for Europe without two or three months wages in advance, when it became his turn to run away, in debt to the ship, and quiet his conscience with, “It is only spoiling the Egyptians.” A fugitive he flies to the landlord, who receives the profits for degrading the sailor still more and enables the employer to quiet his conscience with, “The more you give the sailor the worse he is for it;” “it goes to the sharks and not to him.” But two

wrongs cannot make a right. The dire evil tendency on the sailor's moral and religious character is obvious. The tendency on the service in our ships running to Europe is equally obvious,—the better class of seamen is driven out of them, and they are manned to-day with the worst on the globe. We admit there is some ground for the assertion, "Sailors have been getting worse," but where is it? Not in us!

A *fourth obstacle* may be found in the sailor's almost entire deprivation of those *social relations*, and the sanctifying influences of those religious institutions in the enjoyment of other men. It was not good for man (*unfallen*) to be alone; it has been vastly worse for fallen man to be alone.

By the migratory life he must lead, the smallness of the compensation he receives, and his own improvident habits, he seems necessarily and hopelessly isolated,—thrown *alone* on the vast deep,—*alone* in a wilderness world; almost without a Sabbath, without a pastor, or a guide, or a *help* meet for him, without a sermon or a prayer. If all these around his tender years have not, led him to Christ, how can he be saved when deprived of them all?

But this even is not the worst of it. The yearnings of a human soul can not, will not, permit it to be isolated. If it can not associate with God, and a virtuous companionship, for its wellbeing, it will associate for its undoing.

The sailor, unbeld by social ties, with a nature impulsive, warm, generous, passionate, flies for respite and refuge from a stern government, and an oppressive and unrequited service, to *protectors* and *companionship*, and the poisoned cup; but O! what protection! what companionship!

In the very *jaws of death*! how can he be redeemed?

Nay, you cannot snatch from him the poisoned cup by prohibitory laws; for capital must have its dividends, commerce its profits, and law its verbiage and technics, though the common sense of community be outraged, and morality rooted out.

We have been pointing out *obstacles* in our way. We have not, nor did we design to allude to those characteristics of the sailor,—those advantages in his position,—those often-recurring moments in his perilous history, that render him the most susceptible of men to the soothing notes of the Gospel of Eternal Love; nor to the riches and power of that grace which overcomes all obstacles to its work of redemption.

Now, amidst such obstacles and increasing difficulties, despite the toils and *successes* of the Society, is it strange if there should be a *grain* of truth in the assertion, "That the mass of seamen are only growing worse"?

We pass to point out the *error*, by showing the *progress* of the reform. First, by the Society's

FOREIGN OPERATIONS.

The Society's Foreign Chaplaincies are in the West Indies, Brazil, Chili, New Grenada, Peru, Sandwich Islands, St. Helena, China, France, Sweden, Denmark, New Brunswick, and British America. While these Chaplaincies extending round the globe, are designed primarily to act on seamen under the American Flag; through bible and tract distribution, they are incidentally acting on the seamen of all nations, and even to some extent, on the citizens of the countries where they are located.

BRAZIL.

RIO DE JANEIRO.—REV. J. C. FLETCHER, *Chaplain*.

The field of this Chaplain's labors under a commission from this Society, and the American Foreign Christian Union, is the metropolis of an empire,—a city of more than *two hundred thousand* inhabitants; and on whose beautiful bay, floats annually more than *twenty-two thousand* seamen. Among these *thousands*, this devoted Chaplain has toiled on through another year, a

part of the time in the midst of the yellow fever, surrounded with the sick and dying; but his labors have not been in vain; he has met with most encouraging success.

In a communication dated Sept. 20th, he says, "I cannot look back upon the past year without gratitude to God. Have only been prevented twice by sickness from preaching, and have had the glorious privilege of seeing some souls turn from death unto life, and have also had the melancholy pleasure of witnessing the triumph of many who fell asleep in Jesus. Sad too are the reflections that many others have gone down to a dark eternity. I cannot conclude without also stating that the Bethel cause has gained ground in Rio, and that the servant of the Lord has now three times the influence that he had one year ago.

To God be the praise."

Again in another communication he says. "I have commenced new measures for disseminating the truth among our sailors, and new endeavors to induce them to attend Bethel services. Instead of putting up notices of the services in public places as formerly; I determined if possible, to visit all American vessels each week, thus announcing my meetings, distributing bibles and tracts, and visiting the sick. Now each Friday beholds me going over my "parish," in a boat rowed by a Madeira man, and a Negro, who are filled with wonder to see the "Padre Americano" under a sun of only 90°, climbing the side of every vessel from the "Estados Unidos." The result has been most encouraging. The numbers at my meetings have not only been swelled by seamen, but by Captains." "Your Chaplain is probably the only person in the harbor, besides the government officials, who can move among the shipping with perfect freedom. This privilege has been obtained of the Government through the influence of the American Minister, Hon. Robert C. Schenck, who has been most kind to our undertaking."

In Letters to us, and to bereaved friends he gives detailed accounts of hopeful conversions, and triumphant deaths. Such were the triumphs of a true faith in the trying hour, in one instance, that the Romaniats standing around were moved to tears, and exclaimed, "we have never seen anything like it before." He speaks of the avidity with which sailors of various nations have received Bibles and Tracts.

Notwithstanding the importance and success of the mission, such is the expensiveness of the station, that the Chaplain fears he cannot be sustained; but we are sure, that bereaved parents, the eyes of whose sons he has closed, and followed to the grave, that the church at large will say to the Board, he *must* and *shall* be sustained at almost any cost.

CHILI.

VALPARAISO.—REV. D. H. WHEELER, Chaplain.

The Chaplain says, "the average number of vessels in this port at one time is *one hundred and thirty*, of which *forty* are English, and *ten* are American, the balance are from various other nations. The average number of the crews of English, American, French and German vessels, is about *thirty*, of the vessels of other nations about *twenty*," which would make more than *three thousand* seamen constantly in port. "About *twenty* sick seamen on an average, are at the American Hospital, and from *fifty* to *sixty* at the English Hospital. The average number of American and English seamen in the city prison is about *thirty*." To all these institutions the Chaplain has had free access.

Mr. Trumbull has been so occupied with other duties, that he found it necessary to employ Mr. Wheeler to do the work, in this large and interesting field. During the past year, Mr. W. has been the acting Chaplain, and sustained by this Society.

He has labored faithfully and with considerable success. "In the American

Hospital," he says in one of his communications, "six have professed hope in Christ." He has devoted much time to visiting ships in the bay, distributing Bibles, books and tracts in various languages. Conversing personally with the men of the soul's salvation, has generally been received with great kindness by officers and men. Some Captains and officers in the Navy, especially in the English Navy, have aided him in the work of Bible and Tract distribution. He has preached regularly on shipboard, often with manifest evidence of the presence of God's spirit in congregations varying from *four* to *sixty* persons. He speaks with much feeling of the hard usage men often receive on shipboard, of the inadequate comforts and medical attention at the American Hospital, for the want of sufficient aid from our Government, and mentions one valuable life of a young officer, from Maine, lost in consequence.

Mr. Wheeler left the station in February last. Mr. Trumbull will still devote what time he can spare to the work; but both concur in the opinion that there should be a Chaplain to devote all his time to the work, and another man to open and keep a Sailor's Home.

PERU.

CALLAO.—REV. FRANK W. BILL, *Chaplain*.

This is a new station about midway between Panama and Valparaiso. Callao is the port of Lima, the capital of Peru. Lima has about *fifty thousand* inhabitants, and Callao, nine miles distant, and connected by a Railroad, has *fifteen thousand*. The guano trade at the Chinca Islands, about one hundred miles distant, has made it a place of large and increasing resort for ships, mostly English and American. During the year 1852, 825 vessels of 249,510 tons, carrying 13,023 men, entered this port. "On the 19th of February of the present year, there were at the Islands *one hundred and sixty* vessels of various sizes from 300 to 2,200 tons burden; averaging, probably, 800 tons. The estimated average time for loading with guano was forty days."

It is contemplated that the Chaplain will spend part of his time at the Islands. In the name of humanity, it is hoped that he may be able to do something to protect the rights of the poor Chinese, deceived, brought from home and enslaved by British sea Captains.

The importance of the station, the wretched and unprotected condition of seamen resorting there, and the great need of a seamen's Chaplain, has been urged upon the Board by a resident American merchant, for the last eighteen months. At the meeting of the Board in March, the Rev. Frank W. Bill was appointed Chaplain at Callao and the Chinca Islands, and is expected to sail soon to this important and interesting field of labor.

NEW GRENADA.

PANAMA.—REV. J. ROWELL, *Chaplain*.

This energetic and devoted Chaplain is still at his post, dividing his labors between Panama and the Island of Taboga, ten miles distant on the Pacific coast, where the shipping principally lie. The annual arrivals of seamen at this port now amount to over *six thousand*; the number will doubtless be greatly increased when the railroad across the Isthmus is completed, which will be probably during the present year.

In one of his communications Mr. R. says, "Goodness and mercy follow me, my cup runs over. I have constant occasion to sing "Bless the Lord, O my soul." I scarcely ever take up my pen now, to report to you, but I have new mercies to record. I have occasion daily to contrast my present situation and prospects, with what they were but a short time since. I can never forget those trials, and difficulties that so trod on one another's heels, during

those past months. I hope I shall not forget, how manifest has been the hand of God, in their gradual and successive removal. In almost every particular, my circumstances and prospects of usefulness, are greatly improved." In a description of one of his Sabbath services at Taboga, he says, "There were present quite a number from the shipping in port, the principal business men of the place, nearly all the ladies, and quite a crowd of laboring men. We had gathered in the parlor of the Pavilion Hotel. But the audience, unwilling to sacrifice the rare beauty of the evening, requested an adjournment to the piazza. The breeze soon wiped out our lights, and then only God's own silver lamp above lighted us, while we preached and prayed and sung, and the forests echoed back our song. It was a holy scene, for every heart *felt* that God was there. It reminded me of those days of Adam's innocence, when he used to hear "the voice of the Lord, as he walked in Eden, in the cool of the day." All seemed to feel that it was "Good to be there." I preached both morning and evening." In other communications of his, there are detailed and interesting accounts of several hopeful conversions of seamen in the hospital at Panama, and of calm and peaceful death-bed scenes. Long may this faithful chaplain stand in the gateway of nations to point wanderers to the gate of Heaven.

"Taboga," he says, "is a lovely island, and when you have here a preacher laboring exclusively in your service, he should reside there, and this will probably be necessary after another year."

ASPINWALL.—REV. D. H. WHEELER, *Chaplain*.

This is a new town rapidly growing up on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus at the eastern terminus of the Railroad. The arrivals at this port during the year ending November 1st, 1853, were 239 vessels, with 13,496 seamen, besides, there is a resident population, of about 2,000, most of them American, and throngs of passengers to and from the Land of Gold.

Mr. Wheeler, on his way home, spent a Sabbath here and preached two or three times. So desirous were the people for his return, and so desitute and promising did the field appear to him, that he has decided to make it the place of his future labors. He was appointed Chaplain by the Board at their meeting on the 26th of April, and sailed for Aspinwall on the 5th of May, and is the only Protestant minister in the place.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

HONOLULU.—REV. SAMUEL C. DAMON, *Chaplain*.

These Islands have ceased to be Foreign Mission grounds, having become Christian, and from some indications it would seem *possible*, if not *probable*, that our Chaplaincies may cease to be *Foreign* Chaplaincies. A fact or two in the history of this Foreign mission may be admissible in this report, as a most conclusive argument that the condition, if not the character of seamen, has been *improved* at these Islands. In the year 1825, the life of the Missionary at Lahaina, was in imminent peril, as well as the lives of his wife and helpless children by a mob composed of the captain and crew of the British whale ship Daniel, enraged at the passage of a law by the Chiefs, protecting female virtue and honor, against the brutal lusts of seamen.

In the year 1826, not only the lives of the missionaries, but of the Chiefs, and of the native inhabitants of the town, for the same cause, were threatened under the guns of the United States schooner, Dolphin, commanded by a Lieutenant of the United States Navy, and the law set at defiance, and rendered inoperative.

Would any crew of any nation dare attempt the same outrages now? Can any officers be found so regardless of character, so base now? If there has not been an improvement in character, there certainly has in the strength of

law, and in the condition of seamen at the Islands. But another significant fact, occurring the past year, may serve to show the change.

A Chief from the far off Marquesas Islands with his son-in-law, a Lahaina sailor who had been left sick, by a whale ship at Fathiva, had resided three years on the Island, learned the language, married his daughter, and now acting as his interpreter, appeared at the Sandwich Islands, with the urgent Macedonian cry for Missionaries. The cry was heeded, and a new mission established in the Marquesas Group, through the influence of a sailor.

"During the shipping season of the past year," says Mr. Damon, "from September 1st to December 28th, 1853, *two hundred and fifty-two* whale ships, carrying not less than *seven thousand* men, are reported to have touched at the islands; adding to these the vessels of war and merchantmen arriving, and it will appear that not less than *ten thousand seamen* have arrived at the islands within four months." "To meet the spiritual wants of this class of men, more effort has been put forth than ever before. Many extra meetings have been held among seamen by the colporteur of the Hawaiian Tract Society, with encouraging results." Again the Chaplain says, "I doubt not, many seamen have attended meetings at Honolulu this fall, who are savingly benefitted, although they are far away from us." In a more recent communication he says, "At our monthly communions during the four months past, *eleven* had joined the Bethel church. I witness enough to convince me that praying Christians in the United States have abundant encouragement to continue their supplications, in behalf of those going down to the sea."

The era of steam navigation has commenced among the islands, furnishing facilities for a more intimate intercourse among the inhabitants. He speaks of the changes in the mode of conducting the whaling business, and of its moral influence on the character of seamen. Whale ships now often fill up two or three times, transshipping the oil to freight ships, for the United States; consequently crews are discharged and paid off more at the Islands, and are in the habit of shipping for the season. This has caused an urgent necessity for a Saving's Bank for them.

Another probable effect will be the permanent residence at the islands, of the families of Captains and officers of whale ships. The beneficial moral influence is obvious.

LAHAINA.—REV. S. E. BISHOP, *Chaplain*.

Mr. Bishop, as reported last year, arrived at this station on the 8th of February, 1853; met with a most cordial reception from the inhabitants of the place, testified by a donation of \$300, to aid him in the commencement of house-keeping.

A house has been purchased from the American Board of Commissioners, for Foreign Missions, by the Board of this Society, at a cost of \$2000, for a parsonage to this station.

Mr. Bishop has preached to good congregations on the Sabbath. A reading room has been opened by the inhabitants, for their mutual improvement, and that of seamen touching at the port. He mentions one case of earnest enquiry, by an Irish sailor, for the way of salvation.

HILO.—REV. TITUS COAN, *Missionary of the American Board*.

Mr. Coan has for many years labored with much success among the seamen resorting to this port, and still continues his labors among them; though we regret we have not, as in former years, received a communication from him, reporting his labors and successes among seamen.

MICRONESIA ISLANDS.

ASCENSION ISLAND.—REV. S. H. GULICK, *Mis'y of Am. B. of M.*

This Island within the bounds of the present Micronesian Mission, is in

lat, 6° 41' North, long. 158° 24' East. This most interesting mission has been commenced in part probably, through the incidental influence of seamen on the minds of the native chiefs. An argument by the way, that seamen among the Islands are somewhat improved.

Mr. Gulick says in a letter to one of the Secretaries, dated Feb. 7th, 1853. "Since January 5th, 1851, *forty-two* vessels have anchored in this one harbor of Rono Kittie, besides a few others in other harbors of the island. Undoubtedly the number touching here will every year increase." He speaks of the kind treatment the missionaries had uniformly received from the Captains, and of the interest some Captains have taken in Bethel operations here. A house and bowling alley had been purchased of a foreigner wishing to leave the island, by two sea Captains; the house made over to the missionaries, and the bowling alley given to this Society for a Seamen's Bethel. We transcribe the deed of conveyance from the original owner to the Captains; which, though not encumbered with the verbiage and technicalities of law, is straight forward and sailor-like in execution, and the title indisputable.

(COPY.)

ISLAND OF ASCENSION, }
Jan. 25th, 1853. }

This is to certify that I, Elisha Reynolds, now being in my right mind and sober senses, do agree for the sum of sixty dollars, to give to Capt. La Fayette Rowley, and Capt. Joseph R. Gorham, all the right and title I have on the Island of Ascension, consisting of my two dwelling houses, bowling alley and canoe house.

(signed)

ELONZO T. REYNOLDS.

— CORGAT, }
L. H. GULICK, } Witnesses.

Ator'y, N. COLVIN.

The Bowling Alley was to be fitted up for a Reading Room and Bethel, by the natives and residents, and a bethel flag was called for.

The island is described as well supplied with timber for ship building, and very productive; and it is confidently expected by the Missionaries, that at no distant period, the field will be of sufficient importance for the exclusive labors of a Seamen's Chaplain.

STRONG'S ISLAND.—REV. MR. SNOW, *Mis'y of A. B. C. F. M.*

At this island also a few whale ships touch, and Mr. Snow has written for Bibles, Hymn books, and Tracts for seamen, and will devote a part of his labors to them, during the shipping season.

CHINA.

CANTON.—REV. EDWARD H. HARLOW, *Chaplain.*

The openings in California and Australia, and the unsettled state of affairs in China, owing to the revolution in the empire, has tended somewhat to diminish for the time, the commerce of this port. The congregations to whom the Chaplain has ministered, have consequently been smaller than in former years. It is hoped, however, that the Chaplain's labors in Bible and tract distribution, and personal conversation, have not been without good results. A comfortable hospital, long needed, has been fitted up in connexion with the floating Bethel at Whampoa, by the generosity of English and American residents and seamen, and placed under the care of the resident American physician. Quite a number of sick seamen have found kind attentions in it, from the physician and the chaplain.

It is confidently expected that this station, and other ports in China, will, ere long, when the strange and wonderful revolution in the empire shall have been completed, become more important and interesting than ever before.

ST. HELENA.

REV. JAMES MCGREGOR BERTRAM, *Chaplain*.

Mr. Bertram arrived at his station in October, to renew his labors among the many seamen touching at this port, and the grateful congregations he had previously gathered on the island;—grateful to him for past missionary labor, and through him to the American churches, for benevolent aid. Owing to a change in *port charges and regulations*, it is expected there will be an increase of shipping at the port, and a necessity for a chaplain's entire labors among seamen.

WEST INDIES.

ST. THOMAS.—REV. ELISHA WHITTLESEY, *Chaplain*.

At a meeting of the Board in November, the Rev. Elisha Whittlesey was appointed chaplain at this port, in place of Rev. T. H. Newton, resigned. He arrived at his station December 16th, 1853, was most cordially received by the citizens, merchants and sea captains. Of the *importance* of the station, in a recent communication, he says, "Its importance as a Chaplaincy station of the Seamen's Friend Society is unquestionable. Vessels are constantly arriving from all parts of Europe, from the Atlantic and Pacific shores of the Western Continent, and the far off Isles of the Pacific. Many are driven or put in here for supplies or repairs, which lie here often for weeks, sometimes for months. From *thirty to sixty* sail are constantly riding at anchor in our beautiful little harbor; among which the stars and stripes predominate. Often and at certain seasons of the year this number is greatly increased." Again he says, "In estimating its importance, we should not overlook the facilities for circulating the Scriptures, Evangelical books, and tracts in Romish and *formally* Protestant lands in Europe, the West India Islands, and the South American States. I have distributed the Word of God and religious tracts in nearly all the languages of Europe; and the avidity with which these rough sons of the ocean receive and fall to the perusal of the books and tracts, especially those in Foreign languages, is perhaps the most pleasant feature of my labors. It is sowing the good seed of the kingdom in the field which is the *world*."

The chaplain has preached to attentive and often deeply interested congregations, varying in number from *twelve to forty*, on ship-board on the Sabbath. He mentions a few cases of series inquiry after the way of salvation. He speaks also of the interest seamen often manifest in the Chaplains at other stations, as at Rio and the Sandwich Islands. During the distress and suffering occasioned by the yellow fever, last year, a hospital has been provided by the citizens, for sick seamen. The Board would thankfully acknowledge the interest and labors of Rev. Mr. Knox, and other pastors in St. Thomas, among the sick and dying seamen at that time.

FRANCE.

HAVRE.

The Rev. C. C. Adams, after having labored at this important port for *ten* years, felt it his duty to resign the Chaplaincy, much to the regret of the Board, and the congregation in Havre, and sailed thence on the 8th of June, 1853. Owing to some disappointments and failures in our negotiations, the Board have been unable as yet to fill the vacancy, though it is hoped soon to have another man in the field. There has been occasional preaching in the Bethel since Mr. A. left, and part of the time an evening service by a resident English clergyman. The reading room has also been kept open for sailors.

MARSEILLES.—REV. M. JOHN MAYERS, *Chaplain*.

There are occasionally *eight* or *ten* American merchant ships in this port at a time, and our men-of-war often lie here for weeks. The Chaplain is sustained principally by the British Government to labor among the larger number of British seamen. The Board have appropriated a small amount to aid him in his labors among *our* seamen also.

As by the port regulations neither light nor fire is allowed on shipboard in port, the Chaplain urges the necessity of a reading-room, as a place of resort for seamen; and a place of meeting them for social and moral improvement. He has visited regularly the American ships, distributed tracts and Bibles, and conversed personally with officers and crews, and persuaded some of them to attend public worship on the Sabbath.

He speaks of the regular attendance at church of Capt. Ingraham, and the officers of the U. S. ship *St. Louis*, and of their uniform kindness; and also of Commodore Stringham, and the officers and crew of the U. S. ship *Cumberland*. He speaks also of the kindness and upright conduct of some of the officers in our merchant service, and of the skepticism and gross infidelity of others. His most successful labors have been among the sick in the hospital. A few have given some evidence of a change of heart and life; one had died a triumphant death.

BORDEAUX.—REV. J. L. SCHIEF, *Chaplain*.

From *thirty* to *forty* American vessels visit this port annually.

The Chaplain's labors are devoted chiefly to the Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Russian, and Prussian seamen, to many of whom he preaches the Gospel in their own language. In addition to this, he visits the American ships, and distributes Bibles and tracts in the English language. He is in a position for the distribution of the Scriptures in almost every language in Europe, among the seamen of all nations.

DENMARK.

COPENHAGEN.—PETER E. RYDING, *Sailor Missionary*.

Our devoted Sailor Missionary, F. O. Nelson, after having labored under the patronage of this Society for nearly *ten* years in Sweden, and having awakened a religious interest, still spreading among the people of that land,—for which he was banished from his native country,—has labored with much success among seamen in Denmark since July 5th, 1851, till the month of April of the past year; when he found it his duty to conduct over *one hundred* of the persecuted Christians in Sweden,—many of whom had been converted through his instrumentality,—to this country, for a refuge from the persecutions, and the storm gathering and ready to burst on Europe. He arrived with his flock in New York last June, having had an interesting work of grace among passengers and crew on the voyage, and is at present laboring among the Swedes and Norwegians in the State of Illinois.

Mr. Peter E. Ryding has been appointed in his place in Copenhagen.

SWEDEN.

GOTLAND.—J. LINDALIUS, *Missionary*.

This converted sailor and missionary is still laboring with his accustomed zeal and success. In a communication he says: "Notwithstanding the raging of the enemy, the Lord's work is successful unto the conversion through grace of many souls, and of all ages." And again: "There are somewhat above *three hundred* souls who seriously pray to the Lord our God, that through his grace, He would bless all the undertakings of your Society."

He mentions three hopeful conversions at Stockholm during a visit he made at that metropolis, to attend a meeting for the promotion of religious liberty.

Our old, long-trying and judicious friend, Mr. Keyser, a resident of this city, has died during the year. An earnest appeal has been recently made to the Board for the appointment of another sailor missionary at Stockholm, to take the place of A. M. Ljungberg, resigned on account of ill health.

GOTTENBERG.—E. ERICKSON, *Missionary*.

This active missionary has continued his visits to seamen on shipboard and in their boarding-houses; has distributed many Bibles and thousands of tracts. In one communication he says: "Depraved as our seamen generally are, yet it is evident that good has been done among them. I frequently meet with such cases that will make the hearts of angels and good men to rejoice. Yes, thanks be to God! It is not now a rare case to meet with stout-hearted seamen who are anxiously inquiring the way to Zion, and others who rejoicingly pass on in the right course for the New Jerusalem." He speaks of extensive and interesting revivals of religion in various parts of the country, with persecutions, and fines, and imprisonments, on this field of F. O. Neilson's former labors and influences, yet operative and spreading. In one instance a tailor had been instrumental in the conversion of several, and had collected a little flock of the faithful. On his trial before the Court, was the instrument of the awakening and conversion of a Bishop, by retorting upon him our Saviour's reply to Nicodemus,—“Art thou a master in Israel and knowest none of these things?” The Bishop now preaches the faith he once destroyed.

BRITISH AMERICA.

ST. JOHNS, N. B.—REV. E. N. HARRIS, *Chaplain*.

This station is one to which the Board have extended aid in the time of its infancy. It seems fast growing to the vigor and maturity of manhood.

Through the activity of the very efficient Chaplain, early last year a Sailor's Home was opened, capable of accommodating sixty boarders at a time. It was soon filled, and ten applicants a day sometimes turned away for want of room. Twenty thousand dollars have been subscribed by the citizens of St. Johns, and six thousand granted by the Provincial Parliament, a site purchased, and arrangements making for the erection of a large and commodious Sailor's Home. "Indeed it is heart-cheering," says the Chaplain, "to find gentlemen, who laughed at our supposed weakness and folly eight months ago, now among the first to contribute and cheer us on." While the Chaplain has thus labored in this important enterprise, he has not forgotten the preaching of the Gospel to seamen, and the more direct labors for their conversion to God.

The Board most cordially greet our British friends on their liberality and success in the good work.

UNOCCUPIED PORTS.

We have thus in our review passed around the globe, and found our Chaplains in almost every quarter of the world, and our Chaplains and Missionaries zealously and successfully laboring among the thousands of seamen resorting to them; let not our friends, however, think that the work is done, or withhold their hands from giving, or their hearts from prayer.

Important ports are open to us, had we the men and the means to fill them;—in *China*, in *India*, in *South America*, in the *West Indies*, and other islands of the sea.

AIDED AUXILIARIES, IN OUR OWN PORTS. MAINE SEAMEN'S UNION.

By an arrangement with the Maine Seamen's Union, an Agent of the American Society, the Rev. Wm. Bushnell, occupies this field in collecting funds for the general objects of the Society, while a small amount is guaranteed, to be raised principally in Portland and immediate vicinity, for the support of the

PORTLAND BETHEL.—REV. J. R. FRENCH, *Chaplain*.

In a recent communication, Mr. French says: "The Lord has moved the friends of the sailor to engage in the establishment of a Home for seamen in Portland, and some \$10,000 have been secured for this object, a beautiful location on which there is a fine house purchased, a charter obtained from the Legislature, and Capt. C. T. Bailey, of Boston, secured to take charge of it when it shall be in readiness for occupancy."

"During the year there has been some pleasing religious interest, *ten* or more hopeful conversions; *three* added to the church, who have proved themselves to be worthy members. About 62,000 pages of tracts have been distributed among the shipping and sailor boarding-houses; steamboats and other vessels have been gratuitously supplied with Bibles to the amount of some \$85. *Seventy-nine* sailors have pledged themselves to total abstinence from all that intoxicates, and have received each a Bible with the pledge."

BOSTON SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

By an arrangement with this branch of the American Society, an Agent, the Rev. S. W. Hanks, occupies Massachusetts in raising funds for the general cause, a portion of which is retained for the objects of the Society in Boston, and the balance paid into the treasury of the Parent Society. Under the care and direction of this branch is

THE BOSTON SAILOR'S HOME.

A model institution of the kind for this country and the world, kept by Capt. J. Chaney. The number of boarders received into the Home for the year has been 2,387. The number of shipwrecked and destitute seamen aided, 118, at an expense of about \$537. The Society has also sustained preaching to seamen during the year at the

MARINER'S CHURCH, *cor. of Sea and Summer sts.*—REV. G. W. BOURNE
Chaplain.

For a detailed account of the operations of the Boston Society we must refer to their own forthcoming Annual Report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—REV. J. O. BARNEY, *Chaplain*.

Mr. Barney has kept up an evening service for seamen a part of the year, under the direction of the Providence Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society, and sustained by a small appropriation out of the funds collected in Providence for the general cause. Mr. Barney has also visited the sick among them, relieved the destitute, and distributed many thousands of tracts and religious books among the thousands of seamen frequenting this port. In a communication he says: "There have been a number of instances of reform in reference to intemperance, profanity, and other vices, I every year witness improvement

among seamen. They all come into port sober, and were they not tempted by those on shore, would be temperate men. So far as the Maine Law has been enforced in this city, the effect has been good, and many sailors say, they wish it were rigidly enforced; then they would be sober men, and keep their money." He speaks also of the good evidence some seamen give of the genuineness of conversion under his ministry of former years.

NORFOLK SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, VA.

The Board last year made a small appropriation to aid this Society in relieving itself from the loss occasioned by the burning of the Bethel in Norfolk. The Bethel has been rebuilt. There has been regular preaching once a Sabbath to respectable congregations of seamen by the different pastors in the city. The Society has on hand \$11,345 towards the erection of a Sailor's Home; is about to purchase a site and commence the building. A faithful seamen's Chaplain, and means to sustain him, are greatly needed in this port.

WILMINGTON SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, N. C.—REV. WM. J. LANGDON, *Secretary*.

Over *eight thousand* seamen engaged in the foreign and coastwise trade annually arrive at Wilmington. The Board have extended aid to this Society in their efforts to erect and furnish a Sailor's Home in this port. Chiefly through the efforts of their energetic Agent, Rev. Mr. Langdon, about \$12,000 have been secured for the object, a site purchased, with a house, now partially occupied, but about to be fitted up for a more commodious Sailor's Home. It is hoped that this efficient auxiliary will soon have a Bethel also, and a faithful seamen's Chaplain to labor among these thousands.

MOBILE PORT SOCIETY, ALA.—REV. A. MCGLASHEN, *Chaplain in the City*; REV. JOHN GRIDLEY, M.D., *Chaplain in the Bay*.

As noticed in the Report of last year, Mr. Gridley was appointed by the Board to labor as Chaplain and Physician among the thousands of seamen in the Bay of Mobile, during the shipping season, and as Agent to raise funds among the churches South during the remaining months of the year. He entered upon his service the *first* of May, 1853; arrived in Mobile the middle of December. The Bethel ship was fitted up, both for a Bethel, and Hospital, and residence for the Chaplain, and dedicated on the 5th of February, 1854, and is riding at her anchors among the shipping in the Bay.

During the month of March there were regular Sabbath services. *Twenty-seven* had been received into the hospital, *twenty one* had been discharged, and *two* had died.

In connection with the morning and evening prayers, the Chaplain has a Bible-class on board. The Chaplain is not without encouraging indications that souls have been benefited as well as bodily maladies healed.

Says the Chaplain: "I have never before so fully realized the importance of the work of our mission in the Bay, comprising as it does efforts to relieve the bodily sufferings, and to administer to the religious wants of the often uncared-for 'sons of the sea.'"

It is in contemplation to have on this ship a reading-room, post-office, and a Bay light. May it be a light indeed to guide many a mariner to the Haven of eternal rest.

The Sailor's Home in the port, and the Bethel on land, are still in successful operation, under the ministry of the Rev. A. McGlashen, and sustained by the Port Society.

NEW YORK PORT SOCIETY.

By an arrangement with this oldest Seamen's Friend Society in the land, a

share of the funds collected for the cause of seamen, from the churches in this city, is appropriated towards sustaining its Chaplaincy.

The past year has been a year of loss and mourning to this Society, to many seamen frequenting the port, to many poor in the city, and to the friends of seamen generally.

Father Chase, one of the members of the Board, so long and so well known among seamen, after having preached the Gospel with so much faithfulness and affection to them for *thirty three years*, has closed his career on earth. His last sermon in the Bethel, which he preached with such unction and earnestness, "as though he ne'er should preach again," was from the text, Job vii. 16, "I would not live always." The Thursday following, 7th of July, he was attacked with paralysis, occasioned by congestion of the brain, and in thirty-two hours entered into everlasting life. Anson G. Phelps; also, one of the earliest friends of the cause, at one time President of the Society; and Capt. William A. Spencer, of the U. S. Navy, both members of the Board, have died within the year.

Preaching has been regularly maintained in the Bethel in Roosevelt street by stated supplies; and efforts, as yet unavailing, have been made to find a successor to Mr. Chase.

On account of its supposed bad location, the Bethel has been recently sold, a church in Monroe street temporarily rented until a better location can be secured, and a new Bethel built.

SAILOR'S HOME.—CAPTAIN D. TRACY, *Superintendent*.

The Home, after having been occupied for *eleven* years, has been thoroughly repaired, painted, and refurnished, and made thus more attractive and comfortable to its increasing number of boarders. Mr. Daniel Tracy took charge of the Home on the 1st of May, 1853. The number of boarders for the year has been 3,460; whole number since the house was opened, twelve years, 40,056. The number of shipwrecked and destitute seamen relieved during eleven months is 140, at an expense of \$646 68. Temperance meetings in the large hall of the house are kept up once a week; sailors often take part in these meetings, and give them no little interest; during six months of the year 200 have signed the temperance pledge, and it is estimated that about \$10,000 have been deposited by boarders in the Savings Bank, besides about \$30,000 carried away with them to their homes. There has been a tolerable attendance at the religious service morning and evening, and at the weekly prayer-meetings. The prospects of the institution for extensive and permanent good to the sailor were never perhaps more encouraging.

COLORED SAILOR'S HOME.—MR. ALBRO LYON, *Superintendent*.

This Home, which has sometimes been aided by the Board, has received the past year 533 boarders, 35 of whom have been relieved, at an expense of \$690 26 by Mr. Lyon, a large share of which has been honorably repaid. It is exerting a good influence upon the colored seamen of this port; many of them are becoming provident in their habits, and saving their money for their own thrift and comfort.

SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

A number of ships have been supplied with libraries to the amount of 1,167 volumes, at an expense to the Society of \$216 39. Through the agency of Mr. Pierson, Agent of the Marine Bible Society, a number of owners have been induced to purchase libraries for their ships and thus extend the good influence of a better sea literature. A larger number of sea captains and officers are taking a deeper interest in the work of Bible, book and tract distribution than in former years, and with obvious good results in many instances.

Through the same agency 7,600,000 pages of tracts, in various languages, have been put on board ships sailing from this port, for distribution through the world.

Hopes were entertained a year ago, that a considerable legacy devised for this specific object, would have been available ere this to carry out the will of the testator, but the will has been contested, the case carried up to the Supreme Court, where it now rests undecided.

SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

☐ We are now issuing the *twenty-sixth* volume of this periodical. Although there has been a considerable increase in the subscription list during the year, it is not now, nor ever has been, sustained wholly by its paying subscribers. Yet its agency among the friends of the cause is found to be indispensable, and in an indirect way, financially profitable to the Society.

It is found to be a welcome companion to the sailor in the fore-castle, and the Board regret we have not the means to give it a wider gratuitous distribution among seamen. Its monthly issues are now 8,500 copies.

KINDRED SOCIETIES IN THE U. S.

Under this head we include all those local Societies, some of them under denominational patronage, co-operating with us in the work of reforming seamen, though independent of our aid or control.

They are located in all the principal seaports of the United States and on the Western waters. On account of the unusual length of our Report, we cannot enter into our accustomed details of the doings of these auxiliaries.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—REV. MR. TAYLOR, *Chaplain*.

There is in this port a floating Bethel and an efficient preacher to seamen, sustained by the citizens of the place.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

There is in this city a Sailor's Home and two seamen's preachers. The Port Society has formerly received aid from the American Society.

The number of boarders received into the Home during 1853 was 1,753,700 of whom have attended religious services. About 1,000 were foreigners. Efforts are now making in New Orleans to raise \$15,000 to complete the original design, by erecting the front building of the Home; a considerable portion of which sum has been secured. "The boarders," says the Superintendent, "as a body, have conducted themselves with propriety and decorum. There had not been half the difficulty in their management as formerly. In the temperance cause there is a marked improvement." A combined and violent effort had been made by the rum landlords to prevent seamen from entering the Home, or shipping from it. This violence has thoroughly aroused merchants and citizens to action, which it is hoped will result in the overthrow of the system of "advance wages," and rum landlords with it.

SAVANNAH, GA.—REV. T. HUTCHINS, *Chaplain*.

In addition to the Mariner's Church in this port is a SAILOR'S HOME—CAPT. O. C. PARKER, *Superintendent*. About 1,000 sailors have boarded at the Home within the year.

"Their deportment," says the Superintendent, "has been decidedly better than in any previous year. Many of the boarders have carried away money with them. Several have become serious, and resolved to seek the Lord as their portion." A new and larger building is much needed.

CHARLESTON, S. C.—REV. WM. B. YATES, *Chaplain*.

"There has been," says the Chaplain, "a good attendance at the Bethel. Several hopeful conversions have taken place during the past year. I have lately heard of not a few who signed the temperance pledge in our Bethel years ago, who are now occupying offices of profit and trust. A number of sailors who signed ten years ago are now captains of first class vessels in Europe and this country."

The merchants have contributed \$3,510 50, and paid the debt on the Sailor's Home. The number of seamen who have been boarders is 450, some of them at several times within the year.

BALTIMORE.—REV. H. BEST, *Chaplain*.

In this port is a Sailor's Home and Bethel, and a faithful Chaplain.

PHILADELPHIA.

More than *one thousand* have been admitted into the Sailor's Home within the year; a good number of these have signed the temperance pledge. Several have become members of different churches. There are *four* sailor's churches in this city. The Colporteurs among seamen have sold or given away *three thousand* Bibles and *five thousand* Testaments during the past year.

NEW BEDFORD.—REV. MOSES HOW, *Chaplain*.

A good Sailor's Home, the gift of one benevolent lady, and a Bethel poorly sustained by the citizens.

BOSTON.

Exclusive of the Boston Society's Home and Bethel, there are *four* seamen's preachers, and Capt. Sullivan, the "Marine Missionary," at large, all actively and successfully engaged in saving the souls of seamen; and a good Sailor's Home at North Square, and several other good temperance boarding houses for seamen. The keepers have entered into a combination to ship no more seamen on the Sabbath. The Maine Law is working favorably for seamen.

SALEM.—REV. MR. CARLTON, *Chaplain*.

Two temperance boarding-houses for seamen and a Bethel.

NEW YORK.

In this city, and Brooklyn, and at the Snug Harbor, and the Seamen's Retreat on Staten Island, are *ten* ordained ministers preaching the Gospel to seamen under the Bethel flag; besides several lay colporteurs distributing Bibles and tracts in many languages among them with various success and good results. Eight of these seamen's preachers are sustained by the churches of the different denominations; one at the Snug Harbor by the Randall legacy; and one at the Retreat by the State. There are *four* good temperance boarding-houses for seamen, and of considerable size, besides the Sailor's Home, and the Colored Sailor's Home.

THE SEAMEN'S SAVINGS BANK

Has now about \$6,000,000 on deposit, over \$2,000,000 of which belong to seamen. \$40,000 are known to have been deposited by seamen during fifteen consecutive days. This fact alone is an argument that outweighs a thousand assertions affirming "that seamen are not improved."

of sailors' money from savings banks, and disperse it among the "sharks," and draw other *millions* from the happy homes of the sailor's wife and children, and turn these into *homes* of desolation and want; to break up all our Foreign Chaplaincies, drive those devoted men home, and in many a debauched and sickly port, leave the sailor's death-bed as cheerless, as hopeless as the gateway of despair; to turn the quiet of your Sabbaths in every port into the bustle of the great lucky sailing day, and tumble on board your drunken, debauched crews, and add to your ships' stores the *necessary barrels* of rum and whiskey, and wreck many of them because the captain was drunk, or because in the midst of the peril the crew had taken to the whiskey barrel, to have the benefit of dying while drunk, and turn the government of law on shipboard to the government of the handspike, and the quiet, respectful order and reply, to the foul blasphemies of Pandemonium, and settle every, and *many* petty broils by a few fairly dealt rounds of "fisti-cuffs;" to make the stars and stripes—the flag of his beloved land, a terror to every missionary on the globe; to drag down from stations of trust and respectability many a sea captain, and rich merchant too, to become again the beastly, drunken, rolling sailor, and strip the church of some of its brightest ornaments, and plunge them back into the mire and filth of sin. Nay; it must assail Heaven, and drag thence thousands of redeemed ones, and drive them to eternal wailings; and turn back the increasing flow of the Church's gold and silver in the work, and dry up the gushing fountains of her benevolence, and wither every sympathy of the Church for the sailor, and close Heaven to her every prayer, and every returning answer, and throw around her vision fixed on this dark mass of men, the gloom of the night of utter hopelessness and despair.

When this Vandal work is all done, then turn the dial of time forty years back, and you have simply the state of things before Stafford, and Eastburn, and Jenks, and Chase begun; and who would, might croak amidst the gloom of the night of this desolation, "*Your enterprize among seamen is a failure.*" "*Seamen are only growing worse.*"

It is too late in the day to roll back such desolations. The reform has made, and is making progress. The work cannot be undone. It must and will go forward to completion. We hail the somewhat restless and earnest movements and measures of merchants in all our large ports, to increase the number and efficiency of our seamen as auspicious signs, and sure proofs of progress. We suggest a better way, however, than petitioning Congress and Legislatures, who are generally so occupied with their own peculiar business as to have little time for anything else. Let merchants unite in all our principal ports, and organize Boards, and furnish capital to commence nautical schools for boys, and agencies to gather in the idle lads, and boys from the country wishing to go to sea. Once under way, it will be easy to get appropriations from Congress, out of a full treasury, in aid. Let inducements be offered to better men, by better wages paid when, and only when earned. Let the ship be arranged to accommodate the sailor as if he were a *man*, and have its library of science, of literature, and religion; and since our ships are growing to the size of Noah's Ark, why should they not like the Ark contain the whole family, especially of masters and officers? If *two* millions of men must inhabit the ocean, why must they be doomed to dwell alone? It will not always be so, we see signs of change. Almost all our Foreign Chaplains speak of the increasing number, and good influences of captain's wives residing on ship-board, and making the ship a happy home. There is work on ship-board that can be performed by stewards's and sailors' wives. We merely offer the suggestion. The time may come when economy and profit to the owner will dictate the employment of sober married men as seamen, rather than the single, riotous, and prodigal. Let interest, and benevolence, and enlarged philanthropy bring to the aid of this work every man, and means to improve and elevate, and render honorable and honored all the agencies and influences of American commerce. Let the whole Church of God pray the Lord of the Harvest to send forth laborers, and furnish means, till there shall be Homes, and Bethels, and Chaplains in every

WESTERN WATERS.

On the various channels of our inland commerce, THE AMERICAN BETHEL SOCIETY, and THE WESTERN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and the PHILADELPHIA SABBATH ASSOCIATION, have been pursuing their work with diligence. The former has sustained on the canals of New York and New Jersey *twenty-three* missionaries, besides chaplains at Buffalo, Whitehall, and on the Hudson River, and raised for their support \$8,175. There is also a Bethel and chaplain at Albany, sustained by the citizens. The Western Seamen's Friend Society has sustained twenty-one laborers, missionaries and chaplains on the Western lakes, rivers and canals, and has raised for their support \$10,000, besides \$20,000 more which has been expended in the erection of chapels. The Philadelphia Sabbath Association has sustained *eight* chaplains and missionaries on the canals of Pennsylvania, and have raised for their support \$2,864 68.

FINANCES.

The total receipts of the year ending May 1st have been \$27,724 91, which is an increase of \$2,441 29 over last year. The expenditures during the same time have been \$27,389 60. This does not include the receipts into the treasuries of the local Societies on our seaboard and at the West, which must amount in the aggregate to over \$60,000 a year, for their current expenses, besides more than \$65,000 raised principally during the past two years for the erection of Bethels and Sailor's Homes.

A more detailed statement of receipts and expenditures is found in the Treasurer's Report.

CONCLUSION.

In view of the history of the Society's operations the past year, its present position, after near thirty years of toil, in the foreign field and at home, and by the co-operation of its auxiliaries, we ask again, is it *true*, "that nothing is doing, nothing done"? "No improvement made, but seamen are getting worse and worse."? While we appreciate fully the difficulties of owners and officers in consequence of bad and incompetent seamen, and the entire sincerity with which the assertion is often made; while we admit that there were never so many bad men in the increasing mass; we assert at the same time, sustained by the facts in the Report, that there were never so many competent seamen, so many moral and religious men and officers among them as now. While we have admitted fully in the introduction to the Report, all the truth there is contained in the assertion, and pointed out somewhat at length, some of the chief causes of the deterioration of seamen,—found in the increase of the number,—the foreign element,—the bad government,—the inadequate wages,—the deprivation of social and moral influences; causes not under our control, but to some extent under that of those pressed most with the difficulties; we cannot for a moment admit the truth of the broad assertions, "that no advance has been made in their reform;" "that they are worse now than thirty years ago." No improvement! To render the assertion *true*! some Vandal power must be let loose, to raze to the ground more than *sixty* Bethels in the principal ports of this and other lands, and seal the lips of more than *sixty* ordained Chaplains, and turn as many sailor congregations away from the invitations of the gospel, back to the noisy corrupting throngs of strange cities, without a Sabbath or a house of prayer; to bind the hands of as many lay missionaries and colporteurs, now scattering the Word of God and evangelical books over every sea; to ransack almost every fore-castle and cabin, and steal thence every Bible and Hymn Book, and the living words, and burning thoughts of the mighty dead, and replace them with the licentious, debasing sea literature of former times; to demolish every Sailor's Home and Temperance Boarding-house, and turn their thrice ten thousand inmates from comfort and respectability, back to the drunken, filthy dens of shame and infamy; to draw out more than *two millions*

port on the globe; and the Board will cheerfully toil on till the triumph predicted by the Prophet is achieved, "The abundance of the sea converted to the Church."

Panama Chaplaincy.

PANAMA, APRIL 24th, 1854.

Messrs. Eds.—I have been called to-day to perform a melancholy duty—viz. to bury a most estimable man, who perished in a worthy cause.—

All your readers are aware, that in consequence of the stories of Dr. Cullen, adventurer, and after him of Mr. Gisborne, C. E. of England, the U. S. government, in conjunction with those of France and England, determined to send an expedition to explore the Isthmus of Darien with the view of constructing a ship canal from ocean to ocean,—and accordingly the U. S. sloop of war, *Cyane*, Capt. Hollins, landed a party at Caledonia bay for that purpose. This party, under the command of Lieut. Strain, started for the Pacific, guided by charts and directions, which Cullen and Gisborne, had made *as they said*, from personal exploration. But these guides misled the party, so that by the time their provisions were spent, they found themselves on the banks of a river more crooked than any serpent could make itself, many miles from the ocean, (they had no idea how many,) and the only hope of life left to them was to cut their way through a dense cane-brake, (so to call it,) of thorny plants, till they should come to tide water.

This therefore they tried to do,—and perhaps men never suffered more than they did in this attempt. They had no food, in their knapsacks, they could get none from the wild Indians on the route, who always fled on their approach, burning their huts and canoes as they approached,—they could not procure game except now and then a pheasant or turkey buzzard, and were driven to sustain life by munching the "trupa" a hard and acid nut, totally inedible except in case of extremity,—and these, they could procure only in limited quantities.

In this awful condition, hungry, thirsty, and naked, they toiled on for an almost interminable *two months*, hanging continually between hope

and despair, till at last the Pacific appeared to view. But six of the party, wholly worn out by hunger, fatigue and suffering, one by one laid down and died in the wilderness. But those who were so fortunate as to survive their sufferings, were received on board the British war-steamer *Virago*, and brought safely to this place—"safely," all but one,—one more must die. He was an engineer, from Ohio, a personal friend of Lieut. Strain, and on that account had volunteered to attend him on this expedition. He was a man of estimable character, wealthy, and engaged to be married. It was thought he would not survive to reach this place, but he was alive when the vessel came, and was carried immediately to the American hospital, where I found him.

He was a mere skeleton—almost the shadow of a man,—his countenance was distorted and discolored,—all his front teeth had been corroded and broken out by the hard and acid nuts on which he had lived,—the whole surface of his mouth and tongue were furred like velvet with a yellow coat,—his eyes were covered with a thick white film, and he was evidently dying. Yet he was perfectly sensible, and though too weak to speak aloud, he talked with me on the state of his soul. I did all I could for him in his extremity, and left him with God. In the morning he was dead,—the thirteenth victim (the 7th from the *Cyane*) of the duplicity, as it now seems, of Cullen and Gisborne. A large concourse of the chief foreign residents of the place testified their respect for the man, by following his body to the grave,—and there we prayed that God would make his death the means of advancing the good cause in which he lost his life.

He was a stranger to us all, but we respected and loved him for his work's sake, and as we stood around his grave, our prayers and sympathies went forth for those on whom this stroke must fall, suddenly and heavily. He too, sleeps among this crowd of strangers till the general resurrection.

J. ROWELL. Chaplain.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

Deaths in the Seamen's Retreat Staten Island.

Name.	Age.	Birth place.	Died.
Peter Lund,	27	Sweden,	Jan. 1, 1854.
John W. Headley,	36	Dist. of Col.,	" 1,
Charles Henning,	43	Germany,	" 6,
James M. Pearson,	23	Maine,	" 8,
John A. Jordan,	24	Dist. of Col.,	" 13,
Nehemiah Baker,	17	Mass.,	" 23,
Charles G. Rihbe,	31	Sweden,	" 23,
James Jacobs,	44	Norway,	" 26,
John Molyneaux,	45	England,	" 31,
John ———,	22	China,	Feb. 5,
John Dow,	37	Dist. of Col.,	" 6,
George Lewis,	39	Havre de Grace,	" 6,
Morris White,	25	Nova Scotia,	" 14,
James Partridge, (Col.),	27	Barbadoes,	" 14,
Stephen A. Carson, (Col.),	48	France,	" 22,
William H. Selsby,	34	England,	" 23,
Henry Fisher,	16	Germany,	" 26,
William James, (Col.),	39	N. C.,	" 27,
George Farau,	30	France,	Mar. 17,
Peter Lazara,	43	Palermo,	" 23,
Thomas Edee,	35	England,	" 23,
Robert Schoolcraft,	46	N. Y.,	" 24,
George Wheatly,	58	Portugal,	" 25,
Alexander Robinson,	26	R. I.,	" 26,
John Sears,	23	N. C.,	" 26,
Mathew Nelson,	31	Norway,	April 1,
Abraham Jackson, (Col.),	40	Md.,	" 6,
William Wilson,	27	N. Y.,	" 27,
Ezra Mather,	54	Conn.,	" 17,
John Nelson,	77	Sweden,	" 18,
Water Carroll,	22	England,	" 21,
Henry Watkinson,	36	England,	" 21,
Charles Lambert,	29	Prussia,	" 23,
John McDermot,	28	St. Johns,	" 26,
Patrick Berlinda,	25	Manilla,	" 28,
John Lizelier,	50	N. Y.,	" 29,
John Harrington,	42	Ireland,	" 30,

"Who slew all these?" In run- } minded of one brought to the hospital
ning the eye over the list, I am re- } by his landlord, who informed the

physicians that "the poor fellow had been drinking very hard—arrived two weeks since from the East Indies—was paid off with \$200—all gone—and more too—has a wife and several children down East—told him he was a fool to drink so—ought to let me send some of the money to his wife," &c., &c. (Some landlords do not appear to have the faculty of influencing seamen to remember their families; keepers of Homes, conducted on temperance principles, are generally much more successful in this good work.)

Here is another murdered victim, who claims a passing notice. Was shot by the mate while passing down the Bay—was brought into the hospital about 24 hours after the occurrence—where he lingered in great agony for several days, and died—leaving a wife in the city.

Here is another as really murdered as the last named. Was brought here in the most pitiable condition imaginable, from the ship —, from Liverpool. Had a rough passage—poor provisions and hard usage. Ten days out, only one half of the men were fit for duty. Ten days before their arrival he gave out—was left without medicine or food—was sent on shore by the Health Officer at Quarantine, as wretched a spectacle of neglected suffering humanity as can be conceived—without hat, coat, or shoes—helpless, and rolled up in his filthy blankets. Almost his last words were—"I am a murdered man, but I forgive all who have injured me."

Concerning the state of mind, the religious experience of this last, I might say much. He was an intelligent man—had for years been an official member of the Methodist church in —, where his widow now re-

sides. In an evil hour he forsook his peaceful home and embarked upon the stormy deep. He forsook God, and followed the multitude in the way of evil. But his sinful career was destined to be but a short one—God arrested him in his downward course. He was placed in circumstances to review the past, and reflect upon his degraded, suffering condition.

When I first visited him in the hospital he was in a very hopeful state of mind—upon the next day I found him happy in God, rejoicing in the Saviour. In this happy frame of mind he continued unto the last. Upon my last visit to him I read several portions of the Scriptures adapted to his experience, and prayed with him. When I concluded, he followed in a prayer, which plainly showed he was no novice in this line of duty. That day was his last—which was about the twentieth after his admission.

Friends wishing further information concerning any of the above list, may address me at Stapleton, S. I., New York.

D. E. FRAMBES, *Chaplain.*

DISASTERS.

Schr. TALBOT, Whittemore, hence for Attakapas, came in collision, night of 10th on the North side of the Bahama Banks, with the barque BERTHA, Smart, from Norfolk, and immediately sunk. Capt. Whittemore, his crew (five in number) and one passenger, were taken off by the BERTHA, and carried to Havana.

Schr. Manhattan, of and from Bangor for Philadelphia, is a total wreck, about 15 miles S. of Barnegat. All hands lost, except one seaman named George Griffiths.

Brig Octavia, Sproull, of Frankfort, Me., from Norfolk, was the brig before reported ashore at Lowes, Del. She is a complete wreck, mainmast gone, and cargo floating along the beach. A letter received by Elwood Walter,

Esq., dated Lewes, 18th inst., says:—
 "Her crew were taken from her fore-top yesterday at 4 o'clock, all alive, by the exertion of Mr. Walter and others, who were engaged most of the day designing plans for their rescue. We have but one surf boat on our coast, from Bombay Hook to Chincoteague, and no proper means of saving life and property in immergent cases."

The barque *Frutur*, at Boston from *Messina*, fell in with the brig *Vesta*, Ellis, from Halifax for Pernambuco, and took from her Capt. Bowen and six of the crew of the Br. brig *Eagle*, from Halifax for Liverpool, which vessel was abandoned 2d ult., lat. $41\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, lon. 60° , with five feet water in the hold.

Br. barque *Mary*, from Liverpool Jan. 8th, for Boston, has been totally lost in the ice; no particulars.

Br. schooner *Exchange*, from Nassau, N.P., is reported by telegraph to have been run into by steamer *Hugh Jenking*, while going down the *Patasco*, which cut the schooner through to the fore-castle, causing her to sink immediately.

Br. brig *Midas*, from Callao for Cork, is reported by telegraph to have been fallen in with, no date, lat., &c.. dismasted and in a sinking condition, by ship *Beatrice*, from Callao, which took off the captain and crew, and carried them to Norfolk.

Ship *Saxony*, Chase, from Boston for Matanzas, ashore above Cape Florida, reported having calm weather in the Gulf, and not being able to stem the eastern set, ran in and anchored close under the land. Very soon after a breeze springing up from off the land, set sail and weighed anchor. Before way was got on the ship, the under current and ground swell caught her and bore her directly on the beach.

Schr. *Coral*, Smith, from Hancock, Me., for Boston, was totally lost (no date) off mouth of Penobscot River.

Schr. *Pauline*, Stites, from Attakapas for Boston, is ashore on Pickle's Reef; vessel and cargo a total loss.

Brig *Token*, Arey, at Charleston from Boston, reports: March 24th,

fell in with the schr. *Statira*, of Bangor, Me., Bradman, from Providence, R.I., for the Rappanannock River, she having experienced very heavy weather for eight days before, and being then in a sinking condition, took off Capt. Bradman and crew, and brought them to Charleston.

Schr. *Nebraska*, Washington, from Lavaca, Texas, for this port, is reported by telegraph to have been burnt at sea, no date; captain and crew supposed to have been taken off and carried to Mobile.

Brig H. Kelloch, of St. George, Me., Mossman, from Barbadoes for Coatzacoalcos river, Mexico, arrived on the coast during a Norther, and the weather being thick, passed the river without seeing it, Jan. 30. Being unable to haul off, she went ashore upon the breakers on Barilla Islands, and was lost.

Brig *Dirigo*, hence March 15th for Cardenas, was totally lost in a gale from the northward, on the 28th, on Cruz del Padre.

Schr. *Southampton*, from Suffolk, Va., for this port, was totally wrecked, supposed during the late snow storm, on Hog Island Shoals.

Brig J. E. Gowan, of Orland, Me., Jordan, from Port-au-Prince for New York, was totally lost on the 26th of Feb.

Capt. Cobb, of the schr. *Arispe*, arrived at Mobile on the 12th ult., on board schr. Major Bache, and makes the following report:—On the 26th of March sprung a leak in a norther; on the 26th fell in with schr. Major Bache, from Galveston for Mobile. The Major Bache lay by us until the following day, when she took off the officers and crew, and brought them to this port.

Nassau, N. P., March 30.

Barque *Cuba*, McCormick, of and from New York for Apalachicola, was totally lost 22d, on Stirrup Cay.

Brig W. F. Stafford, at this port from Rochelle, reports: March 28th, saw the wreck of the schooner H. M. Johnson, mainmast gone, full of water and abandoned.

Plymouth, March 30.

The Swedish ship *Julie*, Durcell,

of Gefle, from Newcastle for New York, was struck by a heavy sea on the 12th March. Two men were washed overboard. The sea carried away her bowsprit, foretopmast and yards. March 19th, spoke the S. T. Roger, Maxwell, for New Orleans, who took the crew on board. March 20th, spoke the American ship Regatta, Taylor, from Newport (with wheat) for Plymouth, who brought Captain Deurell and six men to Plymouth. Five other men went to New Orleans.

Waterford, March —

The Boreas, from Savannah, has on board the crew of the waterlogged schr. Iris, of and from St. John, N.B., for Porto Rico, which crew, six in number, he saved from the said schr. on the 27th of February last, the crew then was five days on the wreck, and all the time without food.

Schr. Francena, Hooper, of Brookline, Me., from Attakapas for New York, sailed on the 23d March from the above port, and next day sprung a leak, it blowing at the time a good stiff breeze; vessel made water rapidly; kept the leak under for a few hours, when it gained rapidly upon them, in spite of their best efforts. She sank gradually, and before 12 had settled so deep, as to oblige all hands to leave her. She was abandoned at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Brig Lucy Watts, from Philadelphia, of and for Thomaston, came out of Edgartown 24th March, and sprung a leak 26th, when the crew took to their boats, and the brig went down in twenty minutes, about 30 miles N. E. of Cape Cod. After being in the boats three days and nights, and drifting as far as Georges Shoal, they were picked up by a fishing schr. nearly exhausted.

London, March 31.

The ship Pride of the Ocean, from New York, arrived in the East India docks yesterday, having on board the crew and passengers, in all 43, of the American ship Sea Nymph, Patton, of Bowdoinham, United States, from Liverpool for Baltimore, which was abandoned in lat 45°. lon. 27°.

The barque Black Eagle, Captain Ludlow, at Sag Harbor, reports that

on the 29th of March, fell in with the brig Portugal, of Oporto, leaking very badly, a gale blowing at the time from the Northwest; took on board the captain and crew, eleven in number, and brought them to Sag Harbor. The brig went down immediately after the crew left her.

Ship Pontiac, Knapp, from Boston 2d March, for New Orleans, went ashore 27th on the Gingerbread Ground, near ship Sachem, before reported, and became a total wreck.

Ship Russell, Sturgis, was abandoned 15th ult. on the passage from Liverpool to Boston. Captain Snow and crew were landed at Newport, R. I., on the 10th April.

Barque Cuba, McCormack, was lost on Berry's Islands 20th, and was probably one of the vessels seen by Capt. Gerrick, of ship Nicholas Biddle.

Schr. Minerva, Wright, from Fredericksburg for this port, which got ashore on Smith's Island 1st April, and came off recently with small loss, again went ashore, supposed in the same vicinity, and with her cargo will be a total loss.

Missing Vessels.

It is now about sixty days since the City of Glasgow left Liverpool for Philadelphia.

The Gloucester Telegraph states that schr. Flight, sailed thence Feb. 22d, on a fishing voyage, and has not since been heard from. The day after she sailed there was a violent N. W. gale with snow, in which it is feared she foundered. Elias H. Willis of Southport, Me., aged 26, was master. The others were Mark Webber, of York, Me., about 25, John Littlefield, of New York, Chas. Stearns, of Hingham, Thom. Frederickson, Frank McKenney, Thos. Ferguson, and Richard McCrate. Residence of the last four unknown.

Notice to Mariners.

A Bell Buoy is now moored in five fathoms water, about 500 yards from the Outer Buoy on Ship Bar, south east of it; Charleston Light bearing North West.

New York, June, 1854.

Anniversary Meetings.

American Seamen's Friend Society.

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 8.

The twenty-sixth anniversary of the American Seamen's Friend Society was held this evening at the Broadway Tabernacle, the President, P. Perit, Esq., in the chair. The house was well filled at an early hour; and after a voluntary upon the organ, prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, of Albany. The choir of the Fourteenth street Pres. church, under the direction of Mr. S. Lasar, then sung the following hymn :

"Star of peace to wanderers weary,
Bright the beam that smiles on me,
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea," etc.

The President, in congratulating the Society on this anniversary occasion, remarked ;

The Directors of the Seamen's Friend Society are most happy to meet this crowded assembly. It indicates that there is in the community a wide-spread sympathy for the sailor, and reckless as he may be, and deeply as many of them may be plunged in vice and folly, still the sailor is a man; the true sailor a warm-hearted, brave, generous man.

We meet this evening under circumstances in some degree peculiar. The past year has been unprecedented in the appalling disasters which have taken place on the ocean. The cries of the sufferers on the wreck of the San Francisco are sounding in our ears, and the heroism and bravery of

the deliverers will ever be in our memory.

We are met, too, on this occasion, by the allegation, that during the year there has been a great demoralization of seamen.

This allegation the Society felt bound to meet, and they would meet it by facts which could reflect no disparagement on the efforts of the friends of seamen in this and the other associations, which have in view their moral improvement.

The mortality among seamen is very great. The average *sea life* of sailors is computed at 11½ years. The annual mortality of seamen in the United States may be put down at twelve to fourteen thousand. California and other attractive foreign ports draw from us some three to four thousand more. Now, in order to fill this chasm, necessity has compelled the introduction of men of all nations, and all kinds, including the most degraded, and mingling with the crews of ships, they have been the means of introducing disorder, and a bad reputation through them has been attached to their associates.

This evil must find its remedy in the introduction of large numbers of young Americans into the service. Coming from the country unschooled in vice, they will be good subjects for the influences which this Society is aiming to exert. There is in fact nothing discouraging in this state of things. We should rather feel prompted to more zealous and vigorous efforts.

We are met here to-night as the friends of seamen, and if there is any one of the human family who needs a

friend, it is the wanderer of the deep; who knows no established home, and who is of a class of men who have no power to combine and provide for their own spiritual welfare. Let us then yield to no discouragement, but press on to the attainment of our great object, the moral renovation of the wanderers of the deep.

An abstract of the Report was then read by Rev. H. Loomis, one of the Secretaries.

The President then introduced to the audience Rev. J. C. Fletcher, chaplain at Rio de Janeiro, S. A., who offered a resolution of acceptance of the Report, and that it be published under the direction of the Board of Trustees.

He said he was happy to move the publication of such a report as that. The American Seamen's Friend Society was one which puts a light in the binnacle. The binnacle is a box in which the compass is placed, and near the wheel, so that the sailor who is at the wheel may direct the vessel. Some would say the compass is enough; but a light is needed that the compass may be seen. So the Bible is not always enough to be given to the sailor in order to save him, but he needs the influence which such a Society as this uses, and which is really putting a light in the binnacle. He had rejoiced to labor for the Society in the field where he had been placed. It was one of the most beautiful in a natural point of view. The bay of Rio is as long in one direction as from New-York to Poughkeepsie, and in the other, as long as from New-York to Trenton, in New-Jersey. It is surrounded by mountains covered with perpetual verdure. It has an immense commerce along the whole coast of Brazil, with England, France, and our own country. It is visited every year by about three hundred American vessels, over two hundred English, and many others. It is therefore an important post, for it is in a country which has the Roman Catholic as the state religion. This Society is a Home Missionary Society by

placing the minister of the Gospel where it is, constructively our country, for he is under our flag.

When he first went to Rio, the captains were afraid of him; but when they found he was their friend, and the friend of the sailor, and when they found him sympathizing with them while stricken down with the yellow fever, they became much attached to him and his services. Several instances were related of the change which had been produced in the minds of the captains at that port, and of the government officers. Many, during the time of the yellow fever, were converted. This was also a Foreign Mission Society, as its chaplains and converts are scattered through the world. No government is now doing more for foreign sailors in hospitals than that of Brazil. Every care and attention is given to our sailors there. Mr. Fletcher was compelled, on account of ill-health, and the ill-health of his family, to leave his field of labor. He paid a very high compliment to Capt. Henry Randall, of the "Yankee Blade," the steamer in which he and his family left Rio, as being a noble man, and a friend of the sailor and sailor's chaplains. Mr. F. closed by relating a very interesting account of the conversion of a sailor on board the "Yankee Blade," who had committed murder, whose mother was a pious woman, and whose Sabbath-school teacher was a missionary to India. He has gone to California, whither the steamer was bound, and he will there plead guilty, for he says it will be lying to do otherwise. Mr. F. gave him a letter to Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, of California, giving a history of his conversion; and it is expected that he will make a profession of his faith in Jesus there.

Rev. Dr. Cleaveland, of Northampton, was then introduced, who interspersed his remarks with a variety of striking and amusing anecdotes, according to his custom on such occasions. He had come to the meeting with a neuralgic head-ache, and had asked to be excused; but when they were willing to excuse him, he changed his mind and would not be excused. Above all, when he

The Rev. Dr. Bethune (of Brooklyn) was next invited to address the meeting.

Suppose, said he, that every ship that sails from this port—every ship especially that stretches her course into those quarters of the world where “the darkness of the shadow of death” is still on the nations—were manned by Christian seamen, commanded by pious officers, and were followed by the prayers of pious merchants, as eager that those ships should be made tributary to the glory of God, that those men should be made instrumental in carrying light among the destitute, as that they should bring home the profits of commercial enterprise—what would be the consequence? How soon would this earth be blessed with the knowledge of the Lord, and all nations rejoice in the blessing of that light which shines over us! This is what the Christian world must come to. Our religion does not inculcate piety merely for one day in the week, to take one dollar out of a thousand and put it into the treasury of the Lord. It should be like leaven that leaveneth the whole lump, pervading our whole life, and making our daily occupation sacred to God—consecrating every instrumentality of our worldly comfort and prosperity, by making it subservient to the great cause of salvation throughout all the world.

And where, if this doctrine be true, is this instrumentality so full of promise, or so certain, under Divine blessing, of success, as in the opportunities offered by the Seamen's Friend Society? He did not propose to enter into all the romance thrown around a sailor's character. A great man's greatness and jovial characteristics he possessed on land. They afforded opportunities for a display of rhetoric, but practically the sailor was like other men, born with the same naked depravities, exposed to the same temptations, and needing precisely the same grace of God that converted Paul, Mary Magdalen, or any sinner on the face of the earth. It was no more difficult for that grace to convert the sailor than the landsman.—

Either, according to his faith, was miraculous—a work great as creation. But when we believe it is the power of God, we believe that that power is promised to earnest faith; and the word which says, “That which we sow we shall also reap,” is the only encouragement which leads us on in this great work of attempting to evangelize the men of the sea.—But the sailor has claims on us not from his peculiar generosity or characteristics which make it better or worse. The soul of one man, all other things being equal, is worth as much as that of another; but when converted, it may be worth more than another in the influence which it may bring to bear on the world. If the sailor is going to distant lands, to a nation resembling our own at one time, to the shores cursed by the superstitions of Rome at another; on one voyage to a part darkened by the faith of the False Prophet, or upon another to one where demonism shrouds its people in the absurdities of a cruel feticism, the conversion of this wanderer of the seas, who comes as near ubiquity as any man can, is worth, in this light, more than the conversion of ten ordinary men that stay at home, every night sleeping in the same bed, and every Sabbath worshipping in the same church. God in his providence made great use of common men, but the conversion of these was not equal in its influence in the world at large to the conversion of one intelligent sailor who travels over the earth.—Again, the sailor claims especial care, not because of his aptness or unaptness to receive instruction. God by his Spirit makes that soil the least promising the most fruitful. But God works by means. We have Christian churches everywhere. But it is not so for the sailor. He is a few days in port and many days at sea, one Sabbath within reach of the gospel, and three, four, five, perhaps a year or two, where no Sabbath bell is heard, no gospel preached, and no christian influence brought to bear—and because the sailor has not a Sabbath in ten that we have, should we work ten times as hard to do the sailor good on that Sabbath, as we do to serve ordi-

nary men any common Sabbath of the year. We want to intensify our labor for the sailor, because when we catch him it is only for a little time, while the minister can preach to the ordinary people, if they will keep awake to hear him, every Sunday in the year. This Society provides for the sailor at home every accommodation; and, not content to bless him at home, it followed him abroad; and it was the great purpose of the charity, next to giving the sailor an opportunity of instruction here, to send the gospel to meet him everywhere he goes. Funds alone were needed to carry out fully this object; for wherever there is a port which gathers together a sufficient number of American ships to make a congregation, there were they ready to offer the gospel, with all the instrumentalities that surround it, as an appointed means of blessing to the world. No harbor in which ships bearing the American flag are crowded, should be without a due provision for the dissemination of religious truth. Think of the example our country recently set to the world, perhaps too long delayed, but not the less glorious since manifested. A man, not a native of this country, a fugitive from the land of his birth, where his struggles in the cause of freedom, giving them the best interpretation, compromised his safety, and passing as it were only under the shadow of the American flag, that shadow consecrates him as under the protection of a mighty nation; and there, one who wears the uniform of this country declares, in the face of a triple force, that he is safe—that he must be delivered up into the hands of those representing the dignity of that country whose protection he claimed. and what has been the result. The dignity of our country has been elevated in the estimation of the world. The name of the gallant Captain Ingraham cannot be uttered without calling forth the acclamations of his countrymen. (Applause.) But while doing him honor, he (Rev. Dr. Bethune,) was not the less certain that there was not an officer in our American Navy that was not prepared to do the same for an American, wherever

found. Now, they wanted the Church to be as faithful to the sailor as the country is to her citizen—that the sailor, wherever he goes, might know that there is a friend armed with the panoply of the gospel, to shield him from the dangers, worse a thousand-fold than a foreign dungeon, chains, or temporal death—a friend that could lash his soul safe, as it were, to the cross that should float him safely over the waters to heaven. Wherever we have a commerce, wherever the American flag is unfurled, there is truth, defence, and a nation pledged for the safety of its citizens, who had the right to worship God as conscience should dictate. And every administration that should not get the privilege for them, should be turned out one after another. But what we ask is more than the right to worship God as we desire;—the opportunity, the Church, the preacher, the communion vessels, the Bible, the hymn Book, all the associations of Christianity, all consolations when away from our dear America, wherever we go under the combined flags of the American nation and the Bethel.

After the singing of the Doxology, the meeting was closed with a benediction by Rev. Dr. Somers of New York. The Society was then called to order and Trustees were elected for the ensuing year. Resolutions of thanks to the speakers, and also to the Choir of the 14th St. Presbyterian Church were adopted, for contributing to make the meeting one of the most interesting of the Society's Anniversaries.

Mobile Chaplaincy.

MOBILE, April 26th, 1854.

Dear Brother,—As usual I send you a brief outline of what has been done in the seamen's cause in this city; and 1st, The Bethel church has been well attended most of the year; a deep seriousness pervaded many of our meetings, and the truth preached has been blessed in the conversion of sinners. Four made a profession of their faith, and united with the Bethel

church, and others went on their way over the great deep rejoicing in the love of Christ. Not unfrequently some that had been deeply impressed by preaching followed me to my study, where I conversed and prayed with them till a late hour of the night. Some of these men I found had pious parents, and had been the subjects of many prayers; others had been thrown on the cold charities of the world while children, and had found their way to the sea, and had engaged on shipboard for a livelihood. Those who had enjoyed the advantage of early religious instruction found peace of mind much sooner than those brought up in ignorance.

I visit all the vessels at the wharves frequently, and converse with the sailors, and supply them with religious reading. I have five meetings every week, besides holding services at the Marine Hospital.

My weekly temperance meetings are doing much good. The proportion of seamen holding temperance principles is greatly on the increase.

2d, The Sailor's Home, under the judicious management of Mr. Lawson, has done a good work in promoting temperance and morality among seamen, and by shielding them from the snares of the wicked. But it is too small, and so old that it is no longer safe. We must have a new Home. The lot is large, and has greatly increased in value since we bought it. It is of sufficient size for a new Home and Bethel church, having 156 feet front on Church street, and of sufficient depth on Water street. We will need much help to carry out this noble enterprize.

3d, My visits at the Marine Hospital have been attended with much interest. I have been enabled to speak words of warning and of comfort to many a sick sailor, and have prayed with and given directions to some on the verge of eternity. I was much interested in a young English sailor who was considered by the physician past recovery. This young man was in great agony of mind in view of his past sins, and especially for the manner in which he had treated his pious parents, but afterwards found great

peace of mind by believing in Jesus and casting his burden on him. He wished me to write his parents, expecting never to see them again. I did so, and I received an answer from his father in England a few days ago, which you may insert in the Magazine, as it is no doubt the expression of many a pious parent's heart. The son, however, recovered, and sailed for home some three weeks since, rejoicing as he goes. What joy will fill the hearts of these parents when they see their son who was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found.

Very truly yours,

A. McGLASHAN, *Chaplain.*

Parent's Letter.

BURY, Lancashire,

March 23, 1854.

My dear Sir,—In answer to yours respecting our son, whom you have kindly visited in the hospital at Mobile,—we desire most sincerely to thank you for the interest you have taken in his spiritual welfare. May the good Lord bless you for your kindness. The sad intelligence of his sickness, and the little hope we entertain of his recovery, is almost overwhelming to our poor human nature; amidst our sorrow, however, we are comforted, with the assurance you give us of his penitence, and we bless God that even in a distant land there was found one dear, pious friend, to point him to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. O! that God in His rich grace may bless your counsels and answer your prayers, on behalf of our dear son, that he may be saved in the Lord, with an everlasting salvation. If he lives, we pray that he may henceforth "live unto the Lord; if he dies, may he die in the Lord, so that living or dying he may be the Lord's." Should this reach you while he is upon the land of the living, give to him our kind love, and assure him of an interest in our prayers; tell him that we love him still, and feel and think about him as parents only can feel and think. Tell him that our chief concern is about the salvation of his precious soul. "And him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." How happy we should be to

see him again under our roof, and to hail him not only as a son, but a "new creature in Christ Jesus." If we never meet with him on earth, we hope to meet him on the morning of the resurrection, at the Saviour's right hand. Give our love to our dear boy, his sister Ann also desire to be affectionately remembered, and just tell him, should he still be living, that his father is engaged in doing all the good he can in the situation he was filling when he last saw him. May God bless you, dear sir, is the sincere prayer of

Yours in the Lord,

THOMAS & MARY FISHER.

Rev. A. McGlashan,

Seamen's Chaplain,
Mobile, Ala.

P.S.—Could you favor us with a line, to say what we may expect in future of our son, we shall feel obliged. Direct as before.

New Chaplaincy.

Sailed on the 5th ult., in the steamer *Illinois*, the Rev. D. H. Wheeler, Chaplain to Seamen in Aspinwall, under commission from the American Seamen's Friend Society.

Africa and the American Flag.

By Commander A. H. Foote, U.S.N.

A work bearing this title, just issued from the press of the Messrs. Appleton, of this city, has been laid on our table. We regard the testimony of Commander Foote on all matters pertaining to the African race, and the influence of the various means employed for its protection and elevation, as invaluable. We shall take occasion to refer again to this interesting work in a more specific manner.

Annual Report.

We respectfully and earnestly invite special attention to the matters discussed and the facts contained in the Report published in this number of the Magazine.

If we mistake not, they will prove a powerful incentive to renewed and energetic efforts for the improvement and salvation of those who go down to the sea in ships.

Shipbuilding and Lumbering in Maine.

We learn from the *Bangor Mercury* that the aggregate of shipbuilding in Maine during the year 1853, was 169,576 tons, which was divided mainly among vessels of the first class. The present value of this fleet, being at least \$60 per ton, would amount to \$10,174,573. At the commencement of the year Maine owned, enrolled and registered in her own ports, over 600,000 tons of shipping, the aggregate earnings of which were probably at the rate of \$9,000,000 per annum. Allowing \$9,000,000 for the earnings of the shipping of Maine during the last year, and \$5,087,286 for the net value of the ships built, we have, says the *Mercury*, the amount of \$14,087,286 earned or gained by the shipping interests of the State in 1853. The same paper estimates the net earnings of Maine in the lumber business, to have been \$7,000,000, which, added to the profits of the shipping business, gives an aggregate of \$21,087,286 as the profits of these two branches of business in Maine.

Account of Monkeys.

From April 15, to May 15, 1854.

Directors for Life by the payment of Fifty Dollars.

Rev. Dr. C. C. Van Arsdale,
by Ref'd Dutch Church,
Bleecker St., New York, 50 00

Members for Life by the payment of Twenty Dollars.

Mrs. Mary C. Bowditch, by
Pres. Ch. and Con., Shel-
ter Island, N. Y., 29 51

Rev. Luther Townsend, Troy,
N. H., (balance,) 5 00

Rev. Henry Reeves, by Pres.
Ch., Belvidere, N. J., 20 00

Mrs. Prudence Meigs, by Con. Soc., Madison, Ct.,	35 47
Miss Perces Swift, by First Soc., Derby, Ct., (amt. pre. acknowledged.)	
Oliver B. Sherwood, do do,	
Robert N. Bassett, do do,	
Mrs. Stephen Hubbell, North Stonington, Ct., by Second Con. Soc.'y, Norwich, Ct., (amt. ack. below.)	
Rev. John R. Miller, by Ladies Sea. Fr.'d Soc. Suffield, Ct.,	26 14
Mrs. Elizabeth F. M'Questen, Hamilton, U. Canada, by Sea. Fr.'d Soc.'y, Milford, N. H.,	20 00
Dea. Rufus D. Phillips, by Orthodox Con. Soc., Fitzwilliam, N. H.,	24 50
Rev. W. T. Herrick, by Con. Ch. and Soc., Candia, N. H.,	24 00
Mrs. Lydia G. Perry, by Ladies Sea. Fr.'d Soc., Lyme, N. H. (amt. prev. Ack.)	

Donations.

From Pres. Ch., Greenwich, N. J.,	10 00
" David Whitcomb, Worcester, Mass.,	10 00
" Con. Ch. and Soc. Townshend, Vt.	9 10
" Miss S. Brewster and others of New Rochelle, N. Y.,	7 53
" Ref. Dutch Ch., Flatbush, N. Y.,	44 52
" Con. Soc. Mount Sinai, L. I.,	50 00
" Village Pres. Ch., Freehold, N. J.,	20 00
" First Con. Soc. Cumington, Mass.,	3 00
" A Friend, New York,	50 00
" Hon. J. F. Randolph, Trenton, N. J.,	5 00
" Boston Sea. Fr.'d Soc.,	500 00
Rev. David Thurston, Browns Corner, Me.,	1 00
" E. Loomis, Suffolk, Ct.,	1 00
" Con. Ch. and Soc. Lyme, Ct.,	35 00
" Second Con. Soc., Norwich, Ct., (in addition.)	62 00

From First Pres. Ch., Williamsburgh, N. Y.,	43 64
" Con. Ch. and Soc., Wallingford, Ct.,	29 28
" Pres. Ch., Mays Landing, N. J.,	7 00
" Pres. Ch., Bedford, N. H.	26 30

Aspinwall Station.

E. J. Woolsey, New York,	100 00
William H. Aspinwall, do.,	100 00
G. B. Lamar, do.,	50 00
Messrs. William Aymar & Co., New York, A Bethel Flag.	

\$1,398 99

Sailor's Home, New York.

Mrs. Joanna Driggs, Cheshire, Ct., one Comforter and sundry Magazines.

Sailors' Home, New Orleans.

Legacy of late Mrs. Sarah N. Nichols, of Damariscotta, Me., through A. Hardy, Boston, 20 00

Money received into the Treasury of the Boston Seamen's Friend Society.

North Hadley Con. Church,	8 50
Petersham Cong'l Soc.'y,	7 61
Westminster, <i>Juvenile Sea-Committee</i> , viz, Susan B. Upham, 63 3, Louisa Wood, 4 25, Otis Osborn, 3 53, Wm. Puffer, 2 80, Caroline A. Brooks, 2 38, Charles Kendall, 1 25,	20 54
to make Dea Edward Kendall, L. M.	
Gardner, Con. Soc., Rev. Mr. Paine's,	16 00
South Hadley,	24 00
Lee, Con. Soc., to make Mrs. Sophia Bartlett, Mary R. Hurlburt, Caroline Hyde, L. M.'s, and G. W. Platner, L. M., in part,	77 00
Paxton, Con. Soc.,	14 13
Hadley, Young Ladies Seam. Fr.'d Soc., to make Miss Jane Smith, L. M., and Miss Cornelia Johnson, in part,	41 00
North Amherst, Con. Soc.,	37 59
Gloucester, North Soc.,	10 00

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE
AND
NAVAL JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,
TO WHICH THE WHOLE PROFITS OF THE WORK BELONG.
PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT \$1 PER ANNUM.
VOLUME XXVII.
ENDING AUGUST, 1855.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED AT THE SOCIETY'S OFFICE, 80 WALL STREET.
STEPHEN HALLET, PRINTER, 122 NASSAU STREET.
1855.

PREFACE

TO THE

TWENTY-SEVENTH VOLUME.

THE MAGAZINE still holds on its quiet unobtrusive way, noting indications and instances of progress, amidst many obstacles, in the reform and improvement of seamen. Little, however, has it said of the *Great the Chief Obstacle* in the way of a *Reformed Marine Service*—*The almost utter want of interest in the employer, for the welfare and wellbeing of the employee.* True our volume speaks of Banks, and Homes, and Bethels and Chaplaincies, as fruits of the interest of the merchant and owner, as well as others in the welfare and improvement of the sailor, but of the *present system of shipping, rewarding, and treating seamen*, a system almost as well devised as possible to keep good men from, and drive reformed sailors out of the service, it says little. That is a subject yet to be discussed, an obstacle, and a great one, yet to be removed *out* of the way. To our Correspondents we say “all hands on sea and shore to the work,” and nothing daunted, the Magazine will hold on increasing in strength with years, till in place of the present degrading system, a new one shall spring up better for owner and officer, and sailor, till this last great obstacle is removed, and the sailor everywhere a *man* and a Christian.

CONTENTS

OF THE

SAILOR'S MAGAZINE, VOLUME TWENTY-SEVENTH.

A.	B.
Awful Daring of Impiety, . . . 9	Bible distribution by Seamen . . . 30
Artless Simplicity, . . . 14	Bound to the Sea, . . . 69
Account of Moneys, 31, 63, 95, 126, 159, 190, 224, 255, 288, 319, 351	Bethel Church, Mobile, . . . 81
Apprentices Wanted, . . . 13	Bible on the Sea, . . . 97
Aspinwall Chaplaincy, 57, 124, 156	Boys for the Sea, . . . 112
American Bethel Society, Report 61	Baxter's Call on the Sea, . . . 167
Another sacred link, . . . 69	Bible Illustrations, . . . 189
American Bethel Society, Report 70	Bible Distribution among Sea- men, . . . 195
American Sailors,	Boston Seam. Fr'd. Soc'y. An- niversary, . . . 349
Arctic, . . . 123	C.
Another New Sailors' Home, . . 158	Cause of Disasters, . . . 1
Aleck and the Mutineers of the Bounty, . . . 229	Commodore Tucker, . . . 18
Anniversary of the Marine Temperance Society, . . . 241	Chaplaincy, . . . 74
A Noble Deed . . . 243	Contentment, . . . 105
All my springs are in Thee, . . 235	Cheap Pleasure, . . . 143
Arctic Whaling, . . . 263	Cut on the Cover, . . . 155
And the sea gave up the dead, . 268	Commerce and Navigation of United States, . . . 187
Anniversary Meeting, . . . 287, 313	Case of Conscience, . . . 221
Am. Seam. Fr'd. Soc'y. Report, 289	Capt. James Wilson, . . . 235
Anniversary of Boston S. F. Society, . . . 349	Cemetery for Seamen, . . . 287
Arctic Expedition, . . . 346	Choice of pursuit in life, . . . 333
Annual Report of the Boston S. F. S., . . . 356	Colporteur's Report, . . . 335
A Good Example, . . .	Collision at Sea, . . . 338
	Cape of Good Hope, . . .

D.	I.
Deaths in Seamen's Retreat, 17, 148, 273	Important Amendment, . . . 5
Disasters, 20, 85, 118, 149, 179, 215, 245, 278, 311, 344	Important and encouraging changes, . . . 170
Deaths at Sea, . . . 31	Incidents of the late gale, . . . 172
Donation from afar, . . . 31	Interest for Seamen at Cape Cod, . . . 174
Death of Elisha D. Hurlbut, . . . 27	Interesting Narrative, . . . 205
Drunkard's Bible, . . . 33	Intrusion, . . . 255
Daniel Webster's first case, . . . 79	J.
Deaths in the Pacific, 105, 272, 277	Justice for sick Sailors, . . . 268
Death of the Rev. F. W. Bill, . . . 157	K.
Decisive Moment, . . . 171	Killer Whale.
Danish Sailor Missionary, 186, 264	L.
Depths of the Ocean, . . . 225	Let the Youth be heard, . . . 14
Dangers of the Sea, . . . 275	Late Elisha D. Hurlbut, . . . 27
Dreadful Shipwreck and sufferings of the Crew, . . . 340	Letter from Rev. T. E. Taylor, . . . 49
Danish Mission,	Literary pursuits of Sailors, . . . 65
E.	Letters from Polynesia, 77, 132, 168, 197, 232, 249
Episcopal Church Missionary Society, 43	Look out at Mast-head, . . . 102
Enoch, 193	Lesson of a Plant, . . . 106
Exploit of a Privateersman, . . . 342	Last Spree, . . . 108
F.	Lessons of God's Providence, . . . 114
Fast Ships, 85	Life of Sir John Franklin, . . . 139
Feather Pillow Life Preservers, 109	Lahaina Chaplaincy, . . . 140, 199
Father's Acknowledgement, . . . 117	Left behind, . . . 142
Fearful wreck, 155	Lost, Lost, . . . 144
From a Sailor before the Mast, 265	Literary Curiosities, . . . 158
G.	Little Boy's thoughts about the Heathen, . . . 152
Ghost Story, 104	Lahaina Chaplaincy, . . . 374
Geological Discovery, . . . 104	Letter from a Sea Captain, . . . 164
Gratitude, How to increase it, . . . 178	Lord it is good for us to be here, 184
Good Wish from afar, . . . 190	Loss of ship Favorite, . . . 242
Great American War Steamer, 351	Letters from Seamen, 323, 324, 325
H.	Letter from Panama, . . . 246
Havre Chaplaincy, 126, 302, 347	M.
How to learn to Pray, . . . 141	Mariners' Hall, St. John, N. B. 10
Happy New Year, . . . 153	Missing vessels, 21, 149, 182, 207, 257
Honolulu Sailors' Home, . . . 219	Missing ship City of Glasgow, . . . 11
Humanity at Sea, vs. Inhumanity on Shore, . . . 222	Man saved or lost, . . . 57
How to Believe, . . . 333	Man Overboard, . . . 52
Hilo Chaplaincy, . . . 364	Mobile Bay Chaplaincy, . . . 59, 253
	Mariners' Church, N. Y., . . . 93
	Mastery of our Habits, . . . 101

CONTENTS.

vii

Murder of the Missionary Wil-	
liama,	126
Motion of the Waves,	110
Marine Temp. Society,	147, 190
My Little Jolly Boat,	153
Marine Disasters for 1854,	177
Marine Committee's Report,	203
Marine Disasters,	214
Mother's Prayer,	215
Mother Wanted,	221
Mariners' Church, N. Y.,	230
Marine Temp. Soc'y., N. Y.,	255
Model Captain,	272
Monthly Concert for Seamen,	286
Memoir of Rev. O. A. Taylor,	287
Mobile Shore Chaplaincy,	317
Mariners' Church, N. Y., Re-	
port,	321
Mobile Bay Chaplaincy,	329
Marsailles Chaplaincy,	369

N.

Narrow escape from an Iceberg,	
Notice to Mariners, 21, 89, 149, 182,	
217, 244, 276, 310, 343 370,	
4 Notice,	60
Naval,	84
Nautical Magazine,	100
Nature of an Oath,	101
New Sailors' Home,	158
New Home for Sailors,	189
Notice to Subscribers,	219
Noble Conduct,	269
Night at Sea,	271
Nautical Incident,	276
New Orleans Sailors' Home,	316

O.

Old Jester,	80
Old Ocean,	135
One Drop at a time,	143
Old Ship Master,	149
Ocean's Dead,	171
Obituary,	188
Ocean, Home of the Orphan,	234

P.

Pleasant hours,	7
Prayer for the Sailor,	12

Praying Boy,	24
Preach for the Sailor	42
Panama Chaplaincy,	43
Perils of the Sea,	91
Par value of Indiana thief,	110
Prayer Meeting on the Sea,	172
Portland Sailors' Home,	222
Pleasant Responses,	240
Polar Seas,	269
Philadelphia Chaplaincy,	318
Poor's Railroad Map of U. S.	319
Protestant Epis. Ch. Missiona-	
ry Society, New York,	325

Q.

Quick Passages,	85
---------------------------	----

R.

Report of Epis. Ch. Miss'y.	
Soc'y	43
Robbing the Raven's Nest,	55
Reward the Meritorious,	109
River Jordan,	161
Report of Secretary of the	
Navy,	201
Rev. William Taylor's Appeal,	270
Railways of the World,	275
Railroad Map of U. S.,	319
Rich and the Poor,	334

S.

Shiver my Timbers,	8
Shipbuilding in Maine and	
Mass.,	13
Scripture Illustrations,	25
Sailor's grateful Acknowledg-	
ment.	28
Sailors are immortal beings,	29
Scenes in the Life of a Bible	
Agent	47
Sailor Boys in demand,	56
Swearer rebuked by a child,	76
Sailors' Home, Mobile,	81
Sailors' Bad End,	94
Steamboat Disaster,	112
Sabbath on the Sea,	129
Sailors and Soldiers,	142
Scripture Illustrations,	143
Sailor Befriended,	143

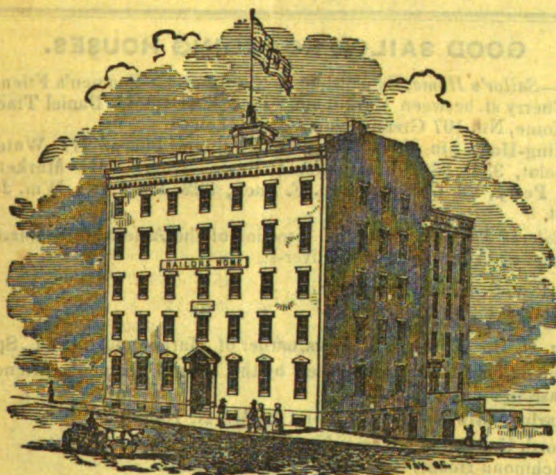
Seamen's Chaplain gone, . . .	157	The Sea,	305
Sailors Accessible and Impres-		Ten days in the ice, . . .	331
sible,	169	Temperance in the Navy, . .	338
Suggestive Statistics . . .	178	The Convict Ship,	353
Singular Couple,	204	Two New worlds,	368
Sailors' Home, Portland, Me., .	222	V.	
Seamen's Advance Wages, . .	213	Valuable Donation, . . .	155
Sailors' Home, Honolulu, . .	219	Valparaiso Chaplaincy, . .	260
Sailor's Happy Return, . . .	238	Visit of the ship Lady Pierce	
Sailors need the Gospel, . .	239	to Japan, '	274
Seamen's Cause in Maine, . .	254	W.	
St. Thomas Chaplaincy, . . .	257	What a Sea Capt. thought of	
Seamen at a Premium, . . .	283	Missions,	8
Ship Lady Pierce at Japan, . .	274	What a boy can do,	56
Sailors' Home, New Orleans, .	316	What the sea gives up, . . .	107
Ships of the World,	339	Wave Motion,	110
Search for Doctor Kane, . . .	368	Whaling business,	137
T.		Western Seam. Fr' Soc'y, . .	175
Thrilling incident,	16	What a Lady passenger can do	
Thrilling Sea Story,	82	for Seamen,	204
Think of the Poor,	111	Wilson, Capt. James, . . .	236
That Prayer, how it haunted me,	121	Word to the Sailor,	247
The Arctic,	123	Wrecking and Wreckers, . .	308
Temperance of Seamen's Re-		Wreck of a Whale Ship, . .	335
trat,	146	Y.	
Thieves,	152	Yankee Stratagem,	54
Three years labor on the Bible,	174	Yankee Tar,	145
Two Widows and two Sons, . .	267	POETRY.	
This Book not in Vain, . . .	269	Hope,	90
That which is far worse, . . .	287	It is I,	90
"The effectual fervant prayer		Five Sweet Words,	90
of the Righteous availleth		Sailor to his Sister, . . .	345
much,,	284	Deck of an Outward Bound, .	345
Twenty-seventh Annual Re-		Mariners' Hymn,	345
port of Am. Seam. Fr'd. Soc.,	289		

Vol. 27.

DECEMBER, 1854.

No. 4

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.



SAILOR'S HOME, NEW YORK.

New York:

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

No. 80 WALL STREET.

\$1 Per Annum—Postage, in N. Y., in ADVANCE, 3 Cts., a Year ; Elsewhere, in the U. S.,
6 Cts. ; Single Number 1 Ct.

STEPHEN HALLET, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER, 122 NASSAU STREET.

Spanish and French Printer and Translator.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

	Page.
The Bible on the Sea, - - -	97
The Nautical Magazine, - - -	100
The nature of an Oath, - - -	101
Mastery of our Habits, - - -	101
The look out at Masthead, - - -	102
Extraordinary Ghost Story, - - -	104
Wonderful Geological Discovery, - - -	104
Deaths in the Pacific, - - -	105
Contentment, - - -	105
The Lesson of a Plant, - - -	106
What the sea gives up, - - -	107
"My Last Spree," - - -	108
Reward the Meritorious, - - -	109
Feather Pillows as Life Preservers, - - -	109
Par value with an Indiana Thief, - - -	110

	Page.
Wave Motion, - - -	110
Think of the Poor, - - -	111
Steamboat Disasters, - - -	112
Boys for the Sea, - - -	112

NAVAL JOURNAL.

The Lessons of God's Providence	114
A Father's acknowledgement of kindness on the Sea, - - -	117
Disasters, - - -	118

NEW YORK DEPARTMENT.

That Prayer how it haunted me, - - -	121
The Arctic, - - -	123
Aspinwall Chaplaincy, - - -	124
Havre Chaplaincy, - - -	126
The Murderer of the Missionary Williams, - - -	126
Account of Moneys, - - -	126

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW-YORK—*Sailor's Home*, Established by the American Seamen's Friend Society No. 190 Cherry st. between Market and Pike sts. Captain Daniel Tracy.

Mariner's Home, No. 107 Greenwich st. J. S. Towne.

Other Boarding-Houses in New-York city.—William Sharp, 271 Water street; William Huelat, 334, 336, Pearl street; Peter Oberg, 91, Market street; Mrs. Alice Perry, 22 Oak st.; Ben. F. Buck, 322 Pearl st.; Wm. Johnson, 9 Carlisle st.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society kept by Albro Lyons, 64 Oliver-st.

SANDUSKY—Rev. C. R. Jewitt, Chaplain.

BATH—Seamen's Mansion.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Edward C. Myers, corner of Market and Bow st., Spring Hill.

BOSTON—The *Sailor's Home*, established by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society, 92 Purchase st. John O. Chany.

BOSTON—Mariner's House, North Square, by Mr. N. Hamilton.

" North End Sailor's Home, No. 6 N. Square, by Mr. Roberts.

" Richmond House, Richmond st., by Mr. Clark.

" John Kennaley Clark-st.

" Murdock Matherson, Fleet-st.

SALEM—Ebenezer Griffin, No. 16 Vine st., clothing store, corner of Liberty and Vine sts.; and Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket st. near Derby st.

BRISTOL, R. I.—Mrs. Ann Pearce.

NEW-BEDFORD—Wm. Cranston, 14 Bethel Court; A. C. Davenport, 25 Middle st.

For Colored Seamen, by Marshall L. Potts, corner Sixth and Bedford sts.

PHILADELPHIA—Sailor's Home, 204 South Front st., by J. H. Cassidy under the care of the Pa. Seamen's Friend Society.

BALTIMORE—New Seamen's Bethel Home and Shipping Office Edward Kirby, 65 Thames Street.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C.—Sailor's Home, by John Robinson.

CHARLESTON—Sailor's Home, by Capt. Wm. White, Market st., opposite State st.,

SAVANNAH—Foot of Jefferson st., O. C. Parker.

MOBILE—Sailor's Home, by Lewis Lawson.

NEW-ORLEANS—Sailor's Home, F. Rickerts, corner of New Levee and Suzettes sts.

ST. JOHNS, N. B.—Seamen's Home, by E. W. Flaglor, keeper.

HAVRE, FRANCE—Mrs. Johnson, Rue Royale, 21.

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. 27.

DECEMBER, 1854.

No. 4

The Bible on the Sea.

While thousands of copies of the Bible are going to sea; and while thousands of seamen are made wiser and better thereby, it is feared that too many use the volume simply as a cabin ornament, or keep it in their chests as a memento of affection presented by some friend on shore. Some may neglect it for the want of evidence—having never carefully sought it—of its divine origin:—others for the want of interest in its sublime revelations, in the doctrines it teaches and the duties it enjoins :—others from the impression that it is a sort of grave-yard book especially adapted to the timid or those who are about to die; and others because it exposes and condemns their sins and alarms their fears. Be the cause of neglect what it may, this Book claims to be a Revelation of doctrine, duty and destiny from God; it brings credentials of its authenticity and genuineness ample and undeniable; it comes to the seaman to guide him into the desired haven, and claims the earnest

attentions of his mind, and the warm affections of his heart. It has received both from multitudes of the distinguished dead and living; some of whose examples and sentiments are commended to the imitation and reception of seafaring men.

We purposely select the names of laymen from different pursuits of secular life, and whose calling cannot be supposed to have influenced the formation or expression of their sentiments.

JOHN LOCKE—BORN 1632.

“That the Holy Scriptures are one of the greatest blessings which God bestows upon the sons of men, is generally acknowledged by all who know any thing of the value and worth of them. In them the Lord hath dilucdly displayed that counsel of his will that is of infinite concernment to us to understand, in order to our present being accepted of him here, and at last brought to the fullest enjoyment of himself in glory. 'Tis wonderful to behold, how full and perfect this word is with respect to this end: what can man desire to know, which is necessary hereunto, that the light thereof discovers not? What direction can he expect, by which he

may be fortified against all enemies of his good, either within or without him, that is not there given? What encouragements would he have, which are not therein displayed before him? And what cavils can be brought against any part of truth contained therein, to which they themselves yield not a full resolve, one place of Scripture so exactly clearing, expounding, and illustrating another? Yet, to amazement, it is observed, that man, who is so highly and principally concerned in it, doth too little value it: he can weary himself in any secular affair, but diligently to search the Scriptures according to our Lord's advice, is to him tedious and burdensome."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON—BORN 1642.

"We account the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy.

"I find more sure marks of authenticity in the Bible than in any profane history whatever."

JOSEPH ADDISON—BORN 1672.

"The Scriptures are full of pathetic and warm pictures of the condition of an happy or miserable futurity; and I am confident, that the frequent reading of them would make the way to an happy eternity so agreeable and pleasant, that he who tries it will find the difficulties which he before suffered in shunning the allurements of vice, absorbed in pleasure he will take in pursuit of virtue; and how happy must that mortal be, who thinks himself in the favour of an Almighty, and can think of death as a thing which it is an infirmity not to desire."

SIR WILLIAM JONES—BORN 1748.

"But I cannot refrain from adding, that the collection of tracts, which we call, from their excellence, the Scriptures, contain, independently of a divine origin, more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains both of poetry and eloquence, than could be collected from all other books that were ever composed in any age or in any idiom. The two parts of which the Scriptures consist are connected by a chain of com-

positions, which bear no resemblance, in form of style, to any that can be produced from the stores of Grecian, Indian, Persian, or even Arabian learning; the antiquity of these compositions, no man doubts; and the unrestrained application of them to events long subsequent to their publication is a solid ground of belief that they were genuine productions, and consequently inspired."

DYING WORDS OF WILBERFORCE.

"Read the Bible—read the Bible! Let no religious book take its place. Through all my perplexities and distresses I never read any other book, and I never felt the want of any other. It has been my hourly study; and all my knowledge of the doctrines, and my acquaintance with the experience and realities of religion, have been derived from the Bible only. I think religious people do not read the Bible enough. Books about religion may be useful enough, but they will not do instead of the simple truth of the Bible."

CHANCELLOR KENT.

In an Address before the American Bible Society.

"The Bible is equally adapted to the wants and infirmities of every human being. It is the vehicle of the most awful truths, and which are at the same time of universal application, and accompanied by the most efficacious sanctions. No other book ever addressed itself so authoritatively and so pathetically to the judgment and moral sense of mankind. It contains the most sublime and fearful displays of the attributes of that perfect Being who inhabiteth eternity, and pervades and governs the universe. It brings life and immortality to light, which, until the publication of the Gospel, were hidden from the scrutiny of ages. This gracious revelation of a future state is calculated to solve the mysteries of Providence in the dispensations of this life, to reconcile us to the inequalities of our present condition, and to inspire unconquerable fortitude and the most animating consolation when all other consolations fail; in the

midst of the abodes of age, disease and sorrow, and under the pressure of the sharpest pangs of human misery. The Bible also unfolds the origin and the deep foundations of depravity and guilt, and the means and the hopes of salvation through the mediation of the Redeemer. Its doctrines, its discoveries, its code of morals, and its means of grace, are not only overwhelming evidence of its divine origin, but they confound the pretensions of all other systems, by showing the narrow range and the feeble efforts of human reason, even when under the sway of the most exalted understanding, and enlightened by the accumulated treasures of science and learning."

GENERAL TAYLOR.

A Bible, beautifully bound with the Constitution of the United States, was presented to General Taylor by the ladies of Frankfort. He replied as follows:

"I accept with gratitude and pleasure your gift of this inestimable Volume. It was for the love of the truths of this great and good book that our fathers abandoned their native shores for the wilderness. Animated by its lofty principles, they toiled and suffered till the desert blossomed as the rose. These same truths sustained them in their resolution to become a free nation; and guided by the wisdom of this book, they founded a government, under which we have grown from three millions to more than twenty millions of people, and from being but as a stock on the borders of this Continent, we have spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I trust that their principles of liberty may extend, if without bloodshed, from the northern to the southern extremities of the continent. If there were in that book nothing but its great precept, 'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them;' and if that precept were obeyed, our government might extend over the whole continent. Accept, sir, my sincere thanks for the kind manner in which you have discharged this duty; and expressing again my sincere thanks

to the ladies for their beautiful gift, I pray that health, peace, and prosperity may long be continued to them.

HON. JOHN C. HORNBLOWER,
late Chief Justice of New Jersey.

"Let this precious Volume have its proper influence on the hearts of men, and our liberties are safe, our country blessed, and the world happy. There is not a tie that unites us to our families, not a virtue that endears us to our country, nor a hope that thrills your bosoms in the prospect of future happiness, that has not its foundation in this sacred Book. It is the charter of charters—the palladium of liberty—the standard of righteousness. Its divine influence can soften the heart of the tyrant—can break the rod of the oppressor, and exalt the humblest peasant to the dignified rank of an immortal being—an heir of eternal glory. Fellow citizens—friends of liberty! will you not rejoice, then, with me, in the triumphs of the Bible, and bless the day that gave to our country a Society, whose benevolent object is to extend the influence of the Scriptures throughout the world?"

HON. T. FRELINGHUYSEN,

*late U. S. Senator from New Jersey
now President of Rutgers College*

"Whence has sprung this redeeming spirit that has already borne its blessings to every clime? that floats in the Bethel flag; penetrates the gloom of the prison; that soothes the orphan's cry and pleads the cause of the widow; that opens the stores of thought and memory to the long bound intellects of the deaf and dumb; that is now closing the door of the dram-shop—that broad and crowded gateway to death and despair—and is sounding the alarm, and concentrating the efforts of the wise and good, in view of the Sabbath's profanation?"

"The Bible has done all, sir. Seal up this one volume, and in half a century all these hopes would wither, and these prospects perish for ever. These sacred temples would crumble, or become the receptacles of pollution and crime."

HON. EDWARD EVERETT,
*of the United States Senate, and
late Secretary of State.*

"Grotius, the great founder of our modern science of international law, was a most assiduous student of the Bible. His commentary upon the Old and New Testament, pronounced by Liebnitz the best work of its class, is, as far as I may venture to give an opinion on such a subject, still entitled to that praise. I do not, of course, refer to his exposition of a few contested doctrinal texts, but to the learning, ingenuity and good sense with which he illustrates the whole body of Scripture. He was a profoundly religious man. The foundations of his immortal treatise on the Law of Nations are laid in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament; and the original conception of the work was in the genuine spirit of Christian philanthropy. His golden treatise on the truth of the Christian religion was intended by him as a manual for his adventurous fellow citizens, then just engaging in the trade with the East; by the aid of which they might scatter the seeds of sacred truth on distant and heathen shores. That it might be the more easily remembered he wrote it in verse, and in his native language, (the Dutch,) at a time when all treatises of this kind were composed in Latin.

I scarce know of a more beautiful illustration of the adaptation of the religion of the Bible to the purposes of active life, than is thus afforded by this model Christian statesman, who, on the one hand, continually fortifies the maxims of the public law by Scripture authority; and, on the other hand, composed a treatise on the evidences of Christianity, to be used by his seafaring countrymen in their voyages to remote regions."

COMMODORE SKINNER,
United States Navy.

"I am asked my sentiments as to the value of the Sacred Scriptures, and their bearing on civil and social life. It affords me heartfelt pleasure to bear my feeble testimony to their blessed influence on communities and

individuals by whom they are received and embraced as a revelation by God to man, of himself, his attributes, and his will; teaching man his duty to his Creator and to his fellow-men; admonishing him of his weakness and helplessness; pointing out the only source from which he can derive help, and graciously promising to bestow it on all who call upon him in truth. They also teach, that to derive all the benefit which God designed to bestow in revealing himself to his fallen creatures, man, on his part, must strive to do God's will. Let man do this, and he will know whether the Bible is the Word of God or a cunningly devised fable. Men of any experience and observation must have seen those who have been reclaimed from a profane and immoral course of conduct, to sobriety, truth, piety, and happiness, by studying and obeying the Sacred Oracles of eternal truth. Nor do I believe there can be any solid happiness in this world, or the world to come, unless derived from that holy religion contained in the Sacred Volume. Observation shows us, that men in the enjoyment of health may smother conscience, and sneer at religion in fancied security; but when the hour of death arrives, the honest hour, the world receding, and all the props on which he leaned for support are falling round him, how changed is the scene then; how bitterly he laments that he neglected to call on God when he was near, and did not seek him when he was to be found. We have all seen such things; and yet how many are pursuing the same course, deterred by the jeers of the ungodly from closing with the offers of salvation contained in the Bible. Let all such remember that the hour of death will come; and that an everlasting separation will take place between those who served God, and those who served him not."

The Nautical Magazine,

We have just received the first Number of this practical work, issued monthly, at \$5 per annum, by Messrs. Griffiths & Bates, 79 John St., New York. "Its proprietors have not

hesitated to launch forth upon the enterprize of applying the pen and pencil to the cultivation of marine architecture in the United States." It proposes to do for nautical mechanism what the *Sailor's Magazine* attempts for nautical morals; so that the improved sailor may have an improved ship, and so that the interests of all connected therewith may be essentially promoted.

The recent improvements in ship-building and navigation have awakened an honorable competition for the mastery of the seas. Art and Science have combined their energies in the production of results which have awakened an intense interest for still greater achievements. And as no discovered limits of improvement either in making or sailing ships are in sight, we confidently expect such achievements. We hail therefore a work *designed*, by communicating information, and enlisting the best talent, to promote the interests of commerce and of man.

P. S. Certain expressions in the work, such as "Genius of Infinitude"—"Orbit of physical labor"—"Fulcrum of enduring progress"—"Voice of Nature speaking through the mirror of God's infinity"—"When atmospheric gales walk furiously abroad on the beams of his balances, gravity, guarding with jealous hand the equilibrium of the jewelled sea, seizes its columns by the base and hurls the avalanchan wave in oscillating fury over the vast field of elemental war"—are to us, like some portions of the sea, *unfathomable*.

The nature of an oath.

A Sailor in Court being asked if he understood the nature of an oath, replied, "I ought to, for I have sailed with Capt. B. more than ten years!"

After so long tuition he probably did understand something of the meanness and wickedness of taking the name of the Lord in vain; if he did not the nature of a solemn appeal to the Almighty to witness the truth of what he should say, and to execute vengeance on him if he should utter falsehood. *Ought to understand*. If we had the ear of a swearing Captain, or Officer, or sailor, we would remind him that, *Because of swearing the land mourneth*. Jer. 23: 10:—that, *Every one that sweareth shall be cut off*. Zech. 5: 3:—that *the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain*. Exod. 20: 7.

Mastery of our Habits.

Few of us are conscious of the extent to which we are creatures of habit. It is a mysterious law of our nature that what we continue to do repeatedly we come to do with facility and with pleasure. It is by habit the machine of the body is balanced and projected forward in the exercise of walking with so much ease. It is by habit that we are able to use the vocal organs, the throat, the tongue, the lips, with such incredible agility in speaking. That which was difficult becomes easy, that which was easy pleasant, through the force of habit; and often that which was pleasant becomes necessary to us, so that we can avoid it only by a struggle as against nature herself. Thence the proverb that custom is a second nature. It is so; or rather, it is nature herself in a new manifestation.

This law of habit is evidently a very important one in the human economy. Turned to a right account it assists labor, it promotes order, it advances study, it guards morals, it cherishes piety. Neglected or perverted it becomes a mighty source of evil. It multiplies and perpetuates indefinitely the errors of our conduct. It is therefore the part of wisdom to guard strictly the formation of habits in ourselves and those committed to

us. Nor can any person be considered safe whose habits are left to form themselves at random.

But how can habits be controlled? If a man have formed evil habits how can he obtain the mastery of them? He that knows nothing of this struggle must be more or less than a common man. The difficulty in overcoming evil habits lies much in two causes. First, their mighty energy, which operates to bear down whatever would oppose it, and if resisted continues in activity through a long course of time. The feeblest resolution must resist sometimes. Most of us could bear almost anything for a while. But here the effort must be made, and constantly sustained, and long continued, against the solicitations and urgencies of a power within us, almost as strong as our very nature itself. Take the man who has learned to love ardent spirits.—He must resist the desire, there must be no remission, and the struggle must be maintained through days and weeks, before he comes into liberty. The pining thirst haunts him by day and by night; company or solitude, joy or grief, the vexations of business, the pressure of labor, the vanity of idleness, all become so many temptations; and though he may have resisted strenuously and long, it will be well if he does not fall at last. And every fall will tend to break his moral firmness, while the habit goes on increasing.

The other cause of difficulty to which we refer, is the power of habits to recover themselves after we had thought them subdued. A single glass, to which it may be he was invited by a friend, has turned many a man to drunkenness, and sent him swiftly to ruin. And this is the reason why we scarcely ever feel any man to be safe who has ever formed the love of spirits. He may refuse them now, he may honestly reject them, he may abhor the idea of being a regular drinker; but who can be sure that he will never falter, who can be sure the viper in his bosom will never spring to life, and entwine him in his coils?

There is one way to obtain the

mastery of our habits. It is to reverse the process by which they were formed. If you have been using spirits, use them no more. Cease to taste them, to look at them, to think about them. Go not where they are. If they are around you, go away from them. If you think all this is not necessary; if you think it is not absolutely necessary that you should let them alone, it is an evidence that you are yet under the influence of the habit; and we fear you will go on deceiving yourselves, as others are deceived to your ruin.

The principle of habit assumes a fearful importance in our fallen state. It adds a mighty energy to evil.—Under the influence of grace, however, it becomes an instrument of good. When a man is led into the right way, when his mind, and conscience, and heart, habitually follow the leadings of the gospel, then will he find his course more and more pleasant, and his power of usefulness daily increasing. This law of his nature will be sanctified to advance and confirm him in the heavenly character.—*Due West Telescope.*

The look-out at Masthead.

The steamer Asia had a narrow escape on one of her summer trips, from a huge iceberg on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. Going at the rate of ten or twelve knots an hour, "she had just entered one of those heavy clouds which lie on the surface of the ocean, indicating the presence of a berg, when the look-out at the fore-topmast-head sung out at the top of his voice, 'Iceberg! hard a-starboard!'" Quick as thought the helm obeyed the warning, and the ship took a short sheer to port. Instantly the towering mountain of ice with its cloud-piercing turrets loomed in terrific grandeur over the ship's starboard bow. 'Meet her,' roared the captain, and port went the helm. The counter motion barely cleared the wheel-house and stern of the ship from the iceberg, and the danger was past. A united scream from the timid rung through the ship. The stout-hearted stood motionless and awe-stricken; and even the ship her-

self almost seemed to be sensible of the providence which saved her and her freight of living hundreds from destruction, for her motion ceased and she stood as if paralyzed by the fright. Had the eyes of the look-out been diverted a single moment, had he hesitated to give the alarm but for a minute, or had the ship been less obedient to her helm, nothing could have saved a soul on board, and the fate of the Asia would have been as profound a mystery as that of the President.

Few can read this thrilling account without emotion. What, under God, saved this noble steamer? The quick eye, the instant warning, the obedient helm. These were the instrumentalities of safety. And as we dwell upon the circumstances, the mind instinctively turns to those moral icebergs that are sweeping down the currents of society, clouding the atmosphere, and crushing many a noble spirit by their terrible might.

A young man is steaming on his way in prosperous business. Every thing looks safe. But has he a look-out at the fore-topmast-head? Clouds gather round. Danger is on his track. Hark! a voice from the masthead: "Useless expenses! failure! fraud! hard a-starboard!" Quick as thought does the young man obey the warning? As ruin looms in terrific grandeur over his starboard bow, does he make a short sheer to port?

A young man has left his early home, and with a strong and buoyant spirit, is dashing over the ocean of life. Sunshine is overhead. Favoring winds swell his sails. But has he a look-out at the mast-head? He enters the heavy clouds which sometimes lie on the bosom of life's troubled waters. Are they not tokens of hidden peril? Hark! a voice at the masthead: "Profligate companions! drinking, dissoluteness, death! hard a-starboard!" Quick as thought does the young man obey the warning? And as vice looms in terrific wildness over his starboard bow, does he make a short sheer to port?

A young man has embarked on life's sea freighted with eternal hopes. The word of God seems to be his chart, faith his compass, and the

obedient will at the helm. The prayers of pious friends go with him. God's people watch his course with grateful joy. The sun of righteousness seems to illumine his path by day, the Star of Bethlehem by night: all seems well with him. But has he a look-out at the masthead? There is a change in the spiritual atmosphere. A chill and cloud envelope his way. Unseen danger lurks on his track. Hark! the voice of warning: "Prayerless days, broken vows, profaned Sabbath's! hard a-starboard!" Quick as thought does he obey the warning? And as "lost character" looms in terrific boldness over his starboard bow, does he make a short sheer to port? If the eye is diverted, if there is hesitation in giving the alarm, if there is less obedience at the helm, nothing but a miracle of grace can save that soul from shipwrecked hopes and a lost eternity. Young men, have you a good look-out at your masthead?
Child's Paper. H. C. K.

From a report just made to the Secretary of the Treasury, it appears that from January 1 to June 15, 1854, there were sixty-four steamboat disasters, involving a loss of \$2,274,442 and five hundred and forty-eight lives. Of this number ten have been from collisions, with a loss of \$104,000 and twenty lives; eight of these were fitted up according to the law of 1852, and two of them not under the law. These cases are all supposed to have been from negligence and inattention. Eighteen boats have been destroyed by fire, with a loss of \$1,480,500, and one hundred and forty-one lives; these are all supposed to have been accidental except two. Much the larger number of accidents were produced by snags, there having been twenty-three boats thus lost, with a destruction of property to the amount of \$270,000. The San Francisco was foundered at sea with a loss of two hundred lives, and property to the amount of about \$300,000. Of explosions there have been eight. Two of the boats had been inspected according to the law of 1852; the loss of property was \$67,500, and in lives one hundred and twelve.

Extraordinary Ghost Story.

Most ghost stories are only foolish and laughable, but this one is certainly melancholy in the extreme.

Within the past year the people of a village in a western State became greatly excited by the alleged nightly appearance of a ghost in the village grave-yard. Few of them, indeed, had dared to see it; but some had; and they, without making too familiar with it, had seen it come and go, walk about, seat itself, &c; and the statements of those were too well authenticated to be disregarded. What the few saw the many believed; and the whole community soon became exercised upon the subject of this strange nightly visitation to the graves of the dead. Of course the ghost was in the usual grave clothes, in which, so far as we know, ghosts always appear; and it was entirely regular in its hours—always arriving among the tombs just at midnight, and leaving at near early dawn. It had often been seen to come and go, passing over fences in its course; but no one had learned whence it came or whither it went.

At length the matter from being the town talk became the town dread. Numerous individuals got excited, and superstitious ones grew melancholy and taciturn; people looked doubtfully at each other, as they passed, in twilight, and all contrived their journeying at that hour, so as not to approach the last resting place of their departed friends.

The growing dread at length became insufferable; and engaged all minds. There chanced to be in the village a youth of nineteen, from Western New York, whose domestic education had carefully excluded all faith in supernatural agencies, and who therefore looked only to natural causes for explanations of the events and occurrences of this life. This youth resolved to fathom the mystery of the grave-yard ghost. He found one associate; and the two after night-fall secreted themselves among the tombs to observe. Punctually as the hour of 12 drew nigh, the ghost which had caused so much dread was seen

approaching. The moon was shining brightly, and the white robed object was seen most distinctly. Overcoming two fences, this entered the grave-yard within actual reach of the youth who had set on foot the investigation, and, as the light fell fully upon the face of the ghost, he recognised the well-known features of an acquaintance, who was then in her early widowhood. Her husband had recently been buried there, and so dreadful had been the shock, that the reason of the wife had been dethroned by it, and she was now a wandering maniac. She saw not her observers, but seated herself, as she was wont, upon the grave of him she had loved but too fondly. The two then approached the unfortunate, and addressed her in kindness. She knew them not, but conversed freely with them, calling them angels, and craving protection. She was in her night clothes, and her wandering thus, through the agony she had suffered, and her nightly occupying this sad seat, had converted that poor mental wreck of humanity into a ghost. On this occasion she could not be induced to abandon her post, and of necessity she was left there to complete the hours of that night's pilgrimage. She is now in a Lunatic Asylum.—*Buffalo Commercial*.

Wonderful Geological Discovery,

A fossil frog has been discovered in the Wabash bottom, several feet below the surface, with half a dozen strata of mud above him, to the formation of which, according to well-established geological principles, a period of 6,000 years each, may be attributed. When this astounding ante-Adamite fossil was brought to light, all the live old frogs gathered around it, and exclaimed: "Pentateuch! Pentateuch! Og! Humbug! Echo! Abimelech! Balek! Amalek! Amalek!" and the young frogs, startled at the discovery, cried: "Gliddon, Gliddon! Nott and Nott! Aggasee!" It is thought that this frog is several years older than the skeleton of a man found near New Orleans some time ago.

Deaths in the Pacific.

At sea on board the *Bart. Gosnold*, 25th Sept., Mr. Jones, 1st officer, belonging to Tisbury, Mass.

At Honolulu, on the 17th instant, Rich. Butler, of consumption. Mr. B. arrived from California lately in the *Swiss Boy*. He was from Philadelphia, and left a will, making over his property to his sister residing in that city.

At sea, September 21st, Cap. Ed. T. Sherman, master of American whale ship *Coral*, while on her passage from the Ochotsk sea to Honolulu, in lat. $46^{\circ} 40'$, and long. $176^{\circ} W$. The deceased had been an invalid about four months having suffered severely from an attack of the palsy. His remains were buried at sea, about two weeks before the vessel arrived in port.

Oct. 5th Mr. David B. Caswell, 1st officer of the American whale ship *Mohawk*. He belonged to Nantucket.

Killed by a whale in August, 1853, Mr. Freeman R. Eldridge, of Falmouth, 1st officer of the bark *Awashonks*. After the boat was capsized, he was struck and so severely injured as to survive but two hours after being taken on board the ship. At the same time one of his boat's crew disappeared and was never seen again. His name was Barney Bonner, an Irishman who came out in the vessel. The remains of Mr. Eldridge were interred on the south side of Cape East. He leaves a wife and child to mourn his loss.

Oct. 9th 1852, on board the *Whale Ship Abigail*, John Hackee.

October 1852, on board the whale ship *Abigail*, John Sherman, a boat-steerer, belonging to Falmouth, Mass.

At sea, August 15th, 1853, on board ship *Harmony*, Captain Baker, belonging to New London, Ct. His remains were conveyed to Talcahuano, Chili, and buried on shore.

In the Ochotak Sea, on board ship *Enterprise*, Aug. 25th, Captain Henry Jernegan, aged 32 years. He belonged to Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard. He leaves a wife and child to mourn his loss.

At sea, on board ship *Electra*, Wm. Hinchman, belonging to New York. The deceased met his end by being taken down by the line.

On board the ship *Charles Carroll*, on 21st July, of consumption, Wm. Brown, aged about 22.

April 14th, at sea, on board whale-ship *Cowper*, Joseph Homer, a native of Fayal, killed by falling from aloft.

Oct. 22d, in the port of Lahaina, George Frazier, of Natick, 3d mate of ship *So. Boston*, fell overboard and was drowned.

Oct. 23d, of consumption, at the U. S. Hospital, Lahaina, Silas Stoddard, aged 18, of Palmyra, N. Y.

Oct 5th, at Lahaina, Mrs. Martha Manwaring, wife of Cap. John Manwaring of whaleship *Hellespont*.

Lahaina, Aug. 1st, 1854.

July 17th, at Lahaina, in the U. S. Hospital, George Arthur H. Gardinier, of Albany.

July 23, at the same place, James H. Roff, of Maryland.

July 28th, at the same place, John M. Johnson, of new Jersey. These three young sailors entered the hospital at about the same time, with the seeds of consumption in their frames, which made rapid and fatal progress. Mr. Gardinier had some time ago made profession of his faith by uniting with the 2d Baptist Church of Albany, and maintained a marked Christian character. The other two, since coming to the hospital, were mercifully guided to exercise repentance and faith in the Saviour. All three departed in peace and joyful hope, trusting in Him who is the "resurrection and the life."

"Lovely in their lives, in death they were not divided. S. E. B."

Contentment.

It happened once, in a hot summer's day, I was standing near a well, when a little bird flew down, seeking water. There was, indeed, a large trough near the well, but it was empty, and I grieved for a moment to think that the little creature must go away thirsty; but it settled upon the

edge of the trough, bent its little head forward, then raised it again, spread its wings and soared away singing; its thirst was appeased. I walked up to the trough, and there in the stone-work I saw a little hole about the size of a wren's egg. The water held there had been a source of revival and refreshment; it had found enough for the present and desired no more. This is contentment.

Again I stood by a lovely, sweet-smelling flower, and there came a bee humming and sucking; and it chose the flower for its field of sweets. But the flower had no honey. This I knew, for it had no necessity. What, then, thought I, will the bee do? It came buzzing out of the cup to take a further flight; but as it came up it spied the steamers full of golden farina, good for making wax, and it rolled its little legs against them till they looked like yellow hose, as the bee-keepers say; and then, thus heavily laden, flew away home. Then I said, "Thou comest seeking honey, and finding none hast been satisfied with wax and hast stored it for thy house that thy labor might not be in vain. Thou, likewise, shalt be to me a lesson of contentment."

The night is far spent—the dark night of trouble—that sometimes threatened to close around us, but the day is at hand, and even in the night there were stars, and I have looked on them, and been comforted; for as one set, I could always see another rise, and each was a lamp showing me somewhat of the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God.—*Parable from the German.*

The Lesson of a Plant.

The humblest flower that blooms in the valley contains secrets and mysteries which all the philosophers on earth could not understand or explain, were they to devote a century to its study. There is nothing that a man ever made, which may not be understood by any one of ordinary powers of mind, after a little study. The most curious combinations of machinery be-

come very simple, and their operations are all perfectly comprehended, after we have looked into them awhile. But it is not so with the works of God. Take, for instance, this little flower. You know its name and the genus to which it belongs. You can tell where it grew, and what kind of seed it sprang from, and what kind of soil and location it loves. You know its properties and how long it was in coming to maturity, and how long it remains in blossom. You may even subject it to the microscope and to chemical analysis, and be able to name its essential elements and method of structure. But you cannot push your investigations much further. You cannot explain how those bright and beautiful tints, those delicate and regularly shaped leaves, and this sweet fragrance, grew out of a handful of common earth. You cannot tell why the stock is of one color and the leaves of another, and the flowers pencilled and shaded with beautiful varied hues. You cannot explain those curious instincts of the plant, which are displayed in various degrees in different species, and which sometimes almost incline us to the belief that consciousness and intelligence are not restricted to the animal world.

But although we may never be able to perfectly understand the mysteries which are wrapped up in this little flower, we may derive important lessons of wisdom from it. If we will examine it with care and candor, it will teach us something about the greatness, the goodness, and the perfection of its Creator, which will be of great benefit to us. An incident in the life of the Count of Charney, affords a happy illustration in point. This French nobleman was possessed of education and fortune, but unfortunately was deficient in moral principle. He was fond of reasoning, but he confined himself to a "vicious circle" of argument, beginning in prejudice and unbelief, and ending in doubt and skepticism. Having become involved in a secret political movement in 1804, which was discovered by the police, he was confined in the Fenestrelle. While pacing the little court-yard connected with his cell, one spring morning, he espied a little blade of vegetation springing up

between two of the stones, which had scarcely yet escaped from the seed. It at once became an object of attention to the lonely man, and each day, as he witnessed its growth, and studied out the ingenious contrivance provided by nature for its protection from injury, the interest with which he regarded it increased. His hours of exercise were spent entirely by its side, watching its growth, and studying its changes; and often when confined in his cell, he continued to gaze on it through the window. The result was, his pride was humbled, his skeptical notions vanished, and new and before unknown emotions found a place in his breast. It became his instructor in wisdom, his solace in imprisonment, and finally was the means of procuring his release from confinement, by order of Napoleon, through a curious train of circumstances too extended for notice here. The original narrative of Count de Charney and his prison-flower, written in French, has enjoyed great popularity, and is considered a valuable auxiliary in the cause of religion and moral, as from its style it influences minds which would turn away from formal treatises of natural theology. And thus this little chance-flower has been the means of pouring truth and light into many minds, in addition to the blessings it conferred on the poor prisoner of Fenestrelle.

N. E. Farmer.

What the Sea gives up.

Thirteen years have rolled away with their joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, their anticipations and disappointment, their fruits and their ashes, since the happy throng that waved their adieus and shouted "good bye," from the decks of "that new and staunch steamer" the Erie, were borne away from our wharves, one bright Summer evening, to the joyous cheering of friends ashore, amid the flaunting of banners and accompanied by the best wishes of hundreds of spectators. Crowding her forward and lower decks were scores on scores of foreign people, freshly arrived from the densely inhabited countries of Europe, and bound for the broad

prairies of our fair land, to reaching which they now looked with hopes stimulated by a prosperous voyage thus far, and a cheerful reliance upon the good ship beneath them, and her experienced crew.

As they stood there, the young, the aged, the parent and child, sexes and conditions all mingled in the pursuit of the one object, the seeking a new home among strangers, in a clime of which they knew absolutely nothing those ill-fated emigrants thought little of the perils of the deep, nor conjured up any visions of the alternative so soon to be presented to their bewildered minds, of a death by the demon of fire, or a quieter grave beneath the waters of the lake that looked so placid and so innocent of danger. Thus she went off with banners streaming, cheers resounding, music playing, and majestically plowed the bosom of her adopted element, the peerless and unrivalled craft that was to bear the palm from all contestants. There were some who came to the wharf too late, and these were greeted by derisive shouts from those on board, and many a contemptuous laugh. But later at night, there came the awful rumor of a ship on fire and burning at sea, and those who watched the great globe of fire, and saw it rise and fall upon the swells, knew it for a beacon of death and woe, and went shudderingly to their couches to await the morning, with its full revelations of disaster.

Thirteen years have passed since then, and many another calamity has obscured, with its dark story, the details of that dreadful night. For thirteen years the ashes of the Erie's dead have been washed by the surges that boomed their requiem upon the lonely beach, and tossed the bones of the victims, and the treasure that went down with them and the sand and shells of the deep in one confused heap.

But once more the light of day shines in upon the secrets that the sea has so long kept, and the ocean renders up its charge, at the behest of men who claim the hidden treasures. As of old the savage nations consecrated a great enterprise by the sacri-

fice of living beings, so this exploration of the watery sepulchre has been accompanied by new deaths, and the darker, final secret, is shared by those who would have learned the lesser ones. But long and difficult labor has accomplished the task of the searchers, and their zeal has been rewarded.

By the courtesy of Messrs. Mann, Vail & Co., and the gentlemen in their office, we were yesterday shown the result of the enterprise, as far as they have been revealed, and a melancholy story they tell. The coin which has been obtained from the wreck, is partly American and partly French. Some \$1,200 in bright American Eagles and lesser pieces, was deposited in the Hollister Bank, and about the same amount in gold, which has been burnt and discolored but without loss of value, completes the tale of perfect coins rescued, thus far. By far the greater amount of treasure is probably contained in the unshapen masses of metal, which have been taken from the mud and ashes in the bottom of the hull. These present the appearance of having been melted and dropped in the water, and are of gold and silver, in some cases perhaps, with the baser metals mingled with them, and only by their great weight revealing their intrinsic worth.—Rouleaux of five franc pieces, which having been slightly tipped from the perpendicular, are soldered together by fusion, and in one case we noticed a gold piece with a single link of a lady's watch-guard adhering to its edge, as if placed there to suspend the coin. Two pork barrels are filled with this confused and agglomerated material, much of it in bits like shot, and weighing, altogether, some 1600 pounds. Beside this, there are many pounds weight of coin partly melted, and clinging together very curiously. At a rough estimate, if the metal proves only silver, we should say that \$20,000 of treasure has been recovered, which with the avails of the machinery, iron &c., will make a handsome return for the outlay.

Our article is already so extended, that we have room only to advert to the other valuables that have been brought to light, and which, even more than the money, seem to carry the

mind by association, back to the owners of it all. The household goods, the little familiar articles of property that so directly point to home and its joys, and tell the tale of sorrow so plainly, watches, with the hands pointing to the hour when they stopped for ever, knives, even the little pipes that were in the pockets of the dead, all act as silent historians and remembrances of the awful event, and seem by their familiar look, to take us back, at once, to the day and moment when those who used them were hurried from life into a death as horrible as unlooked for.
Buff. Democ.

“My Last Spree.”

Old Berkshire, in Massachusetts is experiencing the blessed effects of law suppressing the rum-traffic. Among the reformed is one who is now a staunch total-abstinence man, who tells, through a correspondent in the “Troy Daily Times,” the story of his last spree.

“I once got a little change together and started off on a regular bender. I bought a small keg with a bung-hole in the middle of it, so it would be handy to drink from, and had it filled with rum. After taking a few good swigs, I hid it in a cooper shop, under some shavings, and started for town. Falling in with acquaintances, we all got gloriously drunk, and the spare change of the party was soon all gone, and before long we began to feel miserably dry again; but money and credit were both gone. Fuddled as we all were we started for the cooper-shop. Arriving there, after having travelled over much surplus ground I got hold of what I supposed the keg of rum, but the bung wouldn't come out. Each one of us tugged and pulled, dug, *chewed* at it, but all in vain. We separated in despair. I carried it home for a *sober* trial; and what do you think it was? Why, it was the *head of an old wooden beetle*, with just enough of the handle left to stick in its place. My rum keg was still in the shavings, and there I let it stay. That was my last spree.”

Reward the Meritorious.

It will encourage others to emulate their example, and aid in forming a healthful public sentiment on the subject of putting important trusts into the hands of trustworthy men. Yes, let merit, whether on the part of the master, officer, or sailor, be duly recognized and properly recorded; and let the means and motives to make all seamen meritorious be vigorously applied, and, with a Divine blessing the men more trusted than any other class may be in the same proportion honored and respected.

TESTIMONIAL TO CAPTAIN FITCH AND OTHERS.

The Committee appointed at the Merchants' Exchange, in May last, held their final meeting on Thursday—P. Perit, Esq., in the Chair, and Arthur Leary, Esq., Secretary. The following awards to the captains, officers, and others who have lately distinguished themselves by their noble exertions in preserving life at sea, were then resolved upon:

Steamship Washington.

Captain Fitch, \$750 and an appropriate Gold Medal.

Mr. King, Chief Officer, whose conduct on the occasion of the rescue of near 400 lives from the wreck of the *Winchester* was deserving of the highest praise, \$500 and a Gold Medal.

Second and Third Officers, each \$100 and Silver Medals.

To each of the four men composing the crew of the first boat to the wreck, \$50.

Ship Currituck.

Captain Foster, \$500 and Gold Medal.

First Officer, \$100 and Silver Medal.

Second Officer, \$50 and Silver Medal.

Ship Dirigo.

Captain Young, \$350 and Gold Medal.

First Officer, \$100 and Silver Medal.

Second Officer, \$50 and Silver Medal.

Ship Monmouth.

Captain Ludlow, \$250.

British Brig Caroline.

Gold Medal to Captain of brig *Caroline*.

Brig Good Intent.

Gold Medal to Captain of brig *Good Intent*.

Messrs. P. Perit, Richard Bell, Royal Phelps, and Arthur Leary, were appointed a Committee to carry out the above resolutions.

Feather Pillows as Life Preservers.

A Word on Saving Lives at Sea—The great sacrifice of life attendant upon the loss of the ill-fated *Arctic* brings to mind a circumstance that occurred many years since, and that may be of benefit to all 'who go down to the sea in ships.' It was as follows: A friend of mine being about to embark on a sea voyage of great hazard, requested me to give him a letter of advice, to be followed in case of disaster. I gave him a letter, and therein stated that the only real and unavoidable accidents attending a life upon the ocean where the running afoul of vessels at sea in dark nights and during dense fogs. To obviate the former the use of lights may, to a certain extent, diminish the danger, and as a safeguard in fogs, resort must be had to the tolling of the ship's bell or the continuous firing of guns; but after all these precautions, there is still a great danger from collisions. Hence it is necessary that every individual, and most especially passengers, should be informed of the best means of saving themselves in those trying times, when each person is thrown upon his own resources.

It was to put my friend on his guard that I directed him to bear in mind the all-important fact that a feather pillow has a buoyant power fully equal to half a dozen of the best life preservers ever invented, and that a common mattress would make a raft amply sufficient to float himself and trunk. I charged him, in case of

being wrecked upon a lee shore, to lay his blankets down upon the deck, place his mattress upon it, then tie up his trunk in the same, throw them overboard, and, with his pillow secured around his body, jump after them.

It so turned out that in the course of his voyage he was wrecked upon a lee shore, and following my directions, by the force of the wind and waves he was driven safe on shore, when he landed and saved all his clothes, together with several thousand dollars in specie, which were in his trunk. He was the only one on board that got safe to land with anything more than the scanty clothing in which they stood.

In conclusion, I have only to say that if persons on ship board would recollect that the pillows and beds upon which they sleep are the best and most reliable kind of life preservers, there would be a great saving of human lives in cases of collisions and other casualties at sea.

Par Value with an Indiana Thief.

This amusing anecdote, appears to have been furnished the editor of the *Knickerbocker*, by an Indiana correspondent, who says:—

While I am writing to you I feel impelled to relate an incident that occurred in the court of an adjoining county not long since. I must premise that the laws of this State prescribe that in the trial of all indictments for larceny, the jury are obliged, if they find the defendant guilty, to estimate the value of the property stolen; when, if the amount is five dollars or over, the penalty is imprisonment in the State penitentiary; if under five dollars, the culprit is only confined in the county jail. A fellow was under trial for stealing a five dollar note of the State Bank of Indiana; and his counsel, finding an acquittal hopeless, called several brokers to testify that the note was at a discount of one per cent. for specie, which testimony the prosecuting attorney rebutted by calling several business men, who testified that they

were always in the habit of receiving and paying such notes at five dollars. In summing up and giving the case to the jury, the prosecutor, a man of but little cultivation but considerable shrewdness, told the jury that this defendant was "the meanest man he ever saw. Why, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "I have practiced in the courts of this State twelve years, and have prosecuted criminals guilty of all sorts of crimes and meaneesses, but I never before found a rascal so all-fired mean that he wouldn't be willing to steal Indiana money at par!"

Wave Motion.

The sea had drilled its riotous forces into massive phalanxes and orderly squadrons. In place of the rabble of breakers, billowy battalions were charging the shore. What power, what majesty of motion, what vast beauty of curve and curl! Watch those rolling undulations in the distance. What joy of expectation! See them heave nearer,—the liquid valleys deepening, the slopes darkening as they approach,—the forward line pushed on till it mounts for its final blow, whitens on the ridge, shakes its lifted, threatening edge, bends and flings itself with deliberate fury upon the smothered, groaning shore. The gurgling foam is caught, as it retreats, by the next line, which rides up in greater pomp;—just as it curls, a fresh puff of the land breeze lets loose a mane of mist from its long array, and like ten thousand horses and horsemen with streaming hair, it rushes with impetuous roar far up the granite ramparts. We can't keep our hats on while the third rank frowns behind it, we swing them with wild delight, to see it gather, and rise, and knit its forces into a threatening column, a quarter of a mile in length; and then we scream impotent cheers as it tumbles its serried thunder, and hurls a mass of briny and bracing fragrance into the air. We exclaimed that it was wrong to have such a sublime exhibition for nothing; and my friend, with enthusiastic waggy, proposed to throw his note for a hundred dollars, at sixty days, into the surf.

How can the splendors of wave-motion that are played off before us be described? Doubtless it is possible. A Turner in rhetoric could do it, as well as a Stanfield or a Turner in color. I have no doubt the English language has words which can be so artistically ordered by a master, as to represent the curious surges that sweep in pyramids up those small rocky coves. They do not bend at the top, and pour out their foam in a crecent cataract. They move up with a vast base, and as they near the shore, the creamy surf rolls over the top, or breaks from the side, as from a liquid volcano venting its fleecy lava, and flows down the blue advancing slope, till the rocks break the whole mass into whiteness. On another spot, the billows try their skill at architecture. A whole line curls up gradually in exquisite scrolls, such as only gusty snow storms can rival; they counterfeit fantastic volutes of capitals: they suggest, in the pale dancing green of their crests and the springing spray, a thousand graces of ornament, which Corinthian columns have never upheld in marble.

But it is images of battle, pictures of forming squadrons, chivalrous combat, and gallant assault, that keep uppermost in the mind. Sometimes, as they come careering on in jorous strength, with flashing plumes, the crowning part of the column, its knightly leader to the attack, would be arrested by a sunken rock, and we would see him reel a moment, and then rise as in his stirrups, and deal a more savage blow at his granite enemy. It is a battle, a war of ages,—this contest of the billows and the shore. A drawn battle, too, between the passion of the one and the patience of the other. All that the waters wash from the ledges that resist them, displaces its own waves. If the rocks see the surges retreat before them on one shore, the sea is gaining on another coast. A continent sinks in the Pacific, while the valley of the Mississippi is lifted above the sea and drained.—*Transcript.*

A man seldom has much leisure, if he is much inclined to use it.

Think of the Poor.

How much of true religion is connected with the poor? Christ seems to have taken them under his special care. His Gospel was preached to the poor: and this was one of the signs which he sent to John the Baptist, in prison. With his own blessed hands he fed the poor by a creative act, having compassion on them when they fainted. His miracles, we have reason to think, were in a majority of instances wrought upon the poor; and "the common people heard him gladly." The apostles at Jerusalem were anxious that Paul should "remember the poor," which he assures us, he was himself forward to do. —(Gal. ii. 10.) And when Christ shall sit on his throne of judgment, he will make inquisition concerning all we have done, or failed to do, in regard to the hungry, the naked, the stranger, the prisoner, and the sick, and will regard us as having done, or failed to do, all this to himself.

There are powerful motives to make us think of the poor. When it is well with us, we should remember them. When we hear the storm beating upon our habitation, and yet are secure, sheltered, fed, warmed, sitting over our books or among our children, we should think of the poor. When God has sent us some large or unexpected gains, we should think of the poor. If at any time, for a short period, we are made to experience cold, or pinching want, or hunger, or repulses from the proud, let us consider it an occasion for sympathising with thousands who are suffering something of this all their lives long.

Reader, have you made this a part of your religion, or divine service, as the word means, "to visit the fatherless and widows?"—(James i. 27.) Or is this part of your Christian character still defective.

Maine Steady.

Hear this, ye unbelievers in the efficacy and value of a Maine Law:

The report of the overseers of the House of Correction, in Portland, to the County Commissioners, is official evidence to the salutary operation of

the Maine Law, and to the good effects of closing rum shops.

"For the year ending June, 1853, we felt much encouraged when we were enabled to report that there had been but forty-nine commitments for the year, or less than one a week. But how much more pleasure it gives us, you may judge, and will undoubtedly participate in, as all human hearts will, to state that the commitments for the year ending with June, 1854, are but nineteen! a diminution of thirty. And, better still, that for the last six months there have been but seven. This is certainly a most cheering account.

"With but one exception these were sentenced to the house for that devastating sin, drunkenness. Remove that evil from our midst and the cells would be solitary. It seems by the comparison of the two years, to be fast diminishing. We trust another year may present a purer docket."

Steam Boat Disasters.

The following statement of steam boat disasters on the Western waters is condensed from the *St. Louis Republican*: In January there were as many accidents as there are days in the month. Eighteen steamers were lost, and twelve injured more or less. The destruction of property, including boat and cargo, involved a loss of upwards of a half million of dollars. Nineteen persons lost their lives. In February twelve steamers and four barges were destroyed—total loss amounting to \$1,000,000. About eighty lives were lost. In March twelve steamers were lost, valued with their cargoes at \$250,000. One hundred and twenty persons perished. During the three succeeding months we have twenty-eight steamers reported as being totally destroyed, the value of which with the cargoes is estimated at half a million. About thirty lives were lost. So that for the last six months there were 70 steamers sunk, or destroyed by fire, besides upwards of 150 barges, coal boats, &c., valued at \$2,000,000. The loss of life is estimated at 250 souls, though in many instances the exact number lost by these accidents are unattainable.

Boys for the Sea.

Chicago, Ill., October 13th, 1854.

Dear Sir—

I am anxious to make some inquiries relative to procuring a place on board ship for a lad about 14 years of age. The lad in question has recently lost his Father—a lawyer of eminence—and never quite manageable, has now become ungovernable. His Mother has placed him in school, but she learns from a recent letter that he will probably be expelled. The sea is the only resource left, and if a place could be found for him with a pious Captain and crew it might be his salvation. Could such a situation be found—and how, and when? If you could give me any information upon this subject and put me in the way of finding a good place for him should he be expelled from school, you would confer a great favor upon me, and his mother would be glad to remunerate you or your employees for any trouble taken to find such a place.

Very truly yours,

Such is a specimen of letters frequently received, asking our advice and services in obtaining berths for boys on the sea. The boys are of every grade of character from the best to the worst; and often at an age, and in circumstances, when they are balancing between a course of respectability and usefulness, and one of infamy and ruin. One has a passion for the sea; hence he wants to ride its waves. Another has a roving disposition, and wishes to gratify it by treading on foreign shores. Another is puny, and seeks the sea for a brawny arm, and a breast like a jolly-boat. Another is ungovernable at home, and needs the steel reins of a sea-discipline. Another is too vicious to live in decent society, and is urged to sea with the hope that a change of skies and circumstances will improve his habits. Another fears and loves the Maker of the sea and the dry land.

He goes to sea because the pathway of duty leads in that direction.

Some of these youth have parents, and all of them friends to take an interest in their welfare; not one of whom would put the lad under the control or influence of a cursing Captain, swearing mate, or profane crew. No—though some of them may take God's name in vain themselves—they cannot bear the thought that their boy should be brought up a blaspheming wretch.

Hence the compliments they pay to Christianity in almost invariably asking for a *pious* captain, for *Christian* officers, for a *good* crew. They know that the safest ship in a storm is one that has Christ on board; and that He has promised to be where two or three meet in his name. They know there is *efficacy* in prayer; and that when offered believingly in behalf of the ship's company both on board and on shore, it is a cable of superhuman strength to draw them into the desired heaven.

We are glad to find this sentiment so general and so deep; that an interest so rational and scriptural is felt for the young wanderers on the ocean; that those, even who will not tread the narrow way themselves are desirous their boys should walk therein.

Moreover it is no less our duty than our pleasure to do all we can for them. We love to keep an eye on the exemplary and the excellent masters and officers on the sea, and commend to their guardianship the young; and when the boy who has done well under their training returns from the sea we are always gladdened with the mutual joy of the lad and his friends. How could we feel otherwise when we have seen the mother weep, and the father's eye moisten on the return of their dutiful and manly boy!

But while we *do* and *feel* this; and and while we are using every means in our power to make the masters, officers and sailors, *such* as they are glad to have these youths sail with, we earnestly submit to them the question of *their responsibility* in the work. You want good captains and officers to command and to influence by example; and good sailors for fore-castle and shore companions? Then aid in furnishing them with the gospel—the divinely appointed means of making them good:—

"The only balm whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature man."

You want the sea-faring youth saved? Then show your sincerity by furnishing them with the means of salvation.

You would meet them in a world where there shall be no more sea? Then *sow your seed in the morning, and in the evening withhold not thy hand. Cast thy bread upon the waters.* MEET YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES in this matter and you may reasonably expect, e'er long to sing the new song with the redeemed from the sea.

P. S.—Among those who call at our office is the master of one of the best ships sailing out of New York. Exemplary in his moral habits, intelligent and energetic in seamanship, able both in the government of himself and others, he is an ornament and honor to his profession. When about sixteen years of age his mother came to our office to intercede in his behalf. We succeeded in getting him a berth as cabin-boy in the "Brooklyn," under the command of Capt. Edward Richardson. Among the many elevated by him the Captain now greets his cabin-boy with parental pride, and rejoices to see in him so many elements of a noble man.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

The Lessons of God's Providence.

Extracts from a discourse on the loss of the Arctic, delivered in the second Baptist Church, New London, Ct., by the pastor, Rev. O. T. Walker, Sabbath evening, Nov. 5th, 1854, kindly furnished for the Magazine at our request.

While painful doubt and uncertainty hangs over other missing ones of that ill-fated steamer, our readers will not tire with recitals of the sad and mournful scenes on and around the sinking Arctic.

"God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not." Job. 35: 14.

God speaks in these passing events, in a voice too plain to be misunderstood. In the numerous disasters on the sea, in the pestilence that walketh at noon-day, and in the numerous casualties every day falling upon us. Jehovah speaks in the voice of nature, in the changing seasons. Summer has its language, Autumn its painful lesson. In the falling leaf, the withered flower, the passing gale the voice of God is heard.

The words *accident, chance, or fortune*, are words almost without meaning, only as names for the unknown and mysterious providences of God. For nothing comes to pass causelessly or by chance, or in vain. The chaos of human affairs, in which we can see no light, is all clear to

him. In the devastating cholera, or the destroying flood, we cannot always see the end. But he who sitteth on the flood, who maketh the clouds his chariot, and goes out on the wings of the wind, maketh the hail, the rain and the fire and the flood obey his word. There goes out from the secret pavilion of the Almighty, that controlling influence, which subjects in the heavens above and the earth beneath all things to himself. But this is not always regarded. God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. He repeateth the lesson of his providence, and adds line upon line, precept upon precept, still man shuts his eyes, and closes the avenues to his heart.

Though some days have passed since the Arctic went down into the deep sea, to have no resurrection, it is not too late to review the scenes which then occurred, and apply the lesson which that sad event teaches.

The noble ship Arctic sailed from Liverpool on Wednesday, Sept. 30th, at eleven o'clock, with 240 passengers, 140 officers and crew, making the whole number 380. The Arctic was considered the perfection of science, skill and industry; the proudest of all the proud steamers that ever floated on the ocean. She was fitted up in the most costly manner, no pains being spared to render her the most attractive of all ocean steamers. She had been tried in the most fearful storms, and proved herself worthy of the trust reposed in her. So far as hu-

man sagacity could foresee, she was safe from fire and flood. She was commanded by a gentleman of known ability, of tried worth, courteous in his manners, and respected by all who knew him; to him was committed the care of the ship, the lives and property of the passengers, and nobly did he stand by them to the last.

The last voyage of the Arctic was most happily commenced. It bid fair to win fresh laurels for navigation, and new fame for her enterprising owners and accomplished commander.

They have lost sight of the last hill top in the old dominion; they are flying past the sterile shores of Newfoundland, and already begin to converse as being near home, sweet home. Some had been a long time away. Friends long separated were to meet. Children expected soon to welcome home father and mother; wives to greet their husbands, and husbands their wives. Toils, privations, suffering and hardships all vanish in the tender welcome home. Some had journeyed away from home in pursuit of health in more genial climes. Sunny Italy had been visited, and France, Germany, and Spain travelled over. Some had travelled for pleasure, and a few for wealth. But a land dearer to them than all the world beside, they are fast nearing—their hearts beat quicker, and their countenances grow brighter as they near the land which gave them birth. Never was there congregated on board one ship more of beauty and of loveliness—young men and maidens of great intellectual attainments were there. The gay and fashionable were there. The man of science and letters was there. The rich and poor were there also. Each with joyous heart ever and anon looking towards the happy shores of their loved New England homes.

One calm day as they were gliding swiftly on they were at times enveloped in midst so thick that it shut out the noon-day sun, and wholly obscured every surrounding object.

Enveloped in this dark curtain there came a stranger, like a phantom on the deep—suddenly emerging

from this embankment, she shot under the bows of the noble Arctic, inflicting on her a deadly wound. For a brief moment or two they fancy the blow had recoiled on the stranger's head leaving them unharmed.

But they soon learn that the water is rushing in torrents upon them, and fast rising in the hold of the ship. Her bow is turned towards the shore and every effort made to gain the land. But all is vain. The fires are extinguished. The engineers flee. Consternation seizes them and they madly rush into the boats, desert the ship, and all on board are left to perish. A few faithful ones stand by the commander, and eagerly obey his orders. They do what they can to form a raft and save the lives of those ready to perish. Yes, the names of Dorian, the third mate, who worked and conducted most nobly throughout; of young Holland also, who fired the signal gun until the ship went down; of Anna Donner, the stewards, who declared she would work at the pumps until her arms dropped off—these are the names that will live when others are lost in utter forgetfulness.

Though a few brave ones are there, they cannot save the ship. She must sink, and, O! God, what a sight! only a few hours before so full of life and pleasure and joy, now going down into the silent chambers of the sea—child clings to the parent—the husband to the wife—scalding tears run down from manly faces—heart rending thoughts, of the loved and absent, flit across their minds—life's history rushes through the memory—one look on home, one kiss more from the loved and absent would seem to assuage their grief. But no such word can be spoken. One thing only remains—that is the everlasting God, the creator of the heavens and the earth. Blessed was that man or woman, who, when the pride of the ocean was about to fall them, could look beyond the sea, and say, I know that my Redeemer liveth.

The awful moment has come—the great ship struggles, poises a moment and sinks to rise no more. In the language of another, "Down, down

in the abyss she sinks, and the yawning waters close as the shrieks to heaven rise, and hundreds of human beings, full of health, descend into the unfathomable depths that nothing can pierce but the shrill notes of the resurrection trumpet." There in one common coffin in the vast cemetery of the ocean, where human eye shall never see them more. Oh! the eternity of agony concentrated in that awful moment, when instant death met all those happy home-bound souls.

But the sea must give up its dead. Mrs. Hemans has beautifully expressed the idea in the following language.

High hearts and brave are gathered to the bottom of the ocean,
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy sea,
Give back the true and brave.
Give back the lost and lovely; those for whom
The place was kept at board and heart so long.
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning midst fatal song,
Hold fast thy buried Isles, thy towers o'er
throwa.

But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman has gone down,
O'er dark flow the tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright looks and beauty's flowing crown;

Yet, thou must hear a voice; restore the dead.

Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee,

Restore the dead, then sea.

If time would allow I would mention many things said or done in that fearful hour. I will only refer to one or two. One man had lately come into possession of immense wealth, which he had inherited from rich ancestors, and was on his way back to America. When the ship had sunk and he rose to the surface, seeing some one from the boat or raft, he offered thirty thousand pounds to save him; they made an attempt but before they could reach him he sunk to rise no more.

A Mr. Comstock, brother to Capt. Comstock of the Baltic, struck out for one of the boats and inquired if there was room for him; when told there was not, he lifted up his hands and exclaimed, "tell my wife and children I'm gone," and sunk in to the deep, deep sea.

The younger Collins met his fate

like a hero. His youthful and beautiful sister, who is represented as the idol of her father's heart, met her fate with the greatest composure.

Summoning up the loss of life in this sad accident, so far as known, the account stands thus; on board the Arctic 240 passengers, and 140 officers and crew; making a total of 380 souls. Of these 87 have been saved; of whom 65 were attaches of the steamer, and 22 only were passengers; and among them not one of the 61 women or 19 children known to have been on board. There are, consequently, missing 293 persons; of whom 208 were passengers, and 85 attaches of the ship. To these must be added 12 of the crew of the Vesta which was in collision with the Arctic.

O! how true is our text, God speaketh once, yea twice, but man perceiveth it not.

He spoke loudly in the first years of ocean steam navigation, in the loss of the President, which, I think, never was heard from. A timely warning, a check to avarice, ambition and pride; was that voice heard? No—where is the steamship Glasgow, with her thousands of treasure, and hundreds of human lives? not one trace of her has, to my knowledge, been seen, not one solitary soul has escaped to tell the tale. The San Francisco rests some where deep down in the vault of the sea. The Humbolt and steamship Philadelphia, and the Franklin, each have been overtaken by accident, and made their last voyages. God speaketh again and again, yet man perceiveth it not.

During the last twelve months, from the United States alone, over 600 vessels, have been lost, and probably twice that number from all parts of the world. Fifty vessels have not been heard from. Add to this the British ship Regent, with 400 souls, all lost in the Bay of Bengal. Nearly thirty millions of property has been destroyed and hundreds of valuable lives. Does not this speak? Is not the voice of God in it? It speaks to the worldly avaricious man. It speaks to the reckless and daring.

It speaks to us, and a voice seems to say, there is sorrow on the sea. O! why will not men pause and bow to the decrees of divine Providence? why not check their ruthless growing ambition; their cravings for wealth, their greedy desire to get gain?

We need to pause in our pursuit of pleasure or of riches—we need a preparation to meet our fate and die like Christian men and women—we need a never failing portion, a hope, like an anchor to the soul—we need an every day preparation to meet our God. The reason is obvious, death will continue his steady work, and no mistake. There will continue to be accidents, by sea and land. Hundreds are yet to pass into the eternal world without a moment's warning. How soon shall we hear of some collision at sea, or on the land. The blowing up of some building, the bursting of some steam boiler, or the fire, with uncontrollable away, shall sweep over our city or our neighbors city, how soon. God only knows.

Cold winter is stretching forth his icy arms, and will soon clasp in icy bands, stronger than iron, the whole northern hemisphere. And what scenes of storm, sorrow, suffering and death must follow.

There have passed from our homes to the home of the redeemed, many of whom we have pleasing hope. They have gone with spirits bright to the land of rest. True we have wept their departure and mourned their absence. But then there came home to our hearts the blessed assurance that, though gone they are not lost, though absent from us they are present with the Lord. God has taken them to himself.

It has been intimated in this discourse, that a day is coming when the sea shall give up its dead. I bless God for the promise of such a day. A day when the parted of earth shall meet, never to part again.

O! talk to me of heaven! I love
To hear about my home above;
For there doth many a loved one dwell
In light and joy infallible.
O, tell me, how they shine and sing,
While every harp rings echoing,
And every glad and tearless eye
Besma like the bright sun, gloriously
Tell me of that victorious palm,

Each hand in glory beareth;
Tell me of that celestial calm,
Each face in glory weareth.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

A Father's Acknowledgment of Kindness on the Sea.

MR. EDITOR,

To us who live on the land and enjoy our peaceful homes, the hardships and dangers of the sea are appalling. We are educated to hope that our sons, whom we have trained with care for other pursuits, will be spared from the perils of morals and of life to which a sailor is exposed. None but a parent, thus educated, can know the feelings of a parent's heart, when his son, in the buoyancy of his youth, turns away from the inviting prospects of usefulness and happiness on shore, and deliberately commits himself, for life, to those toils and dangers. Many and deep-toned are the agonies with which the choice is yielded to, and the boy is committed to Him, whose care is equally over the sea and the dry land, to keep and to save.

This trial, as you know, has been my own; and now, after seven months of anxious waiting, I am more than thankful to be reminded that there is kindness on the sea, in Sabbath-keeping ships, even for those who work before the mast. My son was received on board the ship *Hope*, Capt. N. Briggs, who sailed from New York Feb. 17th and arrived at San Francisco Aug. 17th, just six months from the day of sailing, and without touching at any intermediate port. The captain's excellent wife was on board, and other domestic arrangements were in accordance with their christian profession.

I give you below, at your request, some extracts from my son's first letter. Other fathers, who have boys toiling on the ocean, may be encouraged by those glad tidings from the good ship "*Hope*," to *hope* on for their sons, and see to it that their homes on the deep shall be Bethels, houses of worship and of prayer.

"SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Aug. 26.

"DEAR FATHER,

"I was struck with the appearance of this city, on a hill, and surprised at the manner in which it is built up. It appears almost as large as Brooklyn and is closely settled. Many fine brick buildings grace the city, and more are in progress of erection. The harbor is as fine as any in the world, far surpassing our noble Bay of New York in size and beauty. As you approach from the sea the vast range of mountains piled upon one another presents a most imposing view, and one feels almost repaid for six months of toil and hardship, at the prospect of so soon placing his foot upon 'terra firma.' But, more than all, the prospect of hearing from his home and loved ones, he has left so far away, fills him with an impatience unknown during the whole of this long and weary voyage. And then the joy that fills his heart as, breaking seal after seal he finds nothing but glad tidings and words of affection. Oh! it passes all description. All this impatience and all this joy I have felt in opening and reading my home letters.

"I was on the fore-topsail yard when the letters were brought on board, and acted over the part William is said to have performed, when 'Black eyed Susan' came on board—

'Soon as her welcome voice he heard,
The cords glide swiftly through his willing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

I assure you Mr. William must have been a very spry young man if the cords glided any more swiftly through his hands than through mine. And now for life on ship board.

"Captain Briggs and lady have been very kind, and our treatment at the hands of the officers has been mild and judicious, and such as has won our respect and affection. Our voyage has not been without its many trials, but only such as are incident to any long voyage. The Sabbath has been regarded on board, and we have been well provided for and taken care of. Despite all the vicissitudes everything has been done by the officers that could be to make us comfortable."

NOTE BY THE EDITORS.

The above ship had a crew of ten men and as many boys—all under the best discipline and moral influence. The men, on arriving at San Francisco, from a foolish desire of change common among seamen, left the ship; but the boys remained, and are now her main reliance. We marked them when they sailed as a fine intelligent set of fellows as ever pulled a rope; and we rejoice to hear that they promise to meet all our expectations.

All honor to the owners and captain of the "Hope" for thus doing their part to increase the number of able good seamen.

Disasters.

Ship Great Britain, ashore at Cape Sable, is expected to prove a total loss; crew saved.

Schr. Kennebec, of and from Bath for Virginia, in ballast, was fallen in with 24th Aug., Cape Elizabeth bearing N. W. by N., distant about 50 miles, by schr. Olive, Hunt, at Providence from Eastport. The K. was in a sinking condition, having sprung a leak during a heavy gale on the 24th. After much difficulty, it blowing heavy with a high sea, succeeded in taking from the wreck the captain and crew, saving nothing but what they stood in, and landed them at Gloucester on 27th.

Br. ship John Francis, Hunsbrey, from Quebec 12th Aug., for Liverpool, was abandoned at sea on the 25th. The crew were taken off the wreck by the bark Repeater, and carried to Quebec.

Brig Joann Tyler, at Bucksville, S. C., bound for Frankfort, Me., in attempting to go to sea 14th Aug., got becalmed on the Bar, let go her anchors, parted chains and went ashore, vessel filled with water and abandoned.

A heavy N. E. gale occurred at St Pierre, Miq., noon of 23d Aug. The Fr. brig St. Jacques parted three

chains and went on shore, where she became a total loss.

Br. ship *Mary Caroline*, of Liverpool, abandoned, all her spars standing and apparently in good order, was passed Aug. 10th, by ship *Bostonian*, King, at Boston from Liverpool.

Whale ship *Sally Anne*, (of New Bedford,) Hathaway, was totally lost at Vayao, one of the Friendly Islands, on the 2d of April last, having been carried upon a reef (not laid down in the chart) by a current.

Schr. John Randolph, Graham, from Charleston for Baltimore, went ashore North of the Wash Woods, on the 29th Aug. The vessel will prove a total loss.

Schr. Nicholas Biddle, Sprague, from Stamford, Conn., for York River, Va., went ashore at Long Branch near the wreck of ship *Chauncey Jerome, Jr.*, 23d, and will prove a total loss.

Ship *Ariosto*, Balch, from Sumatra, of and for Boston, was lost on the 31st of July last, off the East coast of Africa. The officers and crew saved.

Brig *Horace Greeley*, Smith, from Georgetown, S. C., for Philadelphia, as was supposed, proves to be the vessel before reported ashore at Waccanaw Beach, S. C. She was capsized during the gale of 9th Sept., and drifted on Pauley's Island, about 20 miles N. of Georgetown, 12th September, bottom up. All hands were lost.

Brig *Choctaw*, from Rockland for Galveston, wrecked on the coast of Texas, arrived off Galveston 16th Sept., during a gale, but was unable to get a pilot, and hauled off, but all her sails being blown away, she came to in six fathoms water both anchors down. Her cables parted, and she went ashore 16 miles below Brazos river, where her keel was knocked out, and her lime took fire. Some of her spars and sails were saved, with which the crew rigged a tent on shore to protect themselves from the storm.

Br. bark *Louisa*, arrived at Grand Turk, Turk's Islands, Sept. 17th, to

take in a cargo of salt for New York. After being in port loaded, appearances of a storm induced the pilot to get under weigh and endeavour to run into Hawk's Nest Harbor. In doing this she got on a reef near the entrance, and soon became a total wreck.

Br. brig *Waterloo*, at this port from St. Domingo City, reports: *Barque Kesia*, of and for Boston, Captain Howes, having obtained part of a cargo on the coast, and while coming into St. Domingo to finish loading, went ashore on a sand bar at the mouth of the harbor. The vessel a total loss.

Ship *Oxnard*, at this port from Shields, reports:—September 13th, after experiencing a heavy gale from North West for the two days previous, fell in with the barque *Aganora*, of Yarmouth, Me., from Shields for New York, in a sinking condition, and the crew completely exhausted with pumping; took off Capt. Skillings and crew and brought them to this port.

Br. schr. *Diana*, 180 tons, from — for Africa, was wrecked on the Banks (supposed Nova Scotia,) on the 29th Sept.

Brig *Cleopatra* of New York went ashore near St. Mary's, Geo., about 29th September, after losing chains and anchors. She was from Charleston, in ballast, bound to Donoy Island.

Capt. Brewer, of ship *Tempest* hence at New Orleans, reports picked up at sea, Sand Key bearing fifty miles, the officers and crew of the English barque *Manilla*, from Honduras, bound to London, which bark was driven ashore on the West side of Florida Reefs in the late gale.—After the barque struck she in a short time sprung a leak, and the men to save themselves betook to their small boats, and were on the sea twenty-four hours previous to their being taken on the *Tempest*.

Br. schr. *Foreigner*, from Souria, P. E. L. for Portsmouth, N. H., was totally lost 22d Sept., between New Harbor and Torbay Point.

A British ship was abandoned at sea, supposed in the Gulf of Mexico, crew taken off by barque Greenfield, from New York, and taken to Galveston about 29th Sept.

At Matagorda, the steamboat Kate Ward was entirely wrecked near the town. Capt. Ward, his brother and nine of the crew perishing. But three only escaped by clinging to one of the wheels, and were taken off on the 22d. Schr. Tom Paine, Capt. F. Hulseman, owned in Matagorda, was totally lost, with the captain and crew.

Brig Harp, of and for Baltimore, with a full cargo and some twenty or thirty emigrants, arrived at Monrovia, on July 31st. During the same night the vessel commenced dragging her anchor, and took the beach a little to the North of the entrance of the river. The surf was very high when she struck. She soon bilged, and became a total loss.

Br. barque Feronia, at Quebec 30th Sept. reports: 12th, passed a water-logged vessel with masts gone, could not see her name; 14th, heavy gale, took off the crew of the Trumpet, of North Haven, which was in a sinking state, at three, P. M.; at 6 saw her go down.

Ship St. Thomas, from Mansanilla for London, was lost on the Jardinillos Reef on the 15th August.—Capt. Merrill arrived in this city on the 14th inst. in the steamer Crescent City.

A letter received in New Bedford, dated Hong Kong, Aug. 22, 1854, stated that the ship Canton, Wing, of New Bedford, was lost on the 5th of March last, on a coral reef, in lat. 22° 40' S., 'on. 173° W., not laid down on the ship's chart.

Ship Georgia, Smell, from Newcastle, England, for Boston, sprung a leak 2d October during a heavy gale, and was abandoned on the 6th.

Whaling barque Esther, of Orleans, in a gale Sept. 14th, at Fayal, parted her chains, and went ashore.

Schr. Trumpet, while on Grand Bank fishing, sprung a leak 10th of September, and sank in about an

hour and a half after the crew had left her.

Brig St. Andrew, from Boston for Charleston, S. C., (returned to Boston 7th Sept.) having been in contact at 3 P. M. on the 6th, off Race Point, with schr. Ellen Maria. Took off the crew of the E. M., which sunk in 5 minutes, and afterwards transferred them to another schr. unknown.

Brig Pratt, (Enoch Pratt ?) from Attakapas for Philadelphia, went ashore at the High Islands, between Galveston and Sabine during the late gale, and will probably prove a total loss.

Ship Hibernia, of and from Philadelphia, for Liverpool, went ashore near Indian River, about 24th Oct., and is a complete wreck.

Br. barque Albert, from Liverpool, for Savannah, out 52 days, ran ashore 18th Oct. on the west end of Ossopaw Island, near Tybee, and has gone to pieces.

Schr. Jane N. Baker, at this port from Wilmington, N. C., reports:—15th Oct., off Barnegat Swamp, spoke schr. Mary Miller, Laws, for Boston, and took from her the captain (Davis) and crew of the sloop Thomas B. Hawkins, of Brookhaven, from Philadelphia for Portsmouth, which vessel foundered off Little Egg Harbor, 15th.

Schr. Medad, Platt, at this port, from New Berne, N. C., reports: 8th Oct., fell in with the wreck of brig Rainbow, of New York, waterlogged; took from her the captain and seven seamen, and brought them to this port.

The wreck of the br. ship or bark Devonport, of Liverpool, waterlogged and abandoned, with foremast standing, poop deck carried away, and appearing to have been recently abandoned, was seen 8th Oct. by Capt. Dunlery, of ship Wyoming, at Philadelphia.

Schr. L. Harrison, of and from Accomac, Virginia, for Baltimore, was run into by steamer Virginia, in Chesapeake Bay, morning of 19th Oct., crew saved.

New York, December, 1854.

**That Prayer How it
Haunted Me!**

A few days since at the dinner table, at the "Sailors' Home," 190 Cherry street, a gentleman sat beside me, whose countenance I did not remember having seen before; but who seemed to have some recollection of me—for after gazing at me intently for a few seconds, he asked, "were you ever in the ship *Columbia*, of Boston, sir?" I answered, "Yes, sir, I was on board that old craft in 1841 in New Orleans." "Do you recollect me, sir?" said he, his face glowing with what, to me, seemed an unexpected pleasure. I was compelled to admit that I did not recognise the features, and did not remember that we had ever met before. "Well, sir," said he "you may forget, but I never can—no, sir, I never *can* forget that interview, and that prayer." He then stated the circumstances of our meeting, hoping that I might, by the power of association, be able to recall the interview. The substance—without entering into minute details—was simply this.

"I was in New Orleans in 1841, connected with the brig *Cameo*, of Boston, and having heard that there was to be a prayer meeting on board the *Cumberland* I went up the Levee for the purpose of attending the meeting. On the deck of the *Cumberland* an acquaintance of mine introduced me to you as the second officer of the *Cameo*. You seized me by the hand very warmly, and spoke

to me of the love of Christ, urging me to come to him, and obtain the salvation of my soul.

During the meeting you were called upon to pray, and it appeared to me that I never did hear just such a prayer. It left an impression on my mind that has never been, and never will be, obliterated. That is more than thirteen years ago. Yet *that prayer has haunted me ever since*. How often have I laid in my berth and thought of it, and wondered where the man was who offered it; and wished I could only see him but once more! How often have I wished that I was as good as the man that offered up that prayer! And now, after so many years, I am permitted to meet you. Can it be that you are the man that offered that prayer! Well, I never expected to see you again. But, he continued, you have forged ahead some since then. *Then* you were before the mast and I abast it. *Now*, you are a minister of the gospel, and I—what am I? Alas!—well I must hear you preach."

The Sabbath came. The seamen were assembled and among them my friend from New Orleans. He listened to the discourse with rapt attention, and occasionally the tear unbidden coursed down his weather bronzed cheeks. He was at church three times that day. During the week we met at intervals, and spoke of the eternal interest of the soul, and of the wonderful providence

which brought us together after so many years of vicissitudes and change. At the close of the week he was unexpectedly called to Boston on business, and spent the Sabbath there, but returned to New York on the Tuesday following. I met him in the street, took his hand affectionately, and spoke feelingly to him of his soul.

His eyes filled, and he said, "Mr. — I have given myself to Christ. I am his, and will be, God helping me, as long as I live." Oh, how my heart thrilled with joy when he told me that during his absence from New York he had publicly professed Christ before men, and expressed his determination to live for God. I asked him if he could trace this change to any particular instrumentality. "O, sir," said he, "to tell you the truth *that prayer haunted me*—I had no peace. I felt that all was not right. But when I heard you preach, on the Sabbath, and recollected that I had heard from your lips a prayer which penetrated my heart 13 years ago, I could not but reflect on the difference between your influence and mine during the interval. It occurred to me that you perhaps had been the means, in God's hand, of bringing many sons into glory, and that in all that time I have no assurance that *one* soul has gone to heaven through any influence of mine. This was a painful thought. I felt that my time had been wasted—squandered—and I determined there and then that I would *lose no more*. I consecrated the remaining portion of my life to the service of God and the good of men."

There was a strange providence in our meeting at all in New York. He had come to this city some two or three weeks ago and commenced d-

business with the full purpose of becoming a permanent resident. He was permitted to remain here long enough to meet the man he had longed, for 13 years, to see, and to hear him preach, *just one Sabbath*, the truths of the everlasting gospel. The next week, in the providence of God, a more lucrative offer was made to him in Boston. He accepted the offer and has gone to wield his influence for Christ there, and I trust to prove an Aaron or a Hur to my good and faithful minister of God, and seamen's friend, Bro. P. Stow, and I hope he may yet become a faithful servant in the Vineyard of our Lord.

From the above simple narration we may safely infer—

I. The importance of a "word in season." "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good." (Eccles. xi: 6.) Such a word may be as an "apple of gold in a net work of silver." Its value may not be *fully estimated* until every work with every secret thing shall be revealed in the judgment. But we do know that "it shall not return void. It shall accomplish the thing whereunto God sent it."

II. It should stimulate us to renewed diligence—to be, in short, in season, out of season—always abounding in the work of the Lord—"for as much as we know that our labor will not be in vain in the Lord." *Souls* are perishing. If a word may be made instrumental in saving one, then let us speak that word at *all times*. Let us be *faithful* whether men will hear or forbear. The seed may fall into good ground, and bring forth a hundred fold to the glory of God.

III. We have special grounds for encouragement to labor among seamen. They are susceptible to kindness. They have been neglected, and sometimes feel that no one has their interest at heart. A kind word, therefore, concerning the *love* of our blessed Saviour to seamen as well as as others, may send a glow of hope through the soul, and the hand of affectionate sympathy, guided by the Spirit of God, may touch a chord in the *sailors' heart* that will vibrate in harmony with the songs of angels and the redeemed through all eternity.

Finally. It may serve to impress on our minds the fact that God is *not unrighteous to forget our labor of love*. We may, if we do our duty with a single eye to the glory of God in the salvation of souls, sow much seed, which we forget we have ever scattered. But which the "Lord of the harvest," will remember, and concerning which he will doubtless say, (as he fills our bosoms with the golden sheaves,) in answer to our "When Lord," "In as much as ye did it to one of the least of these *my brethren*, ye did it unto me."

C. J. J.

The Arctic.

ITS CATASTROPHE AND COMMENTS.
THE SAILORS DID THEIR DUTY.

The first tidings from this ill fated ship produced a general burst of unaffected sorrow. She was a nation's pride. Iron, oak, and skill had combined to perpetuate it. She was freighted with the treasures of a thousand families—treasures incomparably richer than silver and gold. And when it was told,—“the sea hath spoken, even the strength of the sea” in the destruction, and the loss of those treasures, sadness filled every heart.

After a deep expression of grief, came comments, prudential, moral and condemnatory. Especially were the vials of indignation poured upon the crew as a set of inhumane sailors unfit to live! Monopolizing the only means of safety and leaving helpless women and children to perish!—“Great encouragement,” remarked a gentleman sarcastically, “to use the means for the improvement of seamen when they conduct in this manner!”

On the moral and prudential lessons derived from this sad catastrophe, the pulpit and the press may have said enough; and quite too much surely, by way of censuring the *Sailors*.

Who were those who tumbled into the boats to the exclusion of the women and children, and conducted in a manner characterised by the pulpit and press as “dastardly and mean?”

Were they *Sailors*?

These are the facts. The crew of the Arctic consisted of 140 persons. Of these 58 were in the Engineer's department, and 51 in the Steward's department;—making 109 who were neither shipped as sailors, nor expected to be sailors, any more than the engineers and firemen in a steam factory; or the stewards, cooks, and waiters in a hotel. Of the 25 who shipped as sailors, where is the evidence that they did not do their duty? The six, including Mr. Gourlie, the first officer, who, in obedience to Capt. Luce's orders, manned a boat immediately after the collision and went to the relief of the “Vesta,” *did their duty*.

So also with those who rowed the two boats taken charge of by Mr. Baalham, the second officer, and without whose brawny arms, it was gratefully acknowledged by those

thus saved, they would not have been able to reach the shore.

Then there was the noble Mr. Dorian, the third officer; was he derelict in duty?

But to set this matter at rest, we have the statement of Capt. Luce himself, that **NOT ONE OF HIS SAILORS FAILED TO DO HIS DUTY.** Probably the Captain will soon make this and some other statements public over his own signature.

Let the stripes fall thick and heavy; but not on the innocent. The sailors have sins enough of their own to answer for without being held responsible for the unsailorlike, and outrageous conduct of others in that ill-fated ship.

REMARKS.—Very few of those who have censured the innocent will be likely either to confess their mistake or correct the wrong; simply because pride of opinion will not deal in magnanimity except at a ruinous discount. The Editor or Preacher, who as publicly retracts as he has publicly made injurious statements should be immortalized in a statue of gold and in the respect of the world.

Again. Sad as are the lessons taught by the Arctic, most of them will be transient as the troubled waters at the moment of her last surge into the depths. With the return of the smooth sea will return the reckless speed in the dense fog, or darkness; and men will sleep till again aroused by another awful calamity.

Again.—“shall there be evil in the city”—or in the sea—“and the Lord hath not done it?” The wise commentator on this and all similar events is he who recognises God's hand in their permission, and his admonitory voice in their design.

‘Necessity knows no law.’ Well, necessity is like a great many lawyers.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Aspinwall Chaplaincy.

We have had about seven months of rainy weather this year, in this country, and in the region round about here; and we trust the “dry season” will come to our relief shortly. We will greet the visitor with a hearty welcome; not because we are tired of rain, but because we will delight to inhale the sweet, delightful, bracing winds of the northeast; here called the “trades.” They will come dancing and laughing across the deep blue waves of the restless ocean; bearing health and joy on their refreshing wings. O how they will delight to revel among our palm trees, and toss with wild joy the luxuriant foliage of our dense, ever-verdant forests. How gladly will they catch up and bear away the deadly malaria; which poisons all we breathe, and has been our foe unseen for eight long dreary months. Then, dark clouds, dense fogs, heavy mists, mosquitoes, sand flies and fevers will fly away, as flies the night before the gladdening beams of the rising sun. And while yourself, and many of your readers, will be chilled with the keen, rude blasts of winter, we will have delightful, perpetual spring! The sea, too, will join and partake of the general joy. Her crested waves will rise up and embrace the joyous breezes as they pass her ceaseless round of dashing waters, and send her sparkling spray along our “coral strand.” Our sunny shores and silvery bay will be greeted with the daring adventurers of other lands, who leave their pleasant homes to seek wealth in the sunny tropics.—The enterprising merchant, the skilful mariner, the hardy tar will all find a hearty welcome. Would that they all would come to us, as eager to do us good as they will be to gather the needful things of this life. We grieve to think, for the most part, they will not. They will partake of the poisoned cup. They will belch forth the awful words of blasphemy! They will haunt the dram-shop and the card-table. They will crawl into the brothel. Some of them, after a brief

illness, will be rudely nailed up in a rough box, and hurried away to "Monkey-hill," and there moulder to dust, far away from mourning friends and bereaved families! Oh! my heart aches when I call to mind the bitter regrets, the apparently fruitless prayers, the burning wishes, and the falling tears, I have witnessed in that hospital over the way. They lusted, they drank, they revelled, they uttered curses! they murdered themselves, both soul and body! In the prime of manhood they died! While it was yet noon, their sun went down! No mother, wife, or sister, was there, to wipe the cold death-sweat from their brows. None, of all they had known in childhood, or youth, were there to love them, and give them comfort. Of about fifty who have died in one of the hospitals, three have died in peace, as we trust. I am assured by a very intelligent physician, that almost every death which occurs here is caused by self-abuse and intemperance. But we feel thankful that some have felt peace in the hour of dissolution. Sometimes we are greeted with the smiles of those whose home is on the ocean, who meet with us to worship God. Occasionally a pious Sailor gives us joy, with the friendly grasp of his hand, and we feel that we are not alone as we kneel together around the altar of prayer. There were two pious seamen on the brig A—— which lately visited this port. One had a bible which he found in a mutilated state on the brig, and he mended the cover with some sail cloth, and then, as he had another, he had one, as he said, to give away. I also found a pious sailor on the ship L——, and I gave him a bible and some tracts. I may also mention another person who has quit the ways of the drunkard, and who appears humble and penitent, and now prays for the favor of God. Since my last I have visited about twenty vessels, and have supplied them with bibles and tracts. My congregations are increasing, and they are more serious and attentive, and some weep under the word. Others curse, and swear they will not attend preaching; and one fellow

swore he would horse-whip the preacher. But, blessed be God, the cause is his; He gives me peace, and a large sense of the strong security his Almighty Power affords. There are few places that will compare with this for crime and vice in almost every possible form. But we are happy to state, that crime has decreased since the organization of the police under the control of Captain Runnels. It is easy to see that the sailor is assailed with temptation the moment he sets his foot on shore. But I have had occasion to admire the moral courage of one, as he stood alone, with that book which is above all price, which, probably, brought to his remembrance the prayers of his venerable father—the earnest, un-failing love of his pious mother. He reads, and he prays. He looks to Him whose word faileth not. He is comforted, and "Blest in his deed."

I was quite interested, the other day, when I went on board of a ship with a supply of tracts and testaments. I placed them in a convenient position, and said to the seamen, distribute them among yourselves. The distribution was effected in a few moments, and one who had succeeded in securing one book that he wanted, said, as he looked at it with peculiar delight, "I have a testament, I have a testament." Of course this is not the method to give books away, but I was glad it so happened in this instance.

I have not been able to obtain a correct account of the arrivals of vessels in this port, but I feel safe in saying, the commerce of this place is rapidly increasing. This will become a port of more importance than any other on this coast. The moral influence that the commerce of this place will exert on the great world of waters, is far beyond our feeble comprehension. The railroad across this Isthmus will affect the commerce of nearly half of the world. What a field is opening for the enterprising merchant, the philanthropist, and for the world of science and literature, and especially for Missionary enterprise. And how remarkable are the facts of the opening of Japan, and of

China, the rapid settlement of Australia, and of the north Pacific coast of North America. How wonderful is the providence of God! "Thy kingdom come."

Yours truly,

D. H. WHEELER,
Seamen's Chaplain.

Aspinwall, Oct. 24, 1854.

Havre Chaplaincy.

We congratulate seamen and their friends on the reappointment and return of the Rev. E. N. Sawtell to labor as a Chaplain to seamen in his former field in Havre. His last public and important work of founding a first class female seminary at Cleveland, Ohio, is completed, and committed to safe hands for its prosperity and perpetuity. His health is so restored that he is able to preach the gospel again to his brethren of the sea, as well as visit them on shipboard, and in the hospital. His heart too, is in the work. He will sail with his family from New York for his station in a few days. We need not bespeak for him a cordial welcome there; that is already pledged in the many warm hearts and hands ready to receive him, and his. But we ask for him and the other chaplains of the Society fervent and frequent remembrances in the best time and place.

The Murderer of the Missionary Williams.

During a recent voyage of the Eng. Missionary Bark, "John Williams," she touched at Erromanga, where the Rev. John Williams was murdered several years since. Remarks the Missionary, who gives an account of the voyage:—

"One deeply interesting fact came to our knowledge during our visit. Kauiaui, who expressed so strong a desire for a teacher or a missionary,

last voyage, is the identical murderer of Mr. Williams. He is chief of Bunkar, the part of Dillon's Bay where the murder took place. We had a conversation with him on the subject. He looked sorry and ashamed, but said he did not know that Mr. W. was a missionary. When asked why he killed him? he replied, that it was on account of outrages committed by foreigners some time before. Who can wonder at what he did, when it is remembered that, in the affray referred to between the foreigners and Erromangans, *his own son was murdered*. He is still very desirous to have a missionary.—We arranged for one of the teachers left last voyage to remove to his part of the bay, and with this arrangement he is satisfied for the present. We succeeded in getting the club with which, it is said Mr. Williams was killed, and a pocket-handkerchief with Mr. Harris's initials on it, which Kauiaui's wife gave to the teachers."

Account of Monies.

From Oct. 15, to Nov. 15, 1854.

Directors for Life by the payment of fifty dollars.

Theodore B. Bronson, N. Y., by Mrs. Bronson (amt. ack. below.)	
Rev. Thomas V. Moore, D.D., by First Pres. Church, Rich- mond, Va., through Rev. J. L. Elliott,	64 38
Rev. John Gridley, Kenosha, Wis'n,	50 00
Rev. D. G. Doak, Ashwood, Tenn., by Zion's Church,	52 05
Rev. Mr. Mack, by Pres. Church, Columbia, Tenn.,	50 00
Rev. A. H. Dashiell, by Pres. Church, Shelbyville, Tenn.,	50 00
Rev. R. A. Lapsley, D. D., by 2d Pres. Church, Nashville, Tenn.,	55 00
Rev. J. T. Edgar, by First Pres. Church, Nashville, Tenn.,	94 35

*Members for life by the payment of
Twenty Dollars.*

James Thompson, by Cong. Soc'y. Great Falls, N. H., (balance,)	15 00
Miss Sarah H. Krebs, N. Y., by C. B. Rogers, Norwich, Ct., (amt. ack. below.)	
Miss Anna H. Krebs, do., do., Mrs. Julia P. Wickes, Po-keepsie, N. Y., by her Husband, (amt. ack. below.)	
Mrs. Julia B. Spaulding, by Ladies Bethel Soc'y, Newburyport, Ma.,	20 00
Mrs. M. A. Tilton, do., do.,	20 00
Mrs. Sophia Merrill, Portland, Me., by Ladies Bethel Soc'y, Newburyport, Ma.,	20 00
Capt. John M. Chapman, New London, Ct., by L. F. Prentice, (amt. ack. below.)	
Henry Barns, Westmoreland, N. Y., by Acors Barns, New London, Ct., (amt. ack. below.)	
Captain Thomas W. Royce, Southampton, N. Y., by Henry P. Haven, New London, Ct., (amt. ack. below.)	
Julia R. Maxwell, Lebanon, Ct., by her Grandfather, (amt. ack. below.)	
Rev. John A. Todd, by Refd. Dutch Church, Riggstown, N. J.,	20 00
J. B. Sheffield, N. Y., (amt. ack. below.)	
Hon. C. J. McCurdy, Lyme, Ct., by R. H. McCurdy, N. Y., (amt. ack. below.)	
Mrs. Abby A. Rockwood, by Sabbath School of Cong. Soc'y, Rocky Hill, Ct., (in part,)	10 00
Rev. Wm. Eagleton, by Pres. Church, Murfreesboro, Ten	26 75
Rev. T. W. Randle, by Meth. Epis. Church, do.,	20 00
A. B. Shankland, by Baptist Church, Nashville, Tenn.,	22 85
Rev. I. B. Ferguson, by his Congn., do.,	20 00
Spencer Gould Scovel, by his Mother, do., (in part,)	10 00
Mrs. I. W. Allen, by Cumber-	

land Pres. Church, Lebanon, Ten.,	22 50
Mrs. Sally Carruthers, do. do.	22 50
Rev. E. Wadsworth, D. D., by McKendree Meth. Epis. Church, Nashville, Ten.,	21 00
Rev. William Hamilton, by Caroline Street Meth. Epis. Church, Baltimore, Md., through Rev. J. L. Elliott,	20 00
Rev. Robert F. Lawrence, by Cong. Soc'y, Claremont, N. H.,	20 15
Miss Isabella G. Kimball, Claremont, by her Mother, (in part,)	10 00
Rev. Rufus W. Sawyer, by Cong. Soc'y, Winthrop, Me.	20 00
Rev. Chas. Munger, by Meth. Epis. Church, Winthrop, Me., (in part,)	8 38

Donations.

From Members of Cong. Soc'y, Main Street, Norwich, Ct.,	\$90 16
" First Cong. Soc'y, Colchester, Ct., (in part,)	63 07
" Friends in Goshen, Ct.,	1 80
" Pres. Church, Po-keepsie, N. Y.,	74 58
" Washington st. Meth. Epis. Church, do.,	10 51
" Penn. Seam. Friend Soc'y, Philadelphia, for For. Operations,	300 00
" Cong. Soc'y, Middlefield, Ct.,	10 00
" " Somers, Ct.	21 00
" Miss Davidson, Aquackanonck,	1 00
" Chapel street Cong. Soc'y, New Haven, Ct.,	45 34
" J. E. Manning, N. Y.,	1 00
" Cong. Soc'y, Townsend, Mss.,	33 00
" " Thetford, Vt.,	20 80
" Olive st. Cong. Soc'y, Nashua, N. H.,	25 98
" Mercer street Church, N. Y., including subscriptions,	458 36
" First Cong. Soc'y, Fairfield, Ct.,	35 30

" Members of First Cong. Soc'y, New London, Ct.,	54 00
" Members of Second do., do.	130 00
" Refd. Dutch Ch., Kinderhook, N. Y.,	23 91
" First Cong. Soc'y, Lebanon, Ct.,	53 53
" Ladies Seam. Friend Soc'y, Portsmouth, N. H.,	20 00
" Pres. Ch., East Hawley, Pa.,	5 00
" Howard street Cong. Soc'y, Salem, Ma.,	10 50
" Cong. Soc'y, Lebanon, Goshen, Ct.,	15 00
" A Friend, New Lebanon, N. Y.,	1 00
" First Pres. Ch., Bloomfield, N. J.,	62 00
" Miss Jane H. Faries, Williamsport, Pa.,	1 00
" Cong. Society, Danbury, Ct., (in part.)	41 48
" Meth. Epis. Ch., do.,	9 30
" Edw. J. Woolsey, N. Y.,	50 00
" Cong. Soc'y, Plainfield, Ct.,	25 25
" Cong. Soc'y, Kenosha, Wis.,	48 00
" " " Somers, do.	12 00
" Individuals, Kenosha, Wis.,	20 00
" Meth. Epis. Church, Nashville, Ten.,	3 25
" Meth. Epis. Church, Nashville, Ten.,	9 21
" Mrs. S. E. Shankland, do., do.,	3 00
" Meth. Epis. Church, Lebanon, do.,	9 50
" Seamen's Concert, Winthrop, Me.,	7 58
	<hr/>
	\$2,571 32

NEW YORK, Nov. 11, 1854.

Rev. J. SPAULDING.

Dear Brother,—As it becomes necessary for me to return to Mobile to resume my charge for the winter, I shall suspend for a few months my collections for the erection of a Bethel Church and Sailor's Home in that city. Please acknowledge in the

Sailor's Magazine the following donations which were made principally in October, and also receive for us and acknowledge any further donations for this object from the friends of the cause, and oblige,
Yours, &c.,

ALEX. MCGLASHAN.

W. P. Church, collection, \$3 10
Rochester, 31 00

New York City.

Alexander Stoddart,	\$100 00
Thomas Porteous,	100 00
Gerard Hallock,	25 00
J. R. Jaffray & Sons,	25 00
Brewer & Caldwell,	50 00
John Reid,	100 00
Eagle & Hazard & Co.,	25 00
Post & Ryerson,	25 00
H. Auchincloss & Sons,	20 00
Blow & March,	20 00
Arnold & Constable,	25 00
S. Cochran & Co.,	25 00
Rankin, Duryee & Co.,	25 00
Harbeck & Co.,	50 00
Henry, Smith, & Townsend,	20 00
W. N. & Co.,	10 00
P. C. Van Schaick & Co.,	15 00
Cash,	1 00
Lane, West & Co.,	25 00
Sturges, Clearman & Co.,	100 00
Pattison, Adams & Co.,	15 00
J. W. Brower,	20 00
Mrs. Bronson,	5 00
Lewis B. Brown & Co.,	10 00
James L.,	10 00
Cash,	10 00
J. J. P.,	10 00
Atlantic M. Ins. Co.,	100 00
Merchant's Marine Ins. Co.,	100 00
James Brown,	100 00
C. Dellinger,	25 00
Corning & Co.,	25 00
Union M. Ins. Co.,	25 00
Commercial M. Ins. Co.,	25 00
Astor M. Ins. Co.,	25 00
R. P. B. & Co.,	10 00
Wakeman, Dimon & Co.,	20 00
Cash,	5 00
Atlas M. Ins. Co.,	25 00
Orient M. Ins. Co.,	25 00
Hopkins, Allen & Co.,	50 00
Sun M. Ins. Co.,	100 00
James Wilson,	10 00

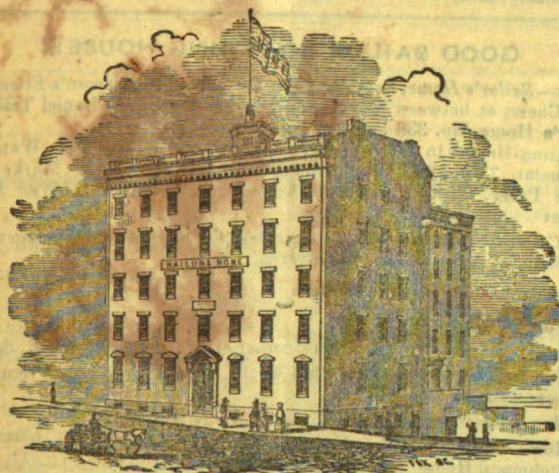
\$1,570 10

Vol. 27.

JANUARY, 1855

No. 5.

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.



SAILOR'S HOME, BOSTON.

New York:

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

No. 80 WALL STREET

\$1 Per Annum—Postage, in N. Y., in ADVANCE, 3 Cts., a Year ; Elsewhere, in the U. S.,
6 Cts. ; Single Number 1 Ct.

STEPHEN HALLET, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER, 122 NASSAU STREET.

Spanish and French Printer and Translator.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

SPECIAL LIBRARY LIST OF UNDER		Page.		Page.
The Sabbath on the Sea,	-	129	Deaths in the Seamen's Retreat,	148
Letters from Polynesia,	-	132	From an Old Ship Master,	149
Old Ocean,	-	135	Disasters,	149
Whaling Business,	-	137	Missing Vessel,	149
Life of Sir John Franklin,	-	139	Notice to Mariners,	149
Lahaina Chaplaincy,	-	140	CABIN BOY'S LOCKER.	
How to learn to Pray,	-	141	My Little Jolly Boat,	151
Sailors and Soldiers,	-	142	Thieves,	152
Left Behind	-	142	Little Boy's Thought about the Heathen,	152
One Drop at a Time,	-	143	NEW YORK DEPARTMENT.	
Scripture Illustrations,	-	143	Another fearful Wreck,	155
Cheap Pleasure,	-	143	The Cut on the Cover,	155
Lost, Lost,	-	143	Valuable Donation,	155
The Sailor befriended,	-	144	Aspinwall Chaplaincy,	156
NAVAL JOURNAL.			A Seamen's Chaplain Gone,	157
The Yankee Tar,	-	145	Literary Curiosities,	158
Temperance at the Seamen's Retreat,	-	146	Another New Sailor's Home,	158
Marine Temperance Society,	-	147	Account of Money,	159

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

- NEW-YORK**—*Sailor's Home*, Established by the American Seamen's Friend Society
No. 190 Cherry st. between Market and Pike sts. Captain Daniel Tracy.
- NEW SAILOR'S HOME**, No. 338 Pearl st. J. S. Towne.
- Other Boarding-Houses in New-York city**.—William Sharp, 271 Water street;
William Huelat, 334, 336, Pearl street; Peter Oberg, 91, Market street;
Mrs. Alice Perry, 22 Oak st.; John Crocket, 322 Pearl st.; Wm. Johnson, 9
Carlisle st.
- Home for Colored Seamen**, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend
Society kept by Albro Lyons, 64 Oliver-st.
- SANDUSKY**.—Rev. C. R. Jewitt, Chaplain.
- BATH**.—Seamen's Mansion.
- PORTSMOUTH, N. H.**.—Edward C. Myers, corner of Market and Bow st., Spring Hill
- BOSTON**.—The *Sailor's Home*, established by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society,
99 Purchase st. John O. Chany.
- BOSTON**.—Mariner's House, North Square, by Mr. N. Hamilton.
- " North End Sailor's Home, No. 6 N. Square, by Mr. Roberts.
- " Richmond House, Richmond st., by Mr. Clark.
- " John Kennaley Clark-st.
- " Murdock Matherson, Fleet-st.
- SALEM**.—Ebenezer Griffin, No. 16 Vine st., clothing store, corner of Liberty and Vine
sts.; and Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket st. near Derby st.
- BRISTOL, R. I.**.—Mrs. Ann Pearce.
- NEW-BEDFORD**.—Wm. Cranston, 14 Bethel Court; A. C. Davenport, 25 Middle st.
For Colored Seamen, by Marshall L. Potts, corner Sixth and Bedford sts.
- PHILADELPHIA**.—Sailor's Home, 204 South Front st., by J. H. Cassidy under the care
of the Pa. Seamen's Friend Society.
- BALTIMORE**.—New Seamen's Bethel Home and Shipping Office Edward Kirby, 65
Thames Street.
- ALEXANDRIA, D. C.**.—Sailor's Home, by John Robinson.
- CHARLESTON**.—Sailor's Home, by Capt. Wm. White, Market st., opposite State st.
- SAVANNAH**.—Foot of Jefferson st., O. C. Parker.
- MOBILE**.—Sailor's Home, by Lewis Lawson.
- NEW-ORLEANS**.—Sailor's Home, F. Rickerts, corner of New Levee and
Suzettes sts.
- ST. JOHNS, N. B.**.—Seamen's Home, by E. W. Flaglor, keeper.
- HAVRE, FRANCE**.—Mrs. Johnson, Rue Royale, 21.

THE

SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. 27.

JANUARY, 1855.

No. 5.

The Sabbath on the Sea.

In the last number of the *Sailor's Magazine*, we invited the attention of mariners to the Bible on the sea; to its divine authority and unspeakable value, as attested by some of the most distinguished men of the past and present ages. We now invite their attention to the Sabbath—made for man—adapted to his physical and moral welfare—instituted in Paradise—re-proclaimed on Mount Sinai, and recorded on tables of stone—recognized and re-sanctioned by the Lord of the Sabbath, who finished his atoning work on that day—the type of heaven in this world, and the perfection of rest and blessedness in the world to come.

We rejoice to know that but very few vessels now leave port on the Sabbath; that some at sea are put under easy sail, all unnecessary work being avoided, and the day devoted to religious improvement in reading and meditation, and direct worship of God. We have room only for a few statements from Edward's Sabbath

Manual, especially designed for those engaged in the fishing and whaling business.

SABBATH FISHING.

"Even fishermen abroad on the ocean, who fish but six days in a week, ordinarily prosper better than those who fish seven. A gentleman who resides in a fishing town, and who has made extensive inquiries, remarks, "Those who fish on the Sabbath do not, ordinarily, take any more during the season, than those who keep the Sabbath. They do not make more money, or prosper better for this world. They are not more respectable or useful, nor are their families. Their children are not more moral, and it seems to be no better for them, in *any respect*, than if they fished and did business only six days in a week.

"One man followed fishing eight years. The first four he fished on the Sabbath. The next four he strictly kept the Sabbath, and is satisfied that it was for his advantage in a temporal point of view. Another man, who was accustomed for some years to fish on the Sabbath, afterwards discontinued it, and found that his profits were greater than before.—

Another man testifies that, in the year 1827, he and his men took more fish by far than any who were associated with them, though he kept the Sabbath and they did not. It was invariably his practice to rest from Saturday till Monday. Though it was an unfavorable season for the fisheries, he was greatly prospered in every way, and to such an extent that many regarded his success as almost miraculous.

"Examples like the above might be multiplied to almost any extent.—So far as I can learn by diligent inquiry, all who have left off fishing on the Sabbath, *without an exception*, think the change has been for their temporal advantage.

"He who has been more successful than any other among us this season, has strictly kept the Sabbath, as have also his men. They went to the coast of Labrador, were gone less time than usual, took more fish than the crew of any other vessel, and more than they could bring home.—They gave away thirty-five hundred fish before they left the ground. In thirteen days they caught eleven hundred quintals."

A gentleman belonging to another fishing town, who sends out more than two hundred vessels in a year, writes as follows: "I think it may safely be stated that those vessels which have not fished on the Sabbath have, taken together, met with *more than ordinary success*. The vessel whose earnings were the highest, the last year and the year before, was one on board which the Sabbath was kept by refraining from labor, and by religious worship. There is one firm which had eight vessels in its employ this season. Seven have fished on the Sabbath and one has not. That one has earned seven hundred dollars more than the most successful of the seven. There are two other firms employing each three vessels. Two out of the three, in each case, have kept the Sabbath, and in each case have earned *more than two-thirds of the profits*."

SABBATH WHALING.

"But there is one kind of employment," it is said, "in which men

must break the Sabbath, namely, the taking of WHALES. The owners give directions to the captains to take whales whenever and wherever they can find them. If captains of whale ships should not follow the directions of owners, they would not be able to obtain employment. Omitting to take whales on the Sabbath would make the voyage one-seventh part longer. The crews are absent a long time from their families, and ought to return as soon as they can. They often go for a long time without seeing whales; and, when they do see them, should they not take them, the crews would become uneasy and mutinous. If they do not take whales on the Sabbath, the sailors would be engaged in something worse. The Lord would not suffer them to see whales on the Sabbath, unless he designed that they should take them." etc. etc.

These reasons, and all others, may be set aside by one consideration, namely, "Thus saith the Lord: Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work." But, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy: in it thou shalt not do any work." Nor is obedience to this command, in the whaling business, impracticable. A number of captains and crews have tried it. They have taken no whales on the Sabbath, and yet ordinarily have obtained as much oil, and prospered as well, on the whole, as those who have desecrated that day.

Captain Scoresby, of the British Navy, who was afterwards commander of a whale-ship in the northern seas, tried it for a course of years, and was especially prospered. He states, in his journal, that he does not recollect a case in which they saw whales on the Sabbath, and yet did not attempt to take them, where they were not remarkably successful during the subsequent week. And although the Sailors at first, when they saw a whale on the Sabbath, could hardly be restrained from making efforts to take it, yet afterwards they not only were entirely willing to refrain but were in high glee whenever they saw one on the Sabbath, because from the facts, they expected afterwards to be greatly prospered.

The owners, instead of giving di-

rections to their captains to take whales whenever they can find them, can say, as men do with regard to other worldly employments, "Sundays excepted." Captains and crews can agree, when they are engaged, not to work on the Sabbath; and all concerned be contented, as in other employments, with what they can obtain in keeping the commands of God. Nor is it by any means certain that they will be out any longer, or be in any respect less successful.

Captain John Stetson, an experienced ship-master, and late consular agent at the Sandwich Islands, says, "We are far from believing that any man can be a loser by the keeping of the commands of God. We well remember the trial of Captain — after his conversion.— He felt the requirements of God to be as binding upon him as upon men on shore. He called his ship's company together, and informed them of his views. They agreed to give up whaling on the Sabbath. The next Sabbath, while Captain — was preparing for the forenoon service, a man on deck called out, 'There she blows!' It was a large whale, which passed near the ship very slowly.— They, however, did not lower the boats, but devoted the day to the worship of God. The next day every eye was strained to catch a glimpse of the whale, but in vain. The week passed away, without seeing any.— The Sabbath came, and a whale was again seen. Some of the crew were desirous of going in pursuit, but the captain was firm. Another week passed away, and no whales. The third Sabbath came, and again they saw whales. The crew became clamorous, and almost riotous; but the captain assured them they were in the path of duty, and went on with his religious services.— This was the last trial. They soon obtained all the oil they wanted, and returned in much less time than many who took whales on the Sabbath. A number of other instances might be cited, illustrating the fact that God can and does bless those who keep his commandments.

An instance is stated by the mate

of a whale-ship, in which the captain had been out but a short time before he repeatedly saw whales on the Sabbath, seeing none on any other day. He did not attempt to take them. Soon he fell in with other ships who had been out no longer than he had, and yet had hundreds of barrels of oil, much of which was taken on the Sabbath. He had none. After a time he saw a whale on Monday, and took it. He saw no more whales, after that, on the Sabbath but was very successful at other times. He filled his vessel, and returned months before those who sailed when he did, and took whales on the Sabbath.

Captain Green, of England, who refrained from taking whales on the Sabbath, stated that he had never seen a whale on that day, when he did not see it again, or some other on the following day.

A captain from Massachusetts, who long followed the business of whaling, took no whales on the Sabbath. Yet he was considered a very successful commander; and his services were eagerly sought for by owners of ships. His death, which lately occurred, was not only peaceful, but triumphant and glorious. "Never," said an old friend of his, "did I see such a triumphant death before."

As the reason given, that the Lord would not permit sailors to see whales on the Sabbath, unless it were his will that they should attempt to take them, they might as well say, that the Lord would not suffer them to see their neighbor's property, unless it were his will that they should steal it. He suffers men to be tempted to do wrong, for a far different purpose than that they should yield to the temptation. "Let no man say, when he is tempted, I am tempted of God, for God cannot be tempted of evil; neither tempteth he any man." The fact is, whenever a man does wrong, "he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed." And it is lust, which, when it hath conceived, "bringeth forth sin. And sin," knowingly and presumptuously continued in, will, "when it is finished, bring forth death." When Jehovah commanded,

"Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," *he made no exception with regard to the business of whaling.* If men would obey him, and meet his approbation, they must make none, but must rest on the Sabbath, and require all in their employment, and under their control, also to rest from their labors on that day."

Letters from Polynesia.

Nuuanu Valley—Foreigners' Cemetery—Shipping in Port—Annexation—New comers liable to be disappointed—Products of the islands, &c., &c.

Honolulu, 10th October, 1854.

Nuuanu Valley.

In rear of the city of Honolulu extends a beautiful valley terminating about six or seven miles from the sea side. It forms a marked feature in the scenery of this part of the island of Oahu. A road extends from the very wharfs, up the whole length of the valley, running over the mountain ridge to the other side of the island. About one and a half mile up this valley, on the left hand side of the main road, is located the Foreigners' Cemetery. It is a charming spot. The view from any portion of the grounds is commanding and beautiful. The city, harbor, and Ocean, are spread out, in full and distinct prospect. The mountain ridges lie on each side, and converge at the upper extremity of the valley. It is now nearly two years since these premises were secured as a sacred resting place for the dead. One portion of the grounds has been set off as the "Strangers' Lot," and another as the "Seamen's Lot." In the latter I have just now deposited the remains of a sailor, who died yesterday, belonging to the "Living Age," a vessel, just arrived, 152 days from New York. This man, a Prussian, died of the scurvy. Another with the same disease has been carried to the U. S. Hospital, but I think that he will recover. Already have I attended the funerals of more than one hundred seamen, who have been buried in the "Seamen's Lot." There lie their

remains mouldering to the dust. They represent almost every nation and tribe upon earth. Every nation of Europe and America, the islands of the sea, and the tribes of Asia and Africa, have there sent their representative. As I call to mind the individuals, with many of whom, I had become intimately acquainted, my mind is filled with numerous reflections. Of some, I entertained no manner of doubt that they went prepared to render up their final account. Would that I might think more of them had made their peace with God, and secured an interest in Christ. In the midst of these hundred or more graves, stands a neat marble monument, erected in memory of the Rev. John Diell, the former Seamen's Chaplain, who died at sea in 1841.—The appropriateness of this simple and beautiful monument, surrounded by an iron railing, impresses the mind of the beholder. From the room where I am now writing the cemetery is distinctly to be seen. I can also look out upon the city and harbor.

Our harbor is now beginning to fill up with the Fall shipping. There lie at anchor two U. S. vessels of war, the "Portsmouth," and "St. Marys"; the British vessel of war "Tricomalee," just returned from a cruise in the Arctic, whither she conveyed supplies for those vessels searching for Sir John Franklin; and also several merchant vessels and, whale-ships. Our harbor is not large but it is remarkably safe and convenient. When vessels are once anchored and moored, their masters can come on shore and feel no anxiety that their ships will be driven to sea, or dashed upon the rocks. These remarks refer to our inner harbor.—There is good anchorage in the outer harbor or roadstead, except during southerly gales, which, however, do but seldom occur.

As yet only a very few whale-ships have arrived. They are much later than during former years. Reports are not very favorable in regard to their success. Unless the ships take oil very late in the season, the average will be very low, and especially, will this be true of the Arctic

portion of the whaling fleet. Reports have reached us of the loss of four whale ships this season, viz. Callao, Silas Richards, and two others, the names of which I do not recollect. I do not learn that any of their respective crews were lost. Would that I could make as favorable a report respecting the whale ship "Monongahela," Capt. Seabury. This vessel was missing last year. No definite information could be obtained respecting her fate. Although it was supposed she was lost, about the time that she attempted to leave the Arctic Ocean. She was seen during a severe gale, but subsequently nothing was heard from her, until as report says, a cask of her sails and some of her spars have been picked up at sea.

Capt. Percival reports that, up to August 1st there had been no whaling in the Arctic, the weather bad, and no whales. Has not seen a dozen Bowheads the season. There were but about 50 ships north, and most of them were intending leaving for the coast of California and the lower coast, to look for Sperm whales.

About 100 miles south of Sequam, one of the chain of Fox Islands, fell in with two casks of oil. One of which he secured. It was a ground or second tier cask, bunged off, and had evidently come out of some ship, and not washed overboard. The head was marked with marking-irons.—S. C., and with white paint—"Iron hoops." It had kelp grown on it about four feet long, and had apparently been in the water a long time. Also quite a number of pieces of ship's plank floating about that bore every appearance of a wrecked vessel, from the manner in which they had been broken off.

It is Capt. P.'s opinion that they belonged to the Monongahela, the missing ship. He says there was a current report among the ships, from a French whaler, that last season, when beating out the 72nd passage, in a gale of wind, he saw a ship off the lee quarter, which he knew to be the Monongahela; that with great difficulty he fetched by, and he thought the ship astern must have

gone on. [In addition to the above evidence that the Monongahela was lost, as supposed, on one of the Fox Islands, it is known that the Pocahontas picked up a cask of sails, marked, "Monongahela," and Capt. Jagger, of the Emerald, now in port, picked up a cask of "flags," supposed to belong to the same ship. Both these casks were picked up in the vicinity of the island on which the "M." is supposed to have been wrecked.—*Ed. Polynesian.*] There is one thing that should be noticed here, viz:—It is a little singular this report was not known here before now, as so large a number of the whalers came in here in the fall, nor has it before appeared in any papers of the Pacific, where it is so well known that the "M" was missing.

This is a mere report; when the ships arrive from the north, probably something more definite will be reported. There is a strong presumption that all on board must have perished. It is sad to reflect upon the probable fact that a whole ship's company of thirty and more souls, all going down together, and not one surviving to tell the tale of sorrow. How forcibly do such facts, which are frequently occurring, impress the importance of urging upon seamen the necessity of being always ready. "Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."

Of late, I observe, in reading American papers, that the subject of "Annexation" is looked upon as a "fixed fact." This may or may not be true. I am more than half inclined to think that things are not as yet quite settled! But that does not materially concern the point upon which I would now briefly remark. Suppose the Islands should be annexed, then for a time there will be a rush hither.—Should such be the case, then I am fully confident, good three-fourths will come to be disappointed, and many most bitterly disappointed. I argue thus, but I daily meet those who are disappointed. This result has taken place from various considerations. People are not generally

disappointed with the climate, or the salubrity of our sea-girt islands. The Islands unquestionably possess the finest climate on the globe. It is remarkably healthy, although of late years, the epidemics of other lands have been brought hither. The whooping cough and a mild form of fever, are now prevailing. The latter, almost all new comers are sure to take, but it is quite remarkable that while thousands have been prostrated by it, I am not aware that in one single instance, has it proved fatal.—Foreigners are more liable to take it than natives.

Persons coming hither with the idea of accumulating fortunes by agricultural pursuits, are certain to be disappointed. The seasons here do not correspond with the seasons on the main land. The mode of cultivation is different. Farmers are liable to be disappointed in their crops. Labor is high, and uncertain, and unless a man is ready to take off his coat, take hold of the plough with his own hands, and work, he had better never become an Hawaiian farmer. The old adage, that, "he who would thrive, must either hold or drive," is emphatically true at the Sandwich Islands. The God of nature has never abrogated the law, embodied in the curse pronounced upon Adam, "In the sweat of thy face, shalt thou eat bread," so far as the Sandwich Islands are concerned. But some of the readers of the *Magazine* may ask, but are not the Sandwich Islanders lazy? Yes, very lazy, many of them, and so are many foreigners. If persons here are willing to live upon—*pec*—they need not work more than one day in a week. This is what natives do, but if farmers would prosper, thrive, grow rich, and live comfortably, then they *must* work.

Some will be disappointed, because they cannot obtain land here, as in the *Western Country*, for \$1 25 per acre. Should "Uncle Sam" buy out Kemahehu III, he will not buy much land!! The people, foreigners and natives, now own the principal part of the lands. The best lands are still in the hands of the Chiefs,

and if a new comer can buy their lands, that is all very well; but it is not here as in the Indian country of the United States. Emigrants cannot come hither and stake off their sections and quarter sections, as in Kansas and Nebraska. No person must come hither, as he would go to Oregon or Washington Territory, and stake off his "mile square," unless he goes to the top of Mauna Loa and settles down upon a region where he will find *lava* in abundance, but no soil or woodland? Although the Sandwich Islands have recently been added to the *Civilized* world, yet they have been long settled, and the aboriginal race is still quite numerous upon the soil; and will be for many years to come. Eventually, foreigners will occupy the land and the influence will be in their hands, but the process must be gradual. Cities, towns and villages are not going to spring up here as they do in Illinois and Iowa. Railroads will never tunnel our mountains and run up our valleys. Our volcanoes send forth no gold or silver. Mineral wealth does not abound here. But what do the islands produce? I fancy some of your readers ask. They furnish excellent pasturage the year round for herds of cattle, horses, sheep or goats. Our hills are clothed with perpetual green. Some portions of the islands produce good wheat, although I do not imagine flour will ever become a staple product. It may however, and some good wheat fields already gladden the visitor's eye. Good sugar and molasses can be produced. None better in any part of the world; but it is a serious question whether our islands, in producing sugar and molasses will ever compete with Manila, and other parts of the East Indies. We can produce also good coffee. It equals that of any other part of the world, but then labor is so high, that, as yet, coffee has not become extensively cultivated.—Many of the tropical fruits can be produced, but not upon all parts of the islands. There are portions where oranges, pine apples, etc, grow finely, and eventually will be extensively cultivated for the San Francisco market.

If persons desire a good climate, are willing to work, are ready to adapt themselves to circumstances, study the nature of the soil, and put up with many inconveniences, then they may come and settle upon the Sandwich Islands, without being disappointed. There are certain localities, such as Honolulu, Lahaina, and Hilo, where flourishing towns will spring up, where merchants will prosper and flourish, but their success must essentially depend upon the development of the agricultural resources of the Islands. To develop these resources, requires capital, skill, labor and enterprise. Gladly would I welcome two thousand emigrants if they come with those accompaniments. We desire to see however, none who will not build up good institutions, viz: good schools and colleges, churches, and all those other institutions, indicative of a free, enterprising, intelligent, thriving, and religious community.

But I have already protracted my observations, perhaps, beyond such limits as will entitle them to a place in your columns, if so, you may, *razee* them to any extent you like.

Your's truly,

S. C. D.

Old ocean.

No man, the proverb says, is a hero to his *valet de chambre*. Certainly no poet, no hero, no inspired prophet, ever lost so much on near acquaintance as this same mystic grandiloquent old ocean. The one step from the sublime to the ridiculous is never taken with such alacrity as in a sea voyage.

In the first place it is a melancholy fact, but not the less true, that ship life is not at all fragrant; in short, particularly on a steamer, there is a most mournful combination of greas, steam, onions, and dinners in general either past, present or to come, which floating invisibly in the atmosphere, strongly predisposes to that disgust of existence, which in half an hour after sailing begins to come upon you; that disgust, that strange, mysterious, ineffable sensation which steals slowly

and inexplicably upon you; which makes every heaving billow, every white capped wave, the ship, the people, the sight, taste, sound and smell of everything a matter of unbearable loathing. Man cannot utter it.

It is really amusing to watch the gradual progress of this epidemic; to see people stepping on board in the highest possible feather, alert, airy, nimble, parading the deck, chatty, conversable, on the best possible terms with themselves and mankind generally; the treacherous ship, meanwhile undulating and heaving in the most graceful rises and pauses imaginable, like some voluptuous waltzer; and then see one after another yield to the mysterious spell!

Your poet launches forth "full of sentiment sublime as billows," discoursing magnificently on the color of the waves and glory of the clouds; but gradually he grows white about the mouth, gives sidelong looks towards the stairway; at last, with one desperate plunge "he sets to rise no more!"

Here sits a stout gentleman, who looks as resolute as an oak log. "These things are much the effect of imagination," he tells you; "a little self-control and resolution," etc. Ah, me! it is delightful when these people who are always talking about resolution get caught on shipboard. As the backwoodsman said to the Mississippi River, about the steamboat, they "get their match." Our stout gentleman sits a quarter of an hour up right as a palm tree, his back squared against the rails, pretending to be reading a paper; but the dismal look of disgust is settling down about his lips; the old sea and his will are evidently having a pitched battle. Ah, hal there he goes for the stairway; says he has left a book in the cabin, but shoots by with a most suspicious velocity. You may fancy his finale.

Then of course, there are young ladies—charming creatures—who, in about ten minutes are going to die, and are sure they shall die, and can't care if they do; whom anxious papas, or brothers or lovers, consign with all speed to those dismal lower regions, where the brisk cham-

bermaid, who has been expecting them, seems to think their agonies and groans a regular part of the play.

I had come on board, thinking in my simplicity, of a fortnight to be spent something like a fortnight on a trip to New Orleans, on one of our floating river palaces; that we should sit in our state rooms, read, sow, sketch, and chat; and accordingly I laid in a magnificent provision in the way of literature and divers matters of fancy work, with which to while away the time. Some last, airy touches, in the way of making up bows, disposing ribbons, and binding collarets, had been left to these long leisure hours, as matters of amusement.

Let me warn you, if ever you go to sea you may as well omit all such preparations. Don't leave so much as the unlocking of a trunk to be done after sailing. In the few precious minutes when the ship stands still before she weighs her anchor, set your nouse, that is to say your state room, as much in order as if you were going to be hanged; place every thing in the most convenient position to be seized without trouble at a moment's notice; for be sure that in half an hour after sailing an infinite desperation will seize you, in which the grasshopper will be a burden. If anything is in your trunk it might almost as well be in the sea for any practical probability of your getting to it.

Moreover, let your toilet be eminently simple, for you will find the time coming when to button a cuff or arrange a ruff will be a matter of absolute despair. You lie disconsolate in your berth, only desiring to be alone to die; and, then, if you are told, as you always are, "that you mustn't give way," that "you must rouse yourself and come on deck," you will appreciate the value of simple attire.

With everything in your berth dizzily swinging backwards and forwards, your bonnet, your cloak, your tippet, your gloves, all present so many discouraging impossibilities; knotted strings cannot be untied, and modes of fastening, which seem curious and

convenient when you had nothing else to do but fasten them, now look disgustingly impracticable. Nevertheless, your fate for the whole voyage depends upon your rousing yourself to get upon deck at first; to give up then is to be consigned to the Avernus, the Hades of the lower regions for the rest of the voyage.

* * * * *

But at night!—the beauties of a night on ship board!—down in your berth, with the sea hissing and fizzing, gurgling and booming, within an inch of your ear; and then the steward comes along at twelve o'clock and puts out your light, and there you are: Jonah in the whale was not darker or more dismal. There, in profound ignorance and blindness, you lie, and feel yourself rolled upwards and downwards, and sideways and all ways like a cork in a tub of water; much such a sensation as one might suppose it to be were one headed up in a barrel and thrown into the sea.

Occasionally a wave comes with a thump against your ear, as if a great hammer was knocking on your barrel, to see that all within was safe and sound. Then you begin to think of krakens and sharks, and porpoises, and sea serpents, and all the monstrous, slimy, cold, hobgoblin brood, who, perhaps, are your next door neighbors; and the old blue haired Ocean whispers through the planks, "Here you are; I've got you. Your grand ship is my plaything. I can do what I please with it."

Our cook has specially interested me—a tall, slender, melancholy man, with a watery blue-eye, a patient, dejected visage, like an individual weary of the storms and commotions of life, and thoroughly impressed with the vanity of human wishes. I sit there hour after hour watching him, and it is evident that he preforms all his duties in this frame of sad composure. Now I see him resignedly stuffing a turkey, anon compounding a sauce, or mournfully making little ripples in the crust of a tart; but all is done under an evident sense that it is of no use trying.

Many complaints have been made of our coffee since we have been on board, which, to say the truth has been as unsettled as most of the social questions of the day, and, perhaps, for that reason, quite as generally unpalatable; but since I have seen our cook, I am quite persuaded that the coffee, like other works of great artists, has borrowed the hues of its maker's mind. I think I hear him soliloquize over it. "To what purpose is coffee? Of what avail tea? Thick or clear? All is passing away; a little egg, or fish skin, more or less, what are they?" And so we get melancholy coffee and tea, owing to our philosophic cook.

After dinner I watch him as he washes dishes. He hangs up a whole row of tin; the ship gives a lurch and knocks them all down. He looks as if it was just as he expected. "Such is life," he says, as he pursues a frisky tin pan in one direction and arrests the gambols of a ladle in another; while the wicked sea, meanwhile, with another lurch, is upsetting all his dishwater. I can see how these daily trials, this performing of most delicate and complicated gastronomic operations in the midst of such unsteady, unsettled circumstances, have gradually given this poor soul a despair of living, and brought him into this state of melancholy. Just as Xantippe made a sage of Socrates, this whisky, frisky, stormy life has made a sage of our cook. Meanwhile, not to do him injustice, let it be recorded, that in all the dishes which require grave conviction and steady perseverance, rather than hope and inspiration, he is eminently successful. Our table excels in viands of a reflective and solemn character; mighty rounds of beef, vast saddles of mutton, and the whole tribe of meat in general, come on in a superior style. English plum pudding, a weighty and serious performance, is exhibited in first rate order. The jellies want lightness, but that is to be expected.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

The cloak of religion is to be known sometimes, says Punch, by the fine nap it has during sermon time.

Whaling Business.

The Rev. Henry W. Giles, in his History of Nantucket, published in the N. B. Mercury gives the following sketch of the whaling business.

Before giving our personal impressions of Nantucket, we have some remarks to make on its staple business. This, as every one knows, is connected with the whale. We might here, if we wished merely to fill space, go into a disquisition on the great animal of the ocean—describe their forms—trace them to their haunts, and dwell minutely on their habits; but our readers will find such information, if any of them should need it, in a child's book of natural history. We have now to do with a whale simply as a source of business, and that in the briefest manner. A species called the "Right Whale" used to be found in the Gulf of St. Lawrence about the year 1761. A whale of this species frequently yielded from 100 to 230 barrels of oil, with from 2500 to 3200 pounds of bone, which sold for more than a dollar a pound. But the Sperm Whale is of the most worth, and until of late it was the only one which the adventurer cared to capture. A Sperm Whale 60 feet long, 24 feet around the largest part of the body, will produce, according to Nantucket estimate, 80 barrels of oil, and Nantucket ought to know.

To show at what cost this trade is carried on, we will state, in the most condensed manner, a few items of its expense. There is, first the expense of *capital*. "A fair average price of a ship," says Mr. Macy, "ready for the reception of her appropriate stores for a three years' voyage, is about \$22,000, and the outfit about \$18,000 more. Some have sailed at a much higher price—near \$60,000." This the owners furnish. The captain and crew are paid by shares of the whole, according to a certain scale. The scale varies, we suppose, with circumstances; but it is so adjusted that the risk may be as fair as can be, between capital on one side, and life and labor on the other. Life and labor constitute the second item of expense. They make no light one. —Life is endangered in whaling as

it is in all navigation, but besides the ordinary chances of the sea, it has fatalities which are peculiar to itself.—The whale occasionally shows fight, turns on his pursuers, and whirls them to destruction; or sometimes, with too short a line, drives and drags them into the fathomless abyss. Instances occur when a ship is lost by striking against a whale. In 1807, the ship *Union*, Capt. Edmund Gardener, sailing at the rate of seven knots an hour, struck on a whale. The captain and crew had merely time to provision and launch their boats, and in less than an hour the ship went down. After rowing and sailing for seven days and eight nights—the latter part of the time without food or water, having in a tempest been obliged to lighten the boats—they gained an island of the Azores, and obtained assistance. But a whale will also attack a ship. A case of this kind happened to Capt. Pollard, of the ship *Essex*, of Nantucket, in 1820. While he and most of his men were in pursuit of a school of whales, a single whale with two blows destroyed his vessel. When he and his party returned, they and those who had been with the ship, found themselves on the desolate ocean robbed of their only refuge. They furnished their boats as best they could from the wreck, and set out to reach the nearest land, which was separated from them by 1000 miles.

After enduring incredible hardships for twenty-eight days, they arrived at Duncie's Island.—They procured water there, but could get no food; they once more embarked, steering for East Island, but missed it. Now they aimed for Juan Fernandez, which was about 2500 miles E. S. E. from them. They left Duncie's Island on the 27th of December, and there were then three boats, each respectively commanded by the captain, the mate, and second mate. On the 10th of January the second mate died, and on the 12th the mate's boat parted from the others. On the 17th of February, the mate and such of his companions as were alive, were picked up by Capt. Grozier, of the brig *India* from

London. The captain and a single survivor were rescued on the 23d of February, by Capt. Zimri Coffin, in the ship *Daphin*, of Nantucket. The second mate's boat was never heard of. Capt. Pollard had the misfortune to be afterwards totally wrecked on a coral reef, which is another source of risk in this navigation,—all the more fearful, that it is at once terrible and unseen. Here are cases that surpass for suffering and struggle the noted stories of Bligh and Byren, yet they are but instances out of numbers equally awful which are on record. "The whole number of the vessels lost, exclusive of captures," Mr. Macy says, writing in 1835, "since the settlement of the island, is 168; loss of lives 414." The other part of the second item, *labor* is very great. We know that a sailor's work, under any circumstances, is severe as well as dangerous. The toil is such as most men would shrink from and it is constant. It has few mitigations while it lasts. The sailor's food is coarse, his sleep scanty and uncertain; and while in his proper employment, he is under despotic command—often under fierce and capricious tyranny. But the ordinary merchant sailor has constant changes in his life, and limited intervals in his engagements. He knows exactly the point to which he goes, and he goes to it in the shortest way. He sees many countries and cities, many varieties of civilization and people; his service is brief, and his remuneration is fixed. The whaleman has all that is worst in this lot; but his servitude is not for weeks or months—it is for years. His toil is hazardous; he pursues it on the wild and lonely seas, and if he gets a respite on land, it is commonly among savages, or only in the desert. His pay, too, is uncertain; it depends on his success; and the man who works the hardest has the lowest share. We have not, however, stated yet the item which should count for most—that is, not the loss of comfort; not the loss of ease; not the loss of luxury; but the loss of home. In this the common man and the captain are alike. Both are wanderers and pilgrims upon the

deep. The sky-bounded waste of waves is their great domain and the ship their only domicile. There household they see but with glimpses at distant intervals, and wife and child they clasp only to feel that life is only separation. The voyages have been growing longer as whales have become scarcer. The ordinary voyages used to be three years—it is now, on the whole, five years; so that in a quarter of a century a man may interrupt by six or seven hasty visits his strangeness towards his family. Yet it is for them he thus makes himself a stranger: for them he becomes the long exile of the *homeless* seas. There was more pathos than we have read in poems in a few unaffected words which we heard a young man say to another on board the steam-boat on our way to Nantucket. "I have been at sea," said he, "since I was sixteen, and I have not since, all put together been three months on land." His age was probably six and twenty.

Life of Sir John Franklin.

The following particulars of the biography of the distinguished navigator, the discovery of whose unhappy fate has engaged the attention so much of late, we find in the *New York Post*:

Sir John Franklin, who at a very early age manifested the adventurous spirit that characterised his later career, was born in Spilaby in Lincolnshire, in 1786. The evident bent of the boy's mind for a sailor's life not meeting with the father's views, he was sent a voyage to Lisbon in a merchant vessel in hopes the reality would operate as a cure. The attempt failed, and at the age of 14 he entered the British navy as a midshipman, on board the *Polyphemus*, in which capacity he served at the battle of Copenhagen.

In 1803 he accompanied his relative, Capt. Flinders, on a voyage of discovery to the South Seas, and was shipwrecked on the coast of New Holland. He was afterwards signal officer on the *Belerophon*, (the ship on which Napoleon took refuge

in 1815.) at the battle of Trafalgar, and in 1814 served as lieutenant upon the *Bedford*, which carried the allied sovereigns to England.

In 1815 he was at the attack upon New Orleans, which ended so disastrously for the British, and won considerable reputation by the capture of an American gun-boat. In 1818 he was appointed to the command of the brig *Trent*, which formed part of the Polar expedition under Capt. Buchan. He afterwards held a command in the expedition of Ross and Parry, at which time he examined the coast as far as Cape Turnagain, 68 degrees 30 minutes north latitude, and returned to England in 1822, after having suffered great hardships and privations, and was only saved from death by the kindness of the Esquimaux.

Promoted to the rank of Post Captain in 1825, in company with the same parties, he undertook a second voyage to the Polar seas, and examined the coast between the Mackenzie and Coppermine rivers. He returned in 1827, having reached 70 deg. 30 min. north latitude, and 150 deg. west lon., and was knighted by Geo. IV., in acknowledgement of his services. In 1830 he was in command of a ship-of-the-line in the Mediterranean, and was afterwards sent as Governor to Van Dieman's Land, from which post he was recalled in 1843.

Early in 1845 he returned to England and was at once appointed to the command of the expedition to the Polar seas, from which he never returned, and which was expected to add largely to the stock of geographical knowledge and that of the laws which govern the magnet. The *Erebus* and *Terror*, the two ships with which the younger Ross, in 1830, had made his celebrated voyage to the South Polar Seas, were rapidly fitted up with everything necessary for the service, and with the distinguished officers, Capt. Croixier and Fitzjames, who were selected by Sir John himself, the expedition left England on the 19th of May of that year. It was spoken by several whale ships on the 4th of July, and on the 26th of the same month was seen for the last

time in Melville's Bay, lat. 77 north, lon. 66 13 west from Greenwich.

Fears respecting the missing navigators became general in England in 1848, but since that period several expeditions have been fitted out there as well as one from this country, for the purpose of either rescuing or ascertaining the fate of Sir John and his companions. They have all returned without success. The only traces hitherto discovered have been the graves of three of the party, and some empty cans used for containing preserved meats, such as were furnished the expedition. The searches instituted at the request of the English by the Russian Government among its possessions on the Arctic Sea have met with no result. But the veil seems about to be lifted, and should the report of Dr. Rea, which has reached us from Canada, prove correct, we shall soon probably know all that can ever be known of Sir John Franklin and those under his command.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

Lahaina Chaplaincy.

Since my last communication three deaths of young seamen, from consumption took place within a few days of each other at the hospital. A peculiar interest attached to them all, as subjects of Divine grace.

One had been for some time a member of the church, and made good his profession here by a consistent, prayerful life, and by the sustaining power of his faith in death.

Another, whose deep religious conviction arose at sea, found peace with God here; and all along great peace he seemed to enjoy. The third, a less enlightened person, was long in darkness, but at last seemed to yield to the mercy of God in Jesus Christ. The happy end of these interesting young men has been a cause of joy and encouragement. Of the remaining numerous inmates of

the hospital most have recovered their health.

More than ordinary activity has existed during the summer in this usually quiet place. Much building and refitting has been going on; and nowhere more than among the numerous grogeries, where they are preparing for an active campaign. I met three seamen staggering in the street this afternoon, the first of their victims I have seen this season.

As yet there are but three whale-ships arrived at this port, none at Honolulu. By these we have our first intelligence from the great northern whaling fleet. The "Alfred Tyler," arrived last week from the Okhotsk Sea, having left early on account of the severe illness of Capt. Ripley, who is still sick. She has had but poor success, and reports little success of others, while much fog has been encountered, with heavy weather and great quantities of ice. Three or four ships were driven on shore by the ice on Shantur Island, and only one of them got off, while many other disasters have occurred. Such are the hardships and dangers our friends have been encountering. We shall truly rejoice over those who return in safety.

To-day the "Majestic," Percival, arrived here from the Arctic Ocean. She reports an almost total failure among the few ships which proceeded thither this season. Capt. P. left the Arctic about August 1st, and commenced fishing with good success south of the Straits. There he became separated from his ship in a fog and three boats and their crews suffered for ten days the horrors of exposure in that inclement region.

They first proceeded 140 miles to a desolate island where they spent 4 days subsisting on birds. No relief

approaching, and nothing but starvation awaiting them there, they re-embarked in their boats for a Russian settlement on another island, two hundred miles distant. Their stock of provisions was reduced to two birds a piece. After being out two days more, and yet 50 miles from port, suffering and exhaustion appeared to prevail. Capt. P. says the men all seemed to look to him for help, while he himself felt like giving up. At this critical time, while they were consulting, one of the crew looked up and cried "A sail." They could scarcely believe such good news. But it was true; and, to their surprise and gratitude, they found themselves speedily welcomed on board their own ship, where exhausted and frozen, the best exertions of all were for many days required to restore them, or even save their lives. They were successful in this, and nearly all have quite recovered from the effects of their sufferings, although, in consequence of this misfortune, their cruise was broken off, just when beginning to be successful.

Capt. Percival reports no intelligence of the missing ship *Monongahela*. He has picked up a cask of oil and planks which may have belonged to her.

We shall soon have more intelligence, and our harbor full of ships.

Yours, truly,

S. E. BISHOP.

Seamen's Chaplain.

LAHAINA, Oct. 1st, 1854.

How to Learn to Pray.

It is a misfortune to a man not to be taught to pray in childhood, so that it comes natural to him. If he grow up like a heathen, he is apt to say, when urged to prayer, "I cannot pray; I never did; and do not know how to begin." And in truth, how

can he learn when he is old; how shall he awaken those holy instincts which reach forth to God?

It has been said if a man would learn to pray, let him go to sea. There is much in the sense of helplessness, which all then experience, to drive a man to prayer. "They that go down to the sea in ships" are confronted with the power of God, and made to feel their littleness in his hand. Even when lying in his berth, as a voyager listens to the waves rushing past his very pillow, his heart dies within him to think of the infinite deep around and beneath. There he lies, helpless in the arms of a superior power, and often in very desolation he reaches forth his little hands to that Being who ruleth the raging of the sea. And when the storm is abroad, when it howls over the deep, and the ship quivers in the gale, then do the stout-hearted cry unto the Lord because of trouble. Or when winds are low, and the firmament of stars is reflected in the glassy sea, then will there come to the roughest sailor strange thoughts of God and of other worlds. "God of Christians!" exclaims Chateaubriand, "it is especially in the waters of the abyss and in the depths of the heavens, that thou hast engraven the traces of Almighty power! Millions of stars sparkling in the sombre azure of the celestial dome; the moon in the midst of the firmament; a sea without a shore; infinity in the heaven and in the waves! Never hast thou more overwhelmed me with thy grandeur, than in those nights when suspended between the stars and the ocean, I had immensity over my head, and immensity under my feet!

"I am nothing; I am but a poor lonely man; I have often heard savans dispute on the Great First cause and I have not understood them; but I have always observed that it is at the sight of the grand scenes of nature, that this unknown being manifests himself to the heart of man."

So does any scene of sublimity or of terror awaken awe and fear. But we need not go to oceans, or mountains, or cataracts to touch the soul. There is a quiet domestic scene more

appealing than all the majesty of nature. If a man would learn to pray we would not tell him to go to sea, but to go into his family and look at his children! How can a father see these helpless beings turning to him for support, and not raise one fervent prayer to God that he would bless these little ones, and watch over them, when their earthly protector shall be no more?

Sailors and Soldiers.

A correspondent of the London Times gives an inkling of the fun that attended the disembarkation of the English troops on the shores of the Crimea, in the following paragraph:

As each man came creeping down the ladder, Jack helped him along tenderly from rung to rung till he was safe in the boat, took his firelock and stowed it away, removed his knapsack and packed it snugly under the seat, patted him on the back, and told him "not to be afeared on the water;" treated "the sojer," in fact in a kind and tender way, as though he were a large but not very sagacious "pet," who was not to be frightened or lost sight of on any account, and did it all so quickly that the large paddle-box boats, containing 100 men, were filled in five minutes. Then the latter took the paddle-box in tow, leaving her, however, in charge of a careful coxwain, and the same attention was paid to *getting* the "sojer" on shore that was evinced in getting him into the boat, the sailors (half or wholly naked in the surf) standing by at the bows, and handing each man and his accoutrement down the plank to the shingle, for fear "he'd fall off and hurt himself." Never did men work better than our blue-jackets; especially valuable were they with horses and artillery, and their delight at having a horse to hold and pat all to themselves was excessive. When the gun-carriages stuck fast in the shingle, half a dozen herculean seamen pushed at the wheels, and, with a "Give way, my lads—all together," soon spoked it out with a run, and landed it on the hard sand.

No praise can do justice to the willing labors of these fine fellows. They never relaxed their efforts as long as man or horse of the expedition remained to be landed, and many of them, officers as well as men, were 24 hours in their boats.

Left Behind.

The caravan was within but a few days' journey of the Syrian limit, and of its desert journey more than three-fourths had been performed. The tents had been lifted in the first blush of the morning, and the company, before the sun was an hour in the heavens, were out of sight of the spot where they had halted. It was a little dell, which the shelter of a high rock had produced. A fountain of sweet water welled up through the matted soil, which the waving of the long tropical ferns produced; and underneath the shade of the rock was the double shade of the date and the aloe-tree. There still rested a young man in sleep. No wonder that the coolness of the shade and the softness of his bed should have deceived him, but still he was *left behind*. There were leagues of danger between himself and his company. Every moment the danger increased. In a little while it would be insurmountable. If he had taken that moment for thought he might then have understood how time neglected becomes eternity.

Have you, my reader, been left behind? Has the caravan of God's Church passed out of your sight? Hurry on, for soon you will find that the distance is insurmountable. Left behind! And by what? The lovely and holy of all ages—the general assembly and Church of the first-born—the company of the just made perfect! Only in that blessed host—which thus in its solemn procession has passed on—can salvation be found; for who is there who is ashamed to acknowledge his Master on earth, and to follow Him without the camp, who will be acknowledged by Him in heaven?—*Episcopal Recorder*.

One Drop at a Time.

"Life," says the late John Foster, "is expenditure; we have it, but are as continually losing it; we have the use of it, but are as continually wasting it. Suppose a man confined in some fortress, under the doom to stay there until death: and suppose there is there for his use a dark reservoir of water, to which it is certain none can ever be added. He now supposes the quantity is very great; he cannot penetrate to ascertain how much, but it may be very little. He has drawn from it by means of a fountain, a good while already, and draws from it every day. But how would he feel each time of drawing, and each time of thinking of it? Not as if he had a perennial spring to go to. Not, 'I have a reservoir, I may be at ease.' No! but, 'I had water yesterday—I have water to-day; but having had it, and my having it to-day, is the very cause that I shall not have it on some day that is approaching. And at the same time I am compelled to this fatal expenditure!' So of our moral transient life! And yet men are very indisposed to admit the plain truth, that life is a thing which they are in no other way possessing than as necessarily consuming; and that even in this imperfect sense of possession, it becomes every day a less possession."

Scripture Illustrations.

The Sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the Moon by night.—Ps. cxxi. 6.

Mr. Crane in his "Letters from the East," has observed, "The effect of the moonlight on the eyes in this country (Egypt) is singularly injurious. The natives tell you, as I found afterwards they also did in Arabia, always to cover your eyes when you sleep in the open air. It is rather strange that the above passage in the Psalms should not have been thus illustrated, as the allusion seems direct. The moon here really strikes and affects the sight when you sleep exposed to it, much more than the sun; a fact of which I had a very

unpleasant proof one night and took care to guard against it afterwards. Indeed the sight of a person who should sleep with his face exposed at night, would soon be utterly impaired or destroyed."

Cheap Pleasure.

A Piedmontese nobleman, into whose company I fell at Turin (says Mr. Rogers, in his "Italy,") told me his story without reserve as follows:—"I was weary of life, and after a day such as few have known, and none would wish to remember, was lounging along the street to the river, when I felt a sudden check. I turned and beheld a little boy who had caught the skirt of my cloak in his anxiety to solicit my notice. His look and manner was irresistible. No less so was the lesson he had learnt. "There are six of us and we are dying for want of food."

"Why should I not," said I to myself, "relieve this wretched family? I have the means; and it will not delay me many minutes. But what if it does?" The scene of misery he conducted me to I cannot describe. I threw them my purse, and their burst of gratitude overcame me. It filled my eyes. It went as a cordial to my heart. 'I will call again to-morrow,' I said. Fool that I was to think of leaving a world where such pleasure was to be had, and so cheaply."

Lost! Lost.

"I was called," says a venerable divine, "in the early part of my ministry, to stand beside the bed of a beautiful young mother, whose life was fast ebbing away. Anguish—deep, hopeless anguish—was riveted on her countenance. Death was knocking for admission. Her time had come. I asked her if she was willing that I should pray with her. Her reply was:—'I have no objection, but prayers will be of no avail now; it is too late, too late; I must die; I am *lost! lost for ever!*' I prayed earnestly with her, but her hard heart was untouched; there was in it no fountain of love to its Maker; it was 'too late.'

"What was the cause of her cold and careless indifference? Listen, mothers, and from her who, 'being dead, yet speaketh,' learn a lesson. This lovely mother was, at a very early period of her life, deeply and seriously impressed with the importance of religion, and the arrows of conviction where fastened in her heart. '*My mother,*' says she, '*sent me to the dancing school, and I danced all my convictions away.*' As she lived, so did she die—without Christ in the world."

The Sailor Befriended.

An instance of successful endeavor to benefit sailors is given by the Boston Traveller.

On the 4th inst., upon the arrival in port of the war-vessels *Saratoga* and *Cyane*, it was understood that large numbers of "land sharks," or keepers and employees of boarding houses, where sailors are drugged with bad rum, were hovering around with a view to securing some of the rich booty offered in the shape of pay which the sailors receive after years of toil and service. For the purpose of preventing these wrongs, which are only too commonly practised, the Rev. Phineas Stowe, accompanied by Mr. Merrill, of Amesbury, and other benevolent gentlemen, hastily collected the members of the national brass band, and proceeded to the Navy Yard, with a view to induce the sailors to take up quarters at temperance boarding houses.

They were well received on board ship by all classes. A flag that had waved over the soil of Japan, and various Japanese curiosities, were presented to Mr. Stowe, and they succeeded in their mission so well that nearly 150 men out of the 200 on board the *Saratoga*, late of the Japan Squadron, accompanied the apostles of temperance and humanity, the band leading the way.

The procession passed from the Navy Yard to the Bethel, which had been beautifully decorated for the occasion. Notwithstanding the fact that this large body of sailors were but just let loose from the restraint of a

long cruise, most of them remained for three quarters of an hour, listening to addresses and music, and eventually, almost all were safely housed in temperance quarters in the vicinity.

In the evening a temperance meeting was held at which Mayor Smith and the Chief of Police were present, and the former made one of his happiest addresses. He was repeatedly cheered with enthusiastic applause, as he warned the sailors against the dangers of drugged liquor and rum boarding houses, and when he concluded with bidding them, when they needed a friend, to come to him, the enthusiasm was unbounded.

Addresses were also made by Mr. Williams, theological student from New York, by Mr. Merrill, Mr. Stowe, and by one of the crew of the *Saratoga*. The latter was so affected that several times he stopped almost in tears, when his comrades greeted him with their applause and encouragement. Many of those present took the pledge, and the occasion was a deeply interesting one. It is probably the first time that such an effort covering so large a portion of a war-ship's crew, was so successful.

Do not despond in the seasons of dryness and monotony, and painfulness; for these are the barren and seemingly profitless things out of which the Lord will bring patience, meekness, faith, humility, and many other rich and precious things, which can only be obtained through trial of some kind.

Put a low value on the world's clay and a high value on Christ.

Temptations will come, but if you do not make them welcome they will turn to your advantage.

It is the part of great minds to convey much in few words—little minds, on the contrary, have the gift of talking much and saying nothing.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

The Yankee Tar ; OR SAILING UNDER A WHITE HAT.

BY MAINTOP.

Not long since I was much amused by a pretty good joke, which was played off upon a worthy captain of a Baltimore ship, which I will call the Tornado, by a "Yankee tar," who had not learned to "pull the ropes" in vain ; for his was an eye that saw not to forget ; his tarpaulin that covered a brain that was not unused to thought and ready wit. A long and a happy life to him.

One day as I was standing leisurely smoking my cigar, upon a wharf in one of our large cities, I saw approaching the Tornado, one of those old specimens of a Yankee greenhorn.

A tall time-worn hat was crowded on to the back part of his head ; his arms protruded from the sleeves of his swallow tailed coat, and his vest and pants had the appearance of being made long before he had arrived at the years of manhood.

Having got within a short distance of the ship he stopped ; and in an attitude most befitting his personal appearance, stood gazing at the ship in seemingly astonishing wonderment.

The captain of the Tornado, observing our Yankee, addressed him with, " Well, my hearty, what do you wish ?"

" Wall, I be darned if I know what

I wish, but I kinder calkilete I should like to go to sea in that ar ship. She is a mighty big un, I kinder think a feller'll feel sorter to hum in 'er arter he's got acquainted."

" Do you want to ship ?" said the captain.

" I want to hire out," said the Yankee, " and I'd as leve hire out to work in that ar thing as any whar' else."

" Was you ever on salt water," said the captain.

" No I never seed the salt water before this morning in my life."

" I would like to ship a hand and if you will ship as an able seaman, I will give you first rate wages," said the captain, with evident expectation of having some rare sport.

" As tu bein able," said the Yankee " I calkilate I'm able tu du anything that any of ye are. So I do not feel a mite alarmed on that 'ar pint."

" I am rather of opinion that you would be seasick, and then you would not be able to do much, I take it," said the captain, beginning to enjoy the sport.

" I don't know anything about yer seasickness, but if its anything like the measles, I'll be darned to darnation, if I want it round me. 'Taint ketchen, is it ?"

" Well, it sometimes ketches a green hand," said the captain laughing.

" Wall," said the Yankee, taking off his old white hat and giving it a beautiful touch with his coat sleeve, " if a good constitution 'll do to reckon

on, I an't afraid to try it, by ginger-bread.

"Well," said the captain, "if you think you will ship as an able seaman, what will you go for by the run?"

"Well that'll depend upon whar yer goin," said the Yankee, "I ollers make it my way, afore engaging, tu know whats to be dun, so as to make some kalkilations."

"The ship is bound to Liverpool, and I want to know what you will go for by the month, out and back."

"Wall," said the Yankee, drawing from his pocket a huge jack knife, and for want of a shingle, began to cut and scrape his finger nails, "you said you'd give first rate wages if I'd ship, so 'tween you and I, I'll go for forty dollars a month."

"That is rather round pay for a green hand," said the captain rather dryly, "however, we will step into the shipping office, and have you regularly shipped. I guess there'll be no trouble about the pay," and in a short time the Yankee was shipped in due form as an able seaman, at forty dollars a month.

"Now," said the captain, "you must know that the shipping rules are such, that if you ship as an able seaman, and cannot do an able seaman's duty you cannot draw full pay. And if you are nothing more than a green hand, you can only draw a green hand's wages."

"And how much is that," said our Yankee, opening both his eyes.

"About nine dollars a month," said the captain. "And now if you have got any dunnage, you had better be getting them on board."

Presently the Yankee came on board, not with a shirt and a pair of socks tied up in a cotton handkerchief, as might be expected, but with a regular seaman's chest, which he was careful to have well filled. And after had been consigned to its proper ace, our Yankee soon made his appearance on deck, but a regular sailor's r.g had taken the place of the old white hat and short waisted coat.

The mate thinking that in this instance, as in many others, "that

dress did not make the man," and wishing to have his share of the sport sent the Yankee aloft.

But to the surprise of all, before the "ay, ay, sir," had fairly passed his lips, he was in the rigging and was soon at the appointed place, and busy at work.

"How is this?" said the captain, to the neat looking Yankee tar, after he had returned to the deck. "You told me when you came on board this morning that you had never seen salt water before in your life, and now you seem to know every rope in the ship."

"Wall, if I don't, you must have got some new ones that are not particularly wanted, that's all."

"But I want you to explain yourself. You have come to me with a lie, and now I want you to clear it up," said the captain, not very well pleased with the idea of shipping a green hand for forty dollars per month.

"Well, captain," said the Yankee, with a gentle pull at the waistbands of neatly fitting duck trowsers, "it means simply this, although I never saw salt water before this morning, yet I have sailed in every kind of craft, from an Indian birch to a first class ship, and know as much about the ropes of a ship as twelve years experience on the lakes can teach me; but I never was regularly shipped for quite so good pay as the present. And now," said the Yankee, with avain attempt to look serious, "If you please I will take my advance pay."

The captain was caught and made the best of it.—*Yankee Privateer.*

Temperance at the Seamen's Retreat.

MR. EDITOR—The unfortunate weather-worn and sea-beaten sailor, stricken down by the hand of disease, who enters the lovely Bay of New York, has offered to him a *Retreat* from his toils and exposures—a place well adapted, both on account of its locality and superior medical aid, and

careful nursing, to restore his wasted energies, and give impetus to the "wheels of life;" but, aside from all this there is another thing which makes it, or should make it attractive to the sailor, a weekly temperance meeting is held in the chapel of the Seamen's Retreat. These meetings are conducted by the different officers of the institution. The Superintendent acts as president, and is always foremost in the cause, being one of the chief speakers.

The Chaplain, ever zealous in his endeavors to save souls, finds this a powerful auxiliary in the furthering of the great work.

And the Physician in Chief, well aware, that unless the patient gives up the use of alcoholic drinks, all medicines will be comparatively useless, and seeing day after day that almost, if not all the diseases which come under his notice, are either caused or made worse by this hell-brewed liquid, and that diseases of the most virulent and filthy character are contracted while under its influence, and which is the bane of so many sailors' lives; he, knowing all these facts actively engages in, and actively co-operates with, all endeavors to lay a foundation for a permanent cure for those diseases which he is called upon to treat.

The third anniversary of this society was held on the evening of the 31st Oct. This meeting differed from the usual ones, namely, in the re-election of officers for the ensuing year, and an account of the society at that time being rendered.

The members who have put their names to the pledge during the past year was 441. The number of signers since the organization of the society, 1,744.

It is a fact well known and deep y

lamented by the society, that many of the members who sign soon break the pledge, when exposed to the tempter, and some are so far sunk in iniquity, that they only put their names to the pledge to bring disgrace upon it; but notwithstanding all this they hope that many, and have reason to believe that some, are thus rescued from drunkard's doom, and made useful members of society.

Cosmopolites as they are, they carry with them to the ends of the earth these blessed principles and sow them broad cast over the face of the whole world, tending to purify a class of men who, whether fairly or not have associated with their name the very essence of vice and criminality.

Wishing this may find a place in your valuable magazine,

I am respectfully yours

WM. CANNIFF, M. D.,

Secretary of the Society.

Seamen's Retreat, Staten

Island, N. Y. Dec., 4, 1854.

Marine Temperance Society.

An interesting meeting of the Marine Temperance Society of the Port of New York, was held at the Sailor's Home, No. 190 Cherry street, on Tuesday evening.

The exercises were commenced by reading a portion of Scripture.

Addresses were delivered by Capt. Tracy, Mr. Hewitt, and Rev. Charles J. Jones.

A large number of the sons of the ocean were attentive listeners to the thrilling anecdotes and arguments in favor of temperance.

This society now numbers nearly 29,000 members, and is steadily increasing.

L. P. H.

DEATHS IN THE SEAMEN'S RETREAT.

Name.	Born.	Age.	Died.
EDWARD ALFORD,	Connecticut,	39	Aug. 1
JAMES DAVIDGE,	England,	33	" 4
OLE OLESON,	Norway,	52	" 5
ALEXANDER BURNS, (Col'd.)	Maryland,	30	" 9
SALVADOR CARROA,	Italy,	25	" 11
ARTHUR E. WARD,	England,	33	" 12
GEORGE JACKSON,	England,	22	" 15
WILLIAM JAGO,	England,	38	" 18
JOHN LUNDIN,	Sweden,	64	" 20
JAMES ROLLING, (Col'd.)	West Indies,	24	" 28
JOHN ALEXANDER,	England,	40	" 28
GEORGE THOMPSON,	Scotland,	18	" 28
JOHN RAY, (Col'd.)	Manilla,	38	Sept. 1
BRAZIO MAZZINI,	Italy,	21	" 2
RICHARD A. STEWARD,	Maryland,	22	" 4
WILLIAM MCKINLEY,	Finland,	39	" 4
LANS FRENCH,	West Indies,	28	" 5
ROBERT G. ERQUEST,	Sweden,	22	" 6
WILLIAM FINLEY,	England,	19	" 8
JAMES HILL,	Rhode Island,	30	" 8
J. R. ROGUSKEY,	Norway,	20	" 14
PHILIP RADIX, (Col'd.)	Trinidad,	23	" 17
MICHAEL REDMOND,	Ireland,	27	" 18
HENRY TAYLOR, (Col'd.)	Virginia,	20	" 22
THOMAS PAYNE,	New York,	32	" 23
WILLIAM NELSON,	Norway,	25	" 24
PETER JOHNSON,	Sweden,	23	" 25
CHARLES J. FOSTER,	Maryland,	23	" 26
JOHN J. RICHARDS,	France,	24	" 30
JAMES ATKINSON,	Ireland,	24	" 30
JOHN KENNADY,	Ireland,	23	Oct. 4
EDWARD JACKSON, (Col'd.)	Connecticut,	23	" 6
JOHN SHORT,	England,	22	" 9
JOHN MELTICA,	Malta,	23	" 12
ISAAC CROWELL,	Nova Scotia,	20	" 14
JOHN FAGAN,	Ireland,	21	" 15
WILLIAM MUBRAIN,	Scotland,	27	" 17
ROBERT MOORE,	New York,	32	" 17
MICHAEL FISHER,	New York,	29	" 20
WILLIAM SCHOLER,	Finland,	28	" 21
JACOB PETERSON,	Sweden,	20	" 22
MORRIS CONKLIN,	Ireland,	34	" 23
CHARLES ELLIS,	England,	29	" 27
THOMAS HILL,	England,	35	" 30
JOHANNES JACKSON.	Sweden,	30	" 30
TOY ORMISON,	Norway,	26	Nov. 1
RICHARD C. WRIGHT,	Virginia,	37	" 1
HENRY L. HARVEY,	Maine,	22	" 1
JOHN PHILIPS,	England,	20	" 3
WILLIAM PHILIPS,	England,	26	" 9
PETER YORICK,	Germany,	26	" 9

From an Old Ship Master.

FAIRFIELD, Oct. 22d. 1854.

Editor Sailors Magazine. N. Y.

DEAR SIR: I have just had the pleasure of contributing to the cause of seamen, and the pastor alluded to the necessity of doing something for the cultivation of the minds of seamen, alluding to the mean and dastardly manner in which the crew * of the Arctic deserted the passengers and left them to perish, which they would not have done if they had been taught in the school of Christ.

I think in order to benefit those that go to Sea, a school should be established in all our Sea ports, for the instruction of boys, who after being taught the necessary branches, and *well taught the Bible*, should be apprenticed to ships, and Our General Government should be petitioned by all merchants, travellers, ship-owners, and ship masters, together with every benevolent individual, or society, to pass a law compelling every ship to carry one boy to every 100 tons at least, after they had been so instructed. If Sabbath schools and ragged schools are necessary for the society on shore, how much more for those that go to sea.

A SUFFERER AT SEA.

* Captain Luce declares that every sailor on board his ship did his duty.

Disasters.

Schr. S. Belden, at Galveston or vicinity from Mobile, is said to have dragged upon a reef in the late gale, capsized, and become a total loss, with all her crew.

Barque Hiero, at this port from Antwerp, reports: Oct. 7th, passed barque Isis of London, dismasted and abandoned, the spars floating along side, boats gone; apparently but a short time in that situation.

Ship John Revenal, at this port, from Newcastle, reports: 14th Oct., lat. 45° 05', lon. 53° 35', fell in with the wreck of Br. barque Isis, of London, totally dismasted and abandoned.

Schr. George P. Mercer was burnt 30th Oct.. The mate and three sea-

men arrived at Baltimore 3d Nov., in schr. Samuel, from Carribean Sea.—The captain and remainder of the crew were taken off by schr. Democrat, from — for Boston.

Schr. Mattapony, from Philadelphia for Boston, struck on the Ice Breaker, night of 22d October, and filled.

Missing Vessel.

Brig Busy, of and for Providence, sailed from Cardenas August 30, since which nothing has been heard of her, and it is feared that she was lost in the heavy gale on the 4th of September.

Notice to Mariners.

NEW LIGHT ON HOLMOGADD, GULF OF BOTHNIA.—Stockholm, 25th Aug. 1854.—The Lighthouse on Holmogadd having been reconstructed, and fitted to receive the reverberating apparatus, 14 strongly plated reverberators have been adapted to said light, and so placed that they illuminate the whole horizon, with the exception of the part towards the land of Holmo, between N. 25° and 55° east by compass, from the same elevation as the old coal light, or 72 feet above the level of the sea. Consequent upon the situation of the dangerous shoal which extends two miles S. S. W from the Southern point of Holmogadd, ending in a flat rock in 5 feet water, called Gaddsnytan, in S. S. W. 1-2 W., by compass from the Lighthouse, the light has been strengthened in this direction, which it, therefore, illuminates the strongest. The lighting of the present improved apparatus took place on the 9th of the present month, and will continue the same as other Royal Lighthouses.

LIGHT ON THE COAST OF NORWAY.—Christiana, 6th Sept., 1854.—The following lights will be lighted on the 1st October to the 1st April, in the morning.

During this period they burn, from the 1st Oct. to the 20th of March, from half an hour after sunset to sunrise; and after the 21st March, from one hour after sunset to sun rise.

Vigholm's Light, lon. E of Greenwich, $5^{\circ} 17' 20''$, lat. $59^{\circ} 8' 40''$.

Fieldo's Light, lon. E of Greenwich, $5^{\circ} 35'$, lat. $59^{\circ} 5' 25''$.

Bucknesund Light, lon. E. of Greenwich, $5^{\circ} 29'$, lat. $59^{\circ} 13' 15''$.

Eylatta's Light, lon. E. of Greenwich, $5^{\circ} 8'$, lat. $59^{\circ} 25' 40''$.

Esprær's Light, long. E. of Greenwich, $5^{\circ} 10' 5''$, lat. $59^{\circ} 35' 5''$.

AN ADDITIONAL LIGHT ON VINGA ISLAND, KATEGAT, COAST OF SWEDEN.—Official information has been received at this office that the Swedish government has given notice that, on the 1st day of September ult., an additional fixed light, varied by flashes at short intervals, was exhibited on Vinga Island in the Kattegat, on the coast of Sweden. The new light tower is placed N. E. 1.2 N. direction by the compass, distant 400 feet from the old Vinga Lighthouse.

The Light is of the fourth order. It stands at a height of 82 feet above the sea, or at the same level as the present fixed light, and is visible all round the compass.

In connection with the above the light on Buskar Island, which lies 2 1-2 miles to the eastward of Vinga, has been altered so as to appear red to seaward, but continues bright towards Vinga Sound.

By order of the Lighthouse Board.

T. A. JENKINS, Sec.

Treasury Department.

Office of the Lighthouse Board,

Oct. 9, 1854.

Report of the existence of a dangerous sunken ledge in the neighborhood of Minot's Ledges, approaches to Boston Bay. Published by authority of the Treasury Department.

Coast survey Station near Camden, Me., Aug. 28, 1854.

SIR—By the kindness of Commander Charles H. Davis, U. S. Navy, the officer who executed the hydrography of Boston Harbor and its approaches, the Coast Survey has been enabled recently to determine the position of a very dangerous sunken ledge in the neighborhood of Minot's Ledges, approaches to Boston Bay. The sunken ledge is very

little known, and no notice of it has yet been published. It has only ten feet of water on it at low water spring tides. The position may be determined by the following magnetic bearings from it:—

The Light boat bears N. W. by W 1-4 W.

Scituate light bears S. by E.

Minot's rock (outer Minot) bears W. by N. 3-4 N.

The rule for avoiding this, and all similar dangers in this vicinity, is not to pass to the southward of the light boat, where strangers have no excuse for going at any time.

I would respectfully request the authority to give the usual public notice of the foregoing.

Very respectfully yours, &c.

(Signed) A. D. BEACHE, Supt.

Hon. Jas. GUTHRIE, Sec. of the Treasury.

A new Light Vessel, painted red with "Sandy Hook" in large white letters on each side, has taken the place of the old vessel, (painted black) heretofore occupying the station off Sandy Hook. She is all red above the water, has two masts with a round iron day mark at each mast head, and shows two fixed white lights each composed of eight (8) twelve (12) inch parabolic reflectors and lamps, forty-two (42) feet above the water—which may be seen from a vessel's deck, under ordinary states of atmosphere, twelve (12) nautical miles. Highland Lights S. W. by W. per compass 6 3-4 miles; Sandy Hook Light, West by compass, 6 3-4 miles. Per order of Lighthouse Board.

A. LUDLOW CASE.

Lighthouse Inspector 3d District.

NEW HARBOR LIGHT OF ASIENS.—London, October 4, 1854.—The New Harbor Light of Asiens, was lighted for the first time on Sunday evening, the 1st inst. half an hour after sunset.

The tower from which the light is exhibited is placed on the Northern Mole, 26 feet from its outer end, and is painted white.

The height of the flame over the ordinary level of the sea is twenty feet.

Shin Boy's Locker.

My Little Jolly Boat.

SARAH POTSON.—What a queer name! and not much of a name either. It belonged to a very small Potson, a daughter of a Potson. We thought it queer when we heard it, and so we listened to hear more of it.

A lady and a little girl were going by—or, rather, we were going by a lady and a little girl. The little girl had set down a basket upon the sidewalk and said; "Oh dear!"

The basket was heavy—too heavy for the little fragile form that bore it. It contained the clean clothes of somebody's washing. Somebody, perhaps, that was just then saying: "Oh dear! that lazy washerwoman, why don't she bring home our clothes?" Not my clothes—there were too many for that. It was a heavy load, and the little girl said "Oh dear" with such a tone, wrung so from her own heart, that it went home to the heart of the lady—some ladies have hearts—and she stopped and said, stooping down as she said it to lift the basket: "What is the matter, little girl?—What made you say 'Oh dear!' Is it because the basket is so heavy?"

"Yes, ma'am, and because my arm aches so! and because I am afraid I shall be too late."

"Why too late?"

"Because ma said she was afraid I should be late; for Mrs. Heartgrind told her last week if she was too late again she wouldn't pay her a cent."

"Then why did your mother send such a little girl as you with such a heavy basket?"

"Oh! it is because my mother is sick. She could hardly sit up to finish ironing—I did some of the small pieces. Oh, dear; I wish John was here. John used to carry home the heavy baskets for mother. John was such a good boy."

"And who was John? And what is your name?"

"My name is Sarah Potson, ma'am."

Just then there was a new listener. The lady and the little girl did not notice either, perhaps, or that the writer and a young manly looking sailor boy, who just then came up behind him, were getting interested in this street dialogue. Sarah continued:

"And John was a boy that lived in our alley. And John had no father or mother; but John was a good boy; and he used to split wood, and bring coal and get water for my mother to wash with, and carry the heavy baskets. But, oh dear; John went to sea, and we haven't heard from him for e'en a most three years, mother says; I think it must be a great while longer than that, for I was a little girl then."

What was she now but a little girl? She might be three years older and three years bigger; but they were three little years, if they were long ones.

There was a slight movement behind us, as if the sailor heart of our young companion had been touched, and sailor like, he was going to bestow a portion of the wages, just paid him for his long voyage, upon the

first needy little girl he met in the street. He understood the language of a motion of our finger across the lips, and said by action—actions speak louder than words—"Aye, aye, Sir! I will hold on till the little craft has fired her volley."

The "little craft" continued as she lifted her basket: "Oh dear, yes Madam, it is heavy; but I am rested now. I hope the lady will pay me, because if she don't"—she stopped, set down the basket again, took up her little apron—it was a clean white one—wiped away a troublesome little watery particle from her eye, and—

"And what if she don't?" said the lady.

"Why then it will be so bad—and ma sick—and the man coming for the rent Monday."

It was Saturday evening now.

"Well Sarah," said the lady, "for fear she should not pay you, take that dollar to your mother; and that is my name and number; if you are in trouble about the rent week, you come for me, and I will see about it."

"Oh thank you ma'm. But if you please, you keep the dollar, and let me keep the card, and I will ask my mother first if I may take it. Oh, but if you will let her wash for you, then—"

"Well, what then?"

"Then if John should come back, and would help me carry the basket, why then—"

"Why then hurrah—my little jolly-boat—John has come back, and will carry the basket and you too"—and he took one upon one arm and the other on the other.

Yes, there was a kiss—reciprocal—hearty—honest—affectionate as a sailor. It comes from two happy hearts.

"Yes, and your mother on top.—And this lady—God bless her good heart, all the same, but John will pay the rent, and—"

Well its no use talking. It don't take much to make happiness. What a happy party around the poor Washerwoman's daughter—little Sarah Potson.—*Tribune.*

Thieves.

"Perhaps all my young readers would think it improper for me to call them thieves. But you *do* take to yourselves that which does not belong to you. A great deal of *time* is wasted by you, which God calls his own. Dr. Young says,

'Procrastination is the thief of time;'

that is, when we put off till to-morrow what we ought to do to-day, we are guilty of stealing *time*. And how many of you do this! You say 'There is time enough yet,' or 'I will do it by-and-by,' without once thinking of the sin of procrastination. I know a great many children who have neglected their books, day after day; and when told of the impropriety of their conduct, they will reply, 'I intend to study more in future.' But when the future comes, they are as negligent as ever. Now, who will not say, that these children are robbers of time? Reader, let me persuade you to be diligent in the employment of your moments; never waste the precious time of which you stand so much in need, to prepare for usefulness in life. Then, in your future years, you will have great reason to be thankful for the information you have gained, and will, doubtless, be instrumental of doing much good in the world, and many youth may be made better by your conduct and example."

Little Boy's Thought about the Heathen.

"'Father,' said a little boy, 'I have been thinking that I should like to go and carry the Bible to the heathen.' 'That is a good thought,' said his father. 'Yes, father, and I should like to get a carryall and take you and mother, and brother, and sister, with me.'"

New York, January, 1854.

A Happy New Year,

Again greets the ear, and meets the eye of our readers. How quickly has the past year fled! What changes it hath wrought! The great giver has been bountiful of almost every other gift to us; but of *time*, parsimonious, not giving us a *moment* till every previous one was taken away, nor pledging a second; yet we pass on as if all time was ours, and no eternity at hand.

The past year has been one of calamity on the sea. It opened with the stunning news of the loss of the San Francisco with near 200 lives; and evil tidings have been borne on almost every gale, till the loss of the Arctic, and the New Era with their more than 500 souls. It is estimated by Mr. E. Merriam, from a careful inspection of memoranda, that over *four thousand* have perished by shipwreck during the past year.

Who can depict the last mortal agony of these thousands—of husband and wife, mother and child, together involved in the wild uproar of the wreck, and the last helpless, hopeless, struggle, or the hundreds of houses of mourning, and the thousands of hearts made desolate all over the earth!

Yet the tumultuous waves move on waiting other prey—and in their roar sounding ceaselessly the dirge of the dead entombed in them.

The past year too has been one of war and deadly strife. While our own happy land enjoys peace and plenty and freedom, *four mighty empires* are involved in horrid war. More than *forty thousand* have fallen by the diseases of the camp, and the casualties of the battle field and the siege, and filling the world with widows and orphans; while as the storm thickens, a more awful suspense hangs over the issue.

At home too, in this land, we have had our exciting conflicts and bloodless victories, and temporary defeats.

We have had *Rum*, and *Rome*, and *Servitude*, and *Anti all-things*, in determined conflict. The treacherous sea hath slain its thousands, and rum in this land its ten thousands. The sea has caused mourning. Rum weeps. The sea has bereaved a thousand families. Rum has cursed ten thousand. The sea has opened an honored grave. Rum, the drunkard's. The sea has not closed heaven to its dead. Rum has opened hell to its slain.

Yet this monster rum has battled well for supremacy through the last year and many years; has allied itself in this great State of ours to Rome and Slavery—has arrayed in its van a host of astute politicians, with a heavy ordnance of sage statesmen, *all temperance*—with an awful array of wonderful conservatism, “but

the people are mightier far, for the voice of the people is the voice of God."

When the drunkards shall cease out of the land, we will shout aloud to the people, "*A Happy New Year!*" and the sailor shall assuredly come in for his share of the benefit.

That happy *new* year, we predict, is coming and coming over the whole land. The Maine Law tried and refined, and made stronger, is to be the Maine law of these United States, that shall mightily check other political iniquitous legislation.

Darkly now as the gloomy clouds hang over the sea, we believe a happier *new* year shall dawn on the dark waters. Prone are we to attribute the calamities of the past, to the follies or faults of human agents, forgetting that All-Wise Divine Agent that controls them all, and in them is teaching us lessons of wisdom we need to know.

He burns our *great* ships, sinks our *strong, swift steamers*—the idols of our national pride and vain-glory. He is God of the sea and holds empire over it, and would have us acknowledge Him, while he bids us apply *our* wisdom, and tax *our* skill, disciplined and increased by calamities, to conquer the dangers of the sea. I had an infant boy once, now in heaven. I watched his first efforts to creep down stairs; he attempted it head foremost, lost his balance and fell. The fright—the scream! but I caught him, placed him back, turned him feet foremost, clenched his little hand to the banisters, and he made his own way safely down. It would have saved time and labor and his fright to carry him down; but that would not have given him the lesson and discipline his mind and muscles needed for future safety;

he knew ever after how to get down stairs himself.

So a Father in heaven instructs us his children by these frightful calamities on the sea. He designs to awaken the mind and intellect of human agents to care and invention, and appliances of science and skill to overcome the difficulties and dangers of the sea. We believe the *new* year will come, when life on the sea shall be as safe as on land, when ships shall be so constructed, and the means of rescue from the wreck so ample, so arranged, that the invalid shall retire from the sickly miasms of the land, to the sea, for health and safety, and the prolonging of life, and the jaded man of business, and of mental toil, shall retire to these cradles of the sea to be rocked to repose; but science and discovery and invention, and morals and temperance and religion, have a great work to perform first.

God, by these calamities, is reviving them all and preparing the way for that new era of commerce converted, when *thousands* shall dwell on the sea, where now but hundreds pass over. We will look out on the dark sea, and wish every sailor and sea captain "*A Happy New Year!*" for by an eye of faith we see that year shall come.

But who is able to wish the embattled millions of Europe a Happy New Year? The coming year but thickens the gloom and darkness of the past. If God has arisen to shake terribly the earth, and dash the nations together, and break them in pieces as a potter's vessel is broken; who shall not fear before Him?

Yet the year of His redeemed must come. In the midst of the terror, let the strong rods of oppression be broken. Let the prophetic *beasts* of

the earth, military monarchies, be slain. Let Babylon sink like a millstone into the depth of this troubled sea, and be found no more at all.

Then may the disenthralled millions from bondage, and ignorance, and superstition, and idolatry, and delusion, become the freed men of the Lord. We hail the coming jubilee, and loud as the Hallelujahs of heaven would shout o'er the sea and through the earth,

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

Another Fearful Wreck.

The *New Era*, a new emigrant ship, sailed from Bremen for New-York on the 28th of September last. The number of souls on board, including the officers and crew, was 425—mostly German emigrants.—during the passage the cholera consigned 40 of them to an ocean grave, leaving an aggregate of 385 to go thro' the horrors of shipwreck on the Jersey shore. On the 46th day out, she went upon Deal Beach, five miles south of Long Branch, and of the 285 persons 222 perished! Four days after, 119 of the dead bodies had been recovered. We have neither room nor heart for comments now. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the inhabitants of that vicinity for the humane, prompt, and generous manner in which they met the necessities of the saved from the perils of the sea.

The Cut on the Cover.

Some of our Massachusetts readers may have been surprised to see on the cover of the last No. of the *Sailor's Magazine*, a *fac simile* of the Boston Sailor's Home, located in the city of New York. We intended therewith an editorial notice; but fail-

ing, our printer took the liberty of locating so beautiful an edifice, and where should he put it but in New York? His mistake we have corrected on the cover of the present No., and improve the opportunity to express the gratification we experienced on a recent visit at the Home in Boston. So neat, so quiet, so comfortable, so protective, so home-like, and so well filled by sailor-boarders too, we could not but regard it as highly creditable to the city, to its founders and furnishers, and promotive of good to the men of the sea.

In Mr. and Mrs. Chany, Superintendents, the sailors find judicious and true friends. The number of boarders during the year ending with May last, was 2,380; of whom 118 were shipwrecked and destitute sailors. Since it was first opened more than 17,000 seamen have here found a Home.

Valuable Donation.

We are indebted to Messrs Robert Carter & Brothers, Publishers and Booksellers, 285 Broadway, for the donation of over 200 volumes of "Kitto's Daily Bible Illustrations," for distribution among seamen. The books had passed from the bindery to the finishing press, and were ready for the shelf, when a fire occurred to soil the exterior, but left them otherwise uninjured, so that, unlike men, they put the *worst side out*. They contain a rich fund of Biblical history, illustration and exposition, suited alike to the learned and the unlearned. We rejoice in the privilege of putting them into the hands of seamen, who will read them with great interest, be instructed by them, and with God's blessing thereby be made wise unto salvation.

Aspinwall Chaplaincy.

ASPINWALL, NOV. 30, 1854.

Sickness invited—Underwriter's interests—Downright murder.

REV. AND DEAR SIR—I take this convenient opportunity to inform you of the state of affairs here.

The rainy season has advanced nearly to a close. We have had the "trades" blowing upon us since the twenty-first, and have had very little rain during that time. There has been an unusual quantity of rain during the present month; and the sickness and mortality have been unusually large. Several seamen have been sick here, but there has been no death among them during the past month.

And this is remarkable, for I have seen much intemperance and self-abuse among them. Masters and mates of vessels frequently lead the way, and then the crew follow in their steps.

The brig R., which lately visited this port, was one of this class.

I was on board of her several times while they were discharging cargo. They expressed their fears respecting the unhealthy climate of the Isthmus. I told them to refrain from all stimulating drinks, and not work too hard in the hot sun. But they procured a quantity of cheap liquor, which is well drugged with vitriol, arsenic, and sugar of lead; and at it they went, swearing and drinking, and driving the men, as heedless as persons drive cattle when they overdrive them; and before the close of the first day the mate was drunk, and the sailors were worked beyond their strength; and the captain and some of the men were sick before the close of the fourth day. And I have no doubt they went away cursing the sickly climate of Aspinwall.

I have no doubt of the fact, that this is a sickly place. But much of the sickness is invited, and brought on by intemperance, and various kinds of dissipation. If a crew were fully determined to be sick, and suffer, and run a narrow chance for a grave amongst the sharks in Navy Bay, they could hardly take a surer way to secure these results than that which was pursued by the officers and crew of the brig R—, and her history is the history of many. The Maine Law is needed on the ocean. The brig of which I have been speaking came near being lost in a storm. Part of her cargo was in a damaged condition.

Whether Mr. Alcohol was to blame or not I am unable to say; but from what I saw of the misconduct of the old fellow here, I would suppose there is room for suspicion. He is an old rogue, *and when he is a passenger on board, and is permitted to keep company with the crew, and with the officers; underwriters would do well to look to their own interests.*

I believe they possess the power to do a good work in the way of reformation amongst ship's officers, and through them, with the men under their charge, and thereby save lives, property and vessels from destruction, and a vast amount of money for their own pockets. Many vessels are lost through the intemperance of their officers.

But, we are happy to say, that we have seen some who do not drink, and who are always careful, prepared, and vigilant. And when we take a passage on such a vessel we feel a confidence in prayer and in the overruling providence of God, which we cannot feel when we embark on board of a ship *in violation of His laws.* Men here, who call themselves merchants, make

large sums of money every year, and then boast of it, who do it by selling poisonous liquids called, rum, brandy gin, &c., and they do this to make money, and at the same time they know that it will kill the men who consume it.

This is downright murder. It is in New York and in other places where this work of death begins. In a recent number of a New York paper there was a notice of nineteen persons who were left on a neighboring island, in a hospital, *sick with the Chagres fever*, it was said.

I remember the same vessel and her crew. I saw some of them with rum bloated features and swelled eyes, in a dirty rum hole, and afterwards saw the same persons on the vessel alluded to in the notice. That vessel remained here only a few hours, and when she left for Havana, there were only three effective men of all her crew. The rest were all sick, as was reported, *but not with Chagres fever*.

We have enough to bear to sink a small isthmus, but we can do without the additional burthen of other men's sins in the form of intemperance and debauchery, styled Chagres fever, by a misinformed correspondent of Havana.

Business is on the increase as the dry season approaches. The health of the Isthmus is tolerably good at present.

We hope for better times when we shall have a more permanent population. But we must have families of respectability, and, of course those who can justly lay claim to a tolerable share of common morality, before we can do much in the way of reform.

We trust we have the prayers of

all christians. May the Great Head of the Church bless this mission for His Name's Sake.

Yours truly,

D. H. WHEELER,
Seamen's Chaplain.

A Seamen's Chaplain Gone!

A few months since we announced the appointment and departure of the Rev. F. W. Bill for his station as Chaplain to seamen at Callao and the Chincha Islands in Peru. At Panama he was expected to stay a while for the double purpose of a temporary supply of the Chaplaincy, and the acquisition of the Spanish language.—We have private and public testimonials of his zeal and fidelity while there; and the following sad record from the Panama Star and Herald:—

"Died, in Lima, Saturday, Oct. 21st, the Rev. F. W. BILL, late of Williamsburgh, N. Y.

Mr. Bill was well known to the foreign residents of Panama, having resided here for some months, during the absence of the Rev. Mr. Rowell, and was deservedly and highly esteemed by them. While on his way to Callao, where he was going to labor as Seamen's Chaplain, under commission from the American Seamen's Friend Society, he contracted a severe cold at Guayaquil, which quickly ripened into a fever. He arrived at Callao in a very feeble state, where he received the best nursing and medical attention that kind friends could furnish. No apprehension was felt respecting the issue of the case until a few hours before he died, and then, very little. His friend left him to go to his dinner, feeling happy in the prospect of his speedy recovery, and when he returned, an hour or two afterwards, Mr. Bill *was dead*. Appearances indicated that he died in a fainting fit.

To the foreign residents of Panama, the report of this sad event

comes bearing a message from God—"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

Mr. Bill was supposed to have some rare qualifications for the work upon which he was about to enter; and to arrive there but to die, without preaching a single sermon, or ministering to a single sick, dying, or sinning sailor, is a mysterious providence which we know not how to fathom. But thus much we know:—*The Lord reigneth*; and loves the cause of seamen far more than any of its professed friends.

To the Captain of the steamer who gave him a free passage from Panama to Callao; to J. S. Allen, Esq., and other friends in Lima and Callao, who kindly did for our departed brother all that friendship could do, we tender our grateful acknowledgements.

Literary Curiosities.

No. 1.

UTICA, Sept. 25, 1854.

To the Agent of the *Sailor's Magazine*.

SIR:—As my year has expired, please discontinue my *Sailor's Magazine*,

Yours resp.

REMARKS. If the writer of the above had favored us with his *name* it would have aided us in determining which of *forty* subscribers is meant.

No. 2.

SIR, Please *change* the *direction* of my Magazine to New Salem, as I am about removing to that place, and oblige yours,

E STILES.

REMARKS. How can we tell *where* E. Stiles now gets his Magazine without looking through a list of 7,000 or 8,000 names? And *which*

New Salem does he mean, as there are eleven New Salems in the United States?

No. 3.

Athens, September 28th, 1854.

Dear Sir—

I am greatly pleased with the *Sailor's Magazine*. Please direct me 5 copies for as many of my neighbors, and I will enclose you \$5 on the reception of the first numbers.

Your's truly,

JAMES WAIT.

REMARKS. We shall be very glad to comply with this request, but how in the name of *Wait* and *wonder* can we direct the Magazines when there are more than 20 towns bearing the name of Athens in the U. S.!

More literary curiosities anon; in the mean time some of our friends will favor us by speaking *intelligibly*.

Another New Sailor's Home.

We congratulate seamen and their friends in Maine on the opening of a new *Sailor's Home* in Portland. We learn that Capt. C. T. Bailey, whose soul and whose efforts have long been enlisted to promote the welfare of sailors, has been appointed its Superintendent. The *Mirror* says,—

The *Sailor's Home* in this city, is now completed, and ready for the reception of the Sons of the Sea. It contains fifty-three rooms in all—some of them furnished in a style of comfort and even elegance, suitable for the accommodation of ship-masters and their families, and all in a manner which will doubtless satisfy temporary boarders. General convenience has been sought in the plan and arrangements of the house—a place being provided for every thing which ought not to be excluded. In furnishing the rooms, the different religious societies in the city, and some in the country, have shown their liberality and regard for the sailor.

Account of Mourqs.

From Nov. 15, to Dec. 15, 1854.

*Members for life by the payment of
Twenty Dollars.*

Daniel Lent, by the Reformed Dutch Church, New Town N. Y.	21 25
Peter A Meserole, do. do.	21 25
Mrs. Elizabeth W. Parker, A. Friend in Con. Soc., Water- bury, Vt.	20 00
Oliver Pettis, by 1st Con. Soc. Lebanon, Ct. (amt. prev. ack.)	
Rev. Arternas Dean, by 1st Con. Soc., Newbury, Vt.	22 00
Lemuel Coit, by 1st Con. Soc. Norwalk, Ct.	21 75
Lewis J. Curtis, do. do.	21 75
Zalmon Lyon, do. do.	21 75
Carmi Betts, do. do.	21 75
Thomas H. Vincent, by Bapt. Ch., Westerly, R. I.	20 35
Joiah R. Adams, by Pearl st. Con. Soc., Nashua, N. H.	31 00
Capt. Henry W. Allen, by Con. Soc., Sippican, Mass.	20 00
Barron Moulton, Esq., St. Johnsbury, Vt., by J. P. Fairbanks,	20 00
Richard D. Lathrop, N. Y. (amt. ack. below.)	
J. W. Tucker, N. Y. (ba- lance)	15 00
Rev. S. B. Sutherland, by Meth. Protest. Ch. George- town, D. C., through Rev. J. L. Elliott,	20 00
Colonel W. Doughty, George town, D. C.,	20 00
Rev. Austin Robbins, by Bapt. Ch., Topsham, Me., (in part.)	9 00
Mrs. Joanna Waite, Freeport, Me., by her husband,	20 00
Mrs. H. B. Hayes, Boston, by a Friend in Marblehead, Mass.	20 00

Donations.

From Con. Ch., Plainfield, Ct. (balance.)	00 50
" Pres. Ch., Mendham, N. J.	11 00
" A Friend N. Y.,	50 00

From Pres. Ch., Spring st., N. Y., (in part.)	56 88
" Pres. Church, Spring- field, N. J. (balance)	2 00
" Eliza H. Griffith, Nassau, N. Y.	5 00
" H. K. Copeland, Whee- lock Choc., Nat.	5 00
" Con. Soc. West Meri- den, Ct.	13 75
" Second Pres. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.	192 38
" Rev. Mr. Martin, N. Y.	1 00
" Smithfield Pres. Church, City, Dutch, Co., N. Y.	8 00
" Seventh Day Bapt. Ch. Westerly, R. I.	5 64
" Members of Con. Soc. Stonington, Ct.	102 21
" First Church Manches- ter, N. H.	30 00
" Con. Soc., Hollis	33 00
" Olive street Con. Soc. Nashua, N. H.	46 00
" John C. Baldwin, N. Y.	20 00
" Con. Soc. Stamford, Ct.	42 50
" First Con., So, Farming- ton, Ct.	44 42
" Pres. Church, Elizabeth- town, Ohio,	10 00
" Con. Soc., Danbury, Ct. (balance.)	2 00
" Charles H. Burr, Astoria,	7 00
" A Friend, N. Y.,	10 00
" Boston Seam. Friend Soc., Boston, Mass.	587 13
" Broadway Con. Soc., Chelsea, Mass.	53 31
" Thirteenth st. Pres. Ch. N. Y.	106 72
" Con. Soc. Brunswick, Me.,	16 50
" Liberty st. Meth. Epis. Ch., Newburyport, Mass.	3 78

Legacies.

Late Henry Whittelsey, of Catskill, N. Y., John M. Donnelly, Esq., executor,	500 00
	<hr/> 2,352 27

Colored Sailor's Home.

5 pair socks from Mrs. Henry Ben-
ton, Hartford, Con.,

Sailor's Home, New York.

From two little girls between six and eight years old of City, Du Co., N. Y., one quilt, one pair of sheets, one pair pillow cases.

From Mrs. C. Lamson, Jasper, N. Y., six pair woollen socks, four pair gloves.

Receipts of Money and Books by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society.

Conway Con. Soc. Collectors, viz., A. B. Clark, J. T. Campbell, H. Cloys, H. Bates, C. Comfort, E. Parker, H. Clark, E. S. Child, Susan Whitney, M. J. Field, to make Wm. Adams, Castine, Me., L. M.,	46 65
Also 25 vols. books.	
Groveland (additional) Collectors, viz., J. N. Gile, A. Searl, H. A. Reed, and A. Hardy, in full, to make Rev. Daniel W. Pechard L. M.	10 15
Also 63 vols. Books.	
Leverett, Collectors, viz., Mary A. Birmingham, W. H. Smith, J. Rice, M. Wood, A. Kehoe,	7 40
Also 1,257 books, tracts, &c.	
Lunenburg,	1 00
Boxboro Con. Soc.,	2 25
Dunstable,	9 57
Westford Con. Soc.	10 00
Shirley.	5 00
Hadley, Gen. Ben't. Soc., 3d ch.	25 00
Ashby, Con. Soc. one, L. M.	20 00
East Douglass,	14 00
Milbury, Rev. Mr. Beach's Soc., including \$8 50 by children, Leonard Spaulding, L. M.,	29 70
Tewksbury, Collectors, viz., A. Rogers, J. Bailey, F. Brown, and — Gray, to make Rev. R. Tolman L. M.	20 66
Also 50 vols. books.	
Wendham Con. Soc. (Rev. J. Taylor,)	18 00
Nashua, Olive st. Ch. Collectors, viz., Albert F. Adams, Lucy B. Woods, M. E. Law, C. Blake, K. Gould,	

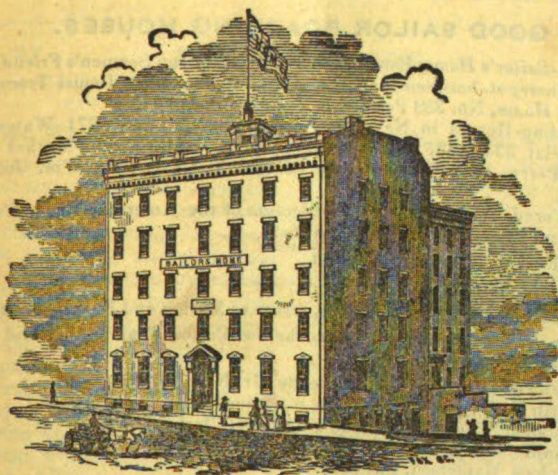
M. J. Bennett, and J. H. Marshall,	25 98
Also 25 books.	
Conway Baptist Soc., addl. Collectors, H. Susaina, A. C. Coffin, T. Sanderson,	3 85
Townsend Con. Soc.	33 00
Brookline, Harvard Soc.	85 50
Roxbury Eliot Ch.	77 85
Boston, Park st. Ch. & Soc., E. Sampson, L. M.	154 16
Boston, Bowdoin st. Soc.	116 88
East Cambridge, Additional by Collectors, viz., A. She-riff and others,	11 60
Also 59 vols. of books and valuable papers.	
Bradford, Mrs. McCollums S. S. class.	5 00
Westboro, Legacy by Susan B. Forbush, to make Dea. Jonathan Forbes L. M.	20 00
Framingham Con. Soc.	32 00
Montague 34 vols. books, also Tracts.	
Upton, box of books.	
Reading, Bethesda Ch.	50 90
Boston, Shawmut Soc.	46 57
" Salem st. (Frederick Whittemore) L. M.	65 13
" Park st., (additional)	1 00
" Central Ch.,	169 64
" Philips Ch.	76 06
Dracut, 1st Evangl. Ch.,	7 96
Hadley, 1st Parish Collectors, Sarah E. and Eliza A. Smith, Lutherea West, and C. S. Blake,	9 41
Nashua, Olive st. Ch., additional collectors, H. A. Harris and others,	4 08
Bedford Con. Soc., Rev. H. J. Patrick, L. M. (in part)	17 81
Lowell, John st. Ch. Collectors, viz., L. Peabody, D. B. Tilton, F. Wilson, L. Hanks, L. Harvey, George Osgood, C. Kimball, H. Howe, J. Woodward, C. Harvey, E. Holt, N. B. Richardson, G. W. Clough, A. Foster, G. Allen, W. Howe, G. Bancroft, L. Peabody, L. Hanks and L. Harvey, L. Ma.	66 03
Cong'l., Collection and Subscription, to make J. White and Lucia Brooks, L. Ma.	78 00

Vol. 27.

FEBRUARY, 1855.

No. 6.

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.



SAILOR'S HOME, BOSTON.

New York:

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,
No. 80 WALL STREET.

\$1 Per Annum—Postage, in N. Y., in ADVANCE, 3 Cts., a Year; Elsewhere, in the U. S.
6 Cts.; Single Number 1 Ct.

STEPHEN HALLET, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER, 122 NASSAU STREET.
Spanish and French Printer and Translator.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

	Page.
The River Jordan	161
Letter from a sea Captain	164
Baxter's Call on the Sea	167
Letters from Polynesia	168
Sailors accessible and impressive	169
Important and encouraging changes	170
The Decisive Moment	171
The Ocean's Dead	171
A Prayer Meeting in the Sea	172
Incidents of the Late Gale	172
Gratitude—How to increase it	173
Interest for Seamen on Cape Cod	174
Three years Labor on the Bible	174
Western Seamen's Friend Society	175

NAVAL JOURNAL.

	Page.
Marine Disasters of 1854	177
Commerce and Navigation of U. S.	178
Suggestive Statistics	178
Disasters	179
Missing Vessels	182
Notice to Mariners	182

NEW YORK DEPARTMENT.

Lord, it is Goo' for us to be Here	184
Danish Sailor Missionary	186
Obituary	188
A New Home for Sailors	189
Bible Illustrations	186
A Good Wish from afar	190
Marine Temperance Society	190
Account of Moneys	190

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW-YORK—*Sailor's Home*, Established by the American Seamen's Friend Society
No. 190 Cherry st. between Market and Pike sts. Captain Daniel Tracy.

NEW SAILOR'S HOME, No. 338 Pearl st. J. S. Towne.

Other Boarding-Houses in New-York city.—William Sharp, 271 Water street;
William Huelat, 334, 336, Pearl street; Peter Oberg, 91 Market street;
Mrs. Alice Perry, 22 Oak st., John Crockett, 322 Pearl st.; Wm. Johnson, 9
Carlisle st.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend
Society, kept by Albro Lyons, 64 Oliver-st.

SANDUSKY—Rev. C. R. Jewitt, Chaplain.

BATH—Seamen's Mansion.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Edward C. Myers, corner of Market and Bow sts., Spring Hill.

BOSTON—The *Sailor's Home*, established by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society,
99 Purchase st. John O. Chany.

BOSTON—Mariner's House, North Square, by Mr. N. Hamilton.

“ North End Sailor's Home, No. 6 N. Square, by Mr. Roberts.

“ Richmond House, Richmond st., by Mr. Clark.

“ John Kennaley, Clark-st.

“ Murdock Matherson, Fleet-st.

SALEM—Ebenezer Griffin, No. 16 Vine st., clothing store, corner of Liberty and Vine
sts.; and Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket st. near Derby st.

BRISTOL, R. I.—Mrs. Ann Pearce.

NEW-BEDFORD—Wm. Cranston, 14 Bethel Court; A. C. Davenport, 25 Middle st.
For Colored Seamen, by Marshall L. Potts, corner Sixth and Bedford sts.

PHILADELPHIA—Sailor's Home, 204 South Front st., by J. H. Cassidy under
care of the Pa. Seamen's Friend Society.

BALTIMORE—New Seamen's Bethel Home and Shipping Office, Edward Kirby, 65
Thames Street.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C.—Sailor's Home, by John Robinson.

CHARLESTON—Sailor's Home, by Capt. Wm. White, Market st., opposite State st.

SAVANNAH—Foot of Jefferson st., O. C. Parker.

MOBILE—Sailor's Home, by Lewis Lawson.

NEW-ORLEANS—Sailor's Home, F. Rickerst, corner of New Levee and
Suzette str

St. Johns, N. B.—Seamen's Home, by E. W. Flaglor, keeper.

HAVRE, FRANCE—Mrs. Johnson, Rue Royale, 21.

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. 27.

FEBRUARY, 1855.

No. 6.

The River Jordan.

The manner in which the Jordan has lately come under our notice, and the prominence given to that river in the Sacred Books, awaken the desire to know something of that famous stream. This desire we are enabled to gratify with more advantage than at any former period; for the portion of the river which is alone of any Scriptural interest, and which, until lately, was known at only two or three points, has now been explored through its whole length. This portion is that which extends between the Lake of Tiberias and the Dead Sea; and the explorer is Lieut. Lynch of the American navy, who, at his own request, was sent by the government with a party of picked men, and with proper boats, on this particular and very interesting service. This was in 1848. It is true that in the preceding year, the whole of this portion of the river had been explored by one of our own officers, Lieut. Molyneux, of H. M. S. *Spartan*. But the river was too low to enable him to pass down in his boat from the one lake to the other, as the Americans did. It was carried partly on a camel, and this officer made his journey by land. Besides, even if he had done

this, the public would not have reaped the benefit, for his untimely death prevented the results of his observations from being imparted to the world. The notes which he left were also in cypher, and not likely to be rendered available; and their value is now, indeed, superseded by our acquaintance with the more complete exploration by Lieut. Lynch and his companions.

The boats provided in America for this service were of metal—one of copper, and the other of galvanized iron. These were mounted on trucks and drawn by camels from the seashore across the country to the Lake of Tiberias. Here the only native boat upon that once populous lake was taken into the service of the party, and the three proceeded together to thread the whole course of the lower Jordan to the Dead Sea.

There was, in fact, an important geographical problem to solve. It had been ascertained that the Dead Sea was more than a thousand feet below the level of the Lake of Tiberias—and as the distance between the two was but sixty miles, this would give a fall of about twenty feet per mile—greater, it was then thought, than any river in the world exhibited.

The Mohawk river in America was held to be the one of greatest fall, and that averages not more than four or five feet to the mile; but it is now known that the Sacramento in California has a fall of two thousand feet in twenty miles, or an average of one hundred feet to a mile. It was then, however, thought that such a fall as it seemed necessary to suppose in the case of the Jordan, from the difference of level between the two lakes which it connected, was without example; and as its course was presumed to be tolerably straight, and as it was not known to contain any rapids an error in the calculation of the difference of level between the two lakes was more than suspected. This problem it was left for Lieut. Lynch to set at rest. In the first place the river is full of rapids. The boats plunged down no less than twenty-seven very threatening ones, besides a great number of lesser magnitude; and then, although the direct distance does, as stated, not exceed sixty miles, the course of the river is made at least two hundred miles by the exceedingly tortuous course of its stream. This reduces the fall to not more than six feet in the mile, for which the numerous rapids in the river sufficiently account.

The descent by the river occupied no less than a week. So great were the difficulties caused by the rapids, that in two days not more than twelve miles were accomplished; and on the third day the wooden boat brought down from the sea of Galilee was abandoned on account of her shattered condition. None but metal boats could have stood the severe work of this passage. It was, nevertheless, made at the time of flood—at the same season that the Israelites passed the river—and which, although the most unfavorable without boats, should be the most favorable with them. In fact, it is stated, that a few weeks earlier or later the passage down the river in boats would, as in the case of Lieut. Molyneux, have been impracticable, from the want of sufficient water to carry them over the rapids.

The wide and deeply depressed

plain or valley (Ghor) through which the river flows is generally barren, treeless, and verdureless; and the mountains, or rather cliffs and slopes, of the river uplands, present for the most part, a wild and cheerless aspect. We have no generalized description of the river; but the following condensed description, which applies to the central part, may be taken as sufficiently indicating the general character of the whole.

"The mountains towards the west rose up like islands from the sea, with the billows heaving at their bases. Deep rooted in the plain, the bases of the mountains heaved the garment of earth away, and rose abruptly in naked pyramidal crags, each scar and fissure as plainly distinct as if it were within reach, and yet we were hours away; the laminations of their strata resembling the leaves of some gigantic volume, wherein is written, by the hand of God, the history of the changes he has wrought. The plain, that sloped away from the bases of the hills, was broken into ridges and multitudinous conelike mounds, resembling tumultuous water at the meeting of two adverse tides; and presented a wild and chequered tract of land, with spots of vegetation flourishing upon the frontiers of irreclaimable sterility. A low, pale and yellow ridge of conical hills marked the termination of the higher terrace, beneath which swept gently this lower plain with a similar undulating surface, half redeemed from barrenness by sparse verdure and thistle-covered hillocks. Still lower was the valley of the Jordan—the sacred river! its banks fringed with perpetual verdure, winding in a thousand graceful mazes; the pathway cheered with songs of birds, and its own clear voice of gushing minstrelsy; its course a bright line in this cheerless waste. Yet, beautiful as it is, it is only rendered so by contrast with the harsh calcined earth around."*

The waters of the Jordan are described as being clear and transparent, except in the immediate vicinity

* Lynch's *Narrative of the Expedition to the Dead Sea and the Jordan*, pp. 222, 223.

of the rapids and falls; and numerous fish are seen in its deep and steady course. There is no trace of the lions and bears which once were found in the thickets; but the tracks of a leopard† were observed, and several wild boars were noticed.

On approaching the Dead Sea, the mountains on either hand recede, or rather, the cleft which forms the valley of the Jordan widens, having a broad plain traversed by the river—the portion on the west being called “the plain of Jericho,” and that on the east the “plains of Moab.” It was here that the Israelites crossed; and here, probably, that Jesus was baptized of John, when multitudes resorted to his baptism. In that belief, and in the persuasion that the same spot was the scene of both events, a pilgrim host comes yearly from Jerusalem at Easter to bathe in the Jordan. This part of the river has, therefore, been the most visited, and is the best known. The American expedition adds nothing to the information previously possessed respecting this portion of the river. The lofty mountains that bound the valley of the Jordan on both sides, continue to bear the same essential characteristics which have been already indicated. Those to the west are the most precipitous; while the eastern, rising by a more gradual slope, attain to nearly double their elevation. The plain, generally, is bare of vegetation; but about a mile from the river, a meagre sprinkling of shrubs begins to appear, giving the plain here much the appearance of the more verdant parts of the Arabian desert. Half a mile further we descend to a lower stage of the plain, into what may be properly regarded as the outermost channel of the river. This is separated from the higher level by a bank of marl or clay, from thirty to forty feet in height, generally precipitous, but cut through in many places by channels, formed perhaps by the passage of the water that falls in the rainy season upon the upper plain. The plain, along the base of this high

bank, is covered with mud, but clay predominates towards the river, on approaching to which, one is soon involved in a jungle of luxuriant shrubs and low tangled bushes. The immediate banks of the river are covered with a low luxuriant forest of willows, oleanders, tamarisks, and canes. The highest of the trees do not attain an elevation of more than thirty or forty feet, and few of them are more than five or six inches in diameter. The willow is held in high estimation by the pilgrims, who prefer it for staves, which they dip in the river and preserve as sacred memorials. It is this part of the channel, this lower terrace, covered towards the stream with jungle, which is overflowed with water when the river is in flood. Hence the Scripture alludes to the wild beasts driven from their retreats in the thickets by “the swellings” of the Jordan. Jer. xlix. 19. The inundation does not now, nor is there any probability that it ever did, extend beyond the wooded verge of this lower terrace. Just beyond this narrow fertile tract, the ground rises several feet, and the region extending thence to the high bank, is quite too elevated to allow of the supposition of its being inundated by the overflowing of the river. It exhibits no traces of such inundation; and altho’ the river is usually visited at the season of flood in the spring, no traveller has ever seen the waters extend beyond the narrow verge already described. The language of the text, “Jordan overfloweth all his banks all the time of harvest” (Joshua iii. 15), does not necessarily imply an inundation of greater extent than this.

In its proper channel, when the bed is full, but not overflowed, the river is in this part from thirty-five to forty yards wide. The stream sweeps along with a rapid turbid current. The water is discolored, and of a clayey hue, not unlike that of the Nile, and although muddy, is pleasant to the taste. It has the appearance of being deep; but we do not know that the depth has been ascertained. Persons entering the stream are soon out of their depth, and are borne rapidly towards the Dead Sea by the current.

† They say “a tiger,” ignorant that Palestine never had tigers.

It will from these particulars be seen, that although only relatively and historically an important river, the Jordan still satisfies abundantly all the statements made in reference to it by the sacred writers. It still "overfloweth all its banks in harvest;" and a miracle would be no less necessary now than in the days of Joshua, to enable an immense multitude of men, women, and children, and flocks and herds, unprovided with boats, to pass it at that season.

Letter from a Sea Captain.

Introduction to Old Neptune.— Interesting Medley.— July 4th patriotically spent.— Religious Worship.— The way to make good crews—Black-balling.

Ship Hope, at Sea, Oct. 3, 1854.

Dear Sir—

The fact of your having shown a personal interest in my welfare, together with our oft-expressed mutual interest in the welfare of seamen generally; must be my apology, if apology be necessary, for my addressing you. You were acquainted with the circumstances of my outfit from New York, and showed yourself particularly interested in my arrangements in relation to the number of young men who were to accompany me into the Pacific, and especially of one, or more, who were the children of some of your personal acquaintance. It will gratify you, no doubt, to hear from us somewhat in detail, and I design to use the privilege of an acquaintance. Our first introduction to old Neptune was rather an unceremonious one. Only our second night out, and before any of us had well got our sea legs on, the monarch of the waters gave us rather an unpleasant specimen of winds and waves, which completely deluged us; and in addition to this, it rained, and thundered, and lightened incessantly, the wind blowing so severely, and waves running so high and irregularly as to make it unsafe to stand before the gale, notwithstanding it was fair. All hands were out during the entire night, which was a wretched one to

young beginners (one of whom with tears requested not to be sent aloft), and even our old hands so far quailed as to manifest fear in attempting to furl a topsail after it was clewed up, and we were eventually necessitated to let it lie aback until morning. To see was impossible. Dangerous as the circumstances may have been, and indeed were, it was ludicrous next morning to see the utter confusion of our affairs. Two young men in Mrs. B.'s room, sent there to bail out the water, which had mixed up caps, bonnets, bandboxes and dresses *en masse*, were dozing among the ruins of her wardrobe; one or two more, with the steward and the stores, in both store room and pantry, all made up together in a dough of flour, molasses, dry currants, cheese, oil-jackets and tarpaulin hats, and seasoned with oil, sugar and vinegar; and on deck, a half-dozen smashed vitriol barrels, handspikes, boat-oars, and other loose commodities, with coils of rope, and mooring chains, careering from side to side of the ship, formed a most interesting medley. Such things have happened before, and as in other instances, our good ship, by the blessing of God, after several days battling the elements, emerged into smooth water and sunshine. We next had a long course of pleasant weather through the N. E. and S. E. Trades, during which we all got over seasickness, and recruited our health and strength. After passing out of the Trades of the S. Atlantic we encountered another heavy gale off the La Plata, but here we were ready for it, and found ourselves as quiet and comfortable as at home. Our young men already showed the benefit of their training. When this gale was over we had a fair wind down to the strait of Le-Maire, thro' which we passed in the afternoon of our 85th day out, and were much refreshed with the sight and proximity of land. Indeed Mrs. B. and I speculated quite enthusiastically about colonizing Good Success Bay, which seemed so beautifully snuggled down in the moonlight of early evening, among the snow-capped hills of Terra del Fuego. Off the Cape we had it

more pleasant than we expected, and were detained there only 5 days; and eventually reached 50° S. latitude in the Pacific from 50° S. in the Atlantic in 15 days, a fair clipper average.

In the Pacific we worked our way along with less speed and less of incidents than on the former part of the voyage. Mrs. B. interested herself with feeding the birds which followed in our wake, and began to enter a little into household cares; for we now had two sick boys, with relapsed ague and fever, who required her motherly attention, and now and then a man upon his beam-ends, where her advice and sometimes assistance were of special benefit. We spent the 4th of July somewhat patriotically in lat. 4° S., long. 108° W. Kept our "star spangled banner" at the mizzen peak all day, and fired a national salute, and had as good a dinner fore and aft, as the state of our store-room would allow. Eventually, 180 days from New York we entered San Francisco, with one exception (a case of scurvy), all well.

A sea passage is not as entirely monotonous as one might be led to suppose. We have something besides blue sky and blue water to look upon. The atmospheric changes, unnoticed except by a few on shore, afford us at sea, ample room for speculation and conjecture. The light passing cloud of the morning, behind which daylight peeps out, and the rosy cheek of dawn discovers itself with a blush which might almost excite the envy of a young bride. The staid and sober cumulus, sitting upon the bosom of the deep like a mighty mountain, weighed down with its own majesty; and the brilliant zephyr cloud of evening, with its edging of gold and purple! Who has not heard or read of a tropical sunset? And then the bright stars of evening, appearing, as was said by a little Miss, like "pin-holes in the blue canopy of heaven to let the glory "through!"

But to the moral and religious aspect of our affairs. On this subject I am at a loss what to say. We meet every Sabbath at 10 1-2 A. M. and 6 1-2 P. M. for social worship in

the cabin, where generally we find most of the men and officers; occasionally an absentee, not from necessity; and now and then a Jew or a Catholic, the force of whose education might perhaps be a reason of his absence; but the Americans and young men, together with the North country sailors of protestant faith, are usually with us. We have a melodeon, purchased just before sailing, on which Mrs. B. and one of the young men have learned to play, which together with some very good voices, make up a fine choir. Our exercises are simple, reading the Scriptures, singing and a prayer, with occasionally a few comments. Sometimes I think the company would a little rather be excused, yet, with perfect liberty, they continue to come, and there have been only two half days in which we have been unable from bad weather, to attend, since leaving New York.

To educate a company of sailors into a company of christians, is more than I ever expected (or, perhaps, wished), if conversion, in the ordinary use of that term, is to make a portion of the process; for I will frankly confess, that to get up an excitement is opposed to my ideas of christian doctrine; but if as an instrument in the hands of God, I can strengthen those influences which will restrain them from vicious habits, and by precept and example deepen their veneration for the word of God, and renew and invigorate their moral sympathies, or if by the relation of my own experience or observation, or by the reading the Word, I can remove a prejudice, or engender, or cultivate the germ of Faith in Christ as the only basis of healthy moral sentiments; or if I can bar a vicious propensity, or encourage a virtuous action, I feel as if I were working within my own sphere, and as if good seed were sown, on what ground soever it may chance to fall.

Such, I fancy, with the blessing of God, has been my influence, here, as heretofore. All my boys (as I call them) who left New York in the ship, are here now, and two of my able seamen, with cook, steward and both

officers. The temptation was great in port to leave, and one left me and shipped for fifty dollars a month, cook of a coaster, but after a short trip, returned and resumed his place again on board. The deportment of all my men has been good, with small exceptions. Their morals have been a little exposed, and for a week or so, profanity got in among them, but they soon checked it by signing a pledge of abstinence, and for three months past scarce a word of the kind has been heard by me.

Some have been sick and have been cared for, and you may assure those interested at home, that sickness is made, both by Mrs. B. and myself, a special care. You have often heard me speak discouragingly in relation to the good done among sailors, and no doubt you have heard others declare, that men were becoming worse, rather than better, under their present advantages. This, however, is not true; and I am quite of opinion that the morals of my men would not suffer in comparison with the morals of the mass in any street in New York; Wall st., for instance: and if their attendance at service, and orderly behavior, may be used as the thermometer of their moral feelings, almost any community on shore would have reason to be ashamed of a comparison with them. It is true that from the rotten shipping system and the demand for men, we get very many poor, and some very bad men; but in relation to this, the cure for the evil is in the hands of the merchant and master, and in my opinion, but for the moral influences thrown around them, we should in a short time be obliged to take a corporal's guard, or a posse of constables, with us in self defence. To-day is the Sabbath.—You see few such quiet and orderly communities on shore as ours has been. We have just now closed our evening exercises. Our lesson for the evening was the parable of the Sower, closed by a few remarks on the state of the soil, and its cultivation; with something on the beauty of Bible metaphor, poetry, and narrative. In almost all my remarks I endeavor to enforce, what seems to

me to have been almost utterly neglected, viz.: the immediate results of our actions. The great award should not be, and I trust is not forgotten here; but the hundred fold, in this present world, which is equally certain, I never leave out of sight. If God, in his goodness and wisdom, has seen fit to place before us motives of pecuniary interest, and connected them with our ultimate happiness, it is certainly legitimate and proper that we should use them, and not leave the young to come to the conclusion that the only road to worldly success is through the valley of dissimulation and dishonesty. God's blessing is needed to insure worldly prosperity, and to enjoy it when attained.

Black-balling, about which perhaps you have heard but little, and which I name with some reluctance, is one of the evils which we too often encounter. It is a species of petty larceny, which has grown into practice within a few years among sailors, and which is by them esteemed hardly a fault. We are at present free from it. Formerly it was the law of the Forecastle that no man should lock his chest. A light fingered sailor would soon have been hustled out of his berth and his mess. A wretched spirit has usurped the place of this honorable confidence in each other, a spirit which makes a joke of a theft, and sometimes leads young men to glory in their shame. It is one of the relics of *Sing-sing*, and no doubt has been preinduced by association with characters which the scarcity of seamen has rendered it necessary should enter into the service. I desire to warn every young man, who wishes to rise in his profession, against the adoption and practice of such a course. There may be a *shorter* road to infamy and disgrace, but a *more direct* one there cannot be. There is nothing more necessary to advancement in life than the confidence of men. "A good name is better than precious ointment," and the young man who throws it away, if it be only as a joke, may live to regret the sacrifice.

I have written you a long letter—use it as you please. If I remain

long at Chincha Islands I may write again. Remember me gratefully to my friends in the office, and especially for the books with which our ship was furnished, which have been very useful, and believe me as ever

Truly your's,

N. B.

Callao, Nov. 10, 1854.

All well.—55 days from San Francisco.

Baxter's Call on the Sea.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters : for thou shalt find it after many days." Ecclesiastes xi: 1.

The following brief narrative, in the handwriting of the sailor who is the subject of it, was handed me by the writer some time since for my own personal gratification, and at my request. But as it affords a remarkable illustration of the truthfulness of the Divine words above quoted, and is calculated to encourage the hearts and strengthen the hands of those who are sending the words of "truth and soberness" abroad upon the deep, in the "Ships' Libraries;" it has appeared advisable to give it a wider influence than it would have locked up in my desk.

Hoping you may consider it worth a place in the columns of the Sailors' Magazine, believe me in Gospel bonds fraternally your's

CHAS. J. JONES,

Pastor of the Mariners' Church,
New-York.

After having spent forty years of my life actively engaged in the service of sin and Satan, my lot in the providence of God was cast on board of a whaleman. There, during a state of protracted ill health, I was led through the mercy of my Heavenly Father, to stop and consider. I commenced reading the Scriptures with meditation and prayer. I gradually forsook some gross and open sins, and tried to find acceptance with God in the way of obedience, in performing the duty which seemed to be enjoined in the Bible. In pursuing that plan I could not find either peace or comfort. It seemed that I wanted something more than I possessed to

rest upon, which I could offer as acceptable in the sight of God. When I thought of my having forsaken some sins, as profanity, intemperance &c., and having engaged in some duties, as reading the bible, prayer and meditation; for at that time, unless I was very actively engaged, my thoughts were seldom off these subjects, my conscience at times felt a little eased. Thus I was led on with alternate feelings of hope and despair, always seeking but never obtaining.

I happened in the fore-castle one day when the steward was overhauling his chest. I saw some books and asked what he had. He handed me a novel. I declined taking it, when he offered me Baxter's call to the unconverted. That book had found its way into his chest from the ship's library, and was less than nothing in his estimation. That library or the part of it that then remained on board having been round the world, was returning home after an absence of nearly three years and a half. Whilst reading it my troubles were increased a hundred fold. For I was by his mighty power, who was then driving out the strong armed man, to prepare my heart for the reception of his truth, driven from every refuge of his, and made to feel that my best thoughts and deeds were sin and pollution. When I look back upon that part of my experience, I must adore the loving kindness of my God and Saviour in not giving me over to despair to eat the fruits of my own doings.—But blessed be his name, he did still give me a weak lingering hope, to induce me to continue to cry for that which I had not, and felt I could not be happy without.

On my arrival I staid about a week in New Bedford, continuing to attend the means of grace whilst there. I then went to New York and made a voyage to Georgetown and back. During that voyage I persevered in daily searching the Scriptures, and prayers. About that time and in the first week that I spent on shore, especially when I attempted to read the bible or pray, horrid blasphemous thoughts would come into my mind. I went to a seamen's prayer meeting one Saturday

evening, and after stating my case asked for the prayers of God's people. I then went home and kneeled with my bible before me, crying to God especially to remove those wicked thoughts that assailed me as soon as I commenced. My prayers were answered at that time, for that one thing, so that I was somewhat encouraged to persevere. On next Sabbath noon I attended a bible class at the Mariners' Church. The gentleman who taught it, as I arrived a little before the rest of the scholars came in, as soon as he understood my case, at once engaged with me in prayer. He invited me to call at his house to get some tracts, and he afterwards called at my boarding house, and as I was not in he left more tracts for me. It was while reading one of them, entitled "Justification by Faith" that I was enabled through God's grace, to rejoice in Jesus Christ as my God and my Saviour, and truly a precious friend I have found him to be. It is my daily prayer, that that grace which has begun the work, will so carry it on in my heart, that I may be the humble instrument, practically and theoretically, of pointing many sinners to the same Saviour that I have found so precious to my own soul.

I would add for the encouragement of those who may feel disposed to cast their mite into the Lord's treasury, in behalf of seamen, that those pious friends who put the library on board of the Whaleman, did it, relying on His promise who has said, "cast thy seed upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days."

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Letters from Polynesia.

Fall Shipping season—Effort to raise \$1,000 for Tract cause;—Sailors' Home;—A man-of-war's man;—A Stage actor.

Our "Fall Season" has arrived, and many ships are leaving and arriving daily. The success of the whaling fleet, this year, is not very gratifying to owners and those engaged in the whaling business. Some few ships

have done remarkably well, while others have not taken anything. Such ships' companies are much to be pitied! The general average of the season will be low; but there is this consolation for whalemén, the smaller the amount taken, the higher will be the price of oil and whalebone. But it is not my object to write a commercial letter, or a Ship Chandler's Circular.

I am most happy to report that but few deaths and accidents have occurred during the past summer among whalemén. To meet the moral and religious wants of seamen when they arrive in port, the religious community at the islands is somewhat awake. Our Tract Society, this year, has engaged the services of a Colporteur for four months. He is now actively engaged in his duties. Our supply of books, tracts and religious reading matter, is rather limited. I rejoice to believe that hereafter, the supply will be much increased. Last evening a meeting of the Tract Society was held at the Bethel, and a proposition was made to raise, if possible before the 11th of January 1855, the sum of 1000 dollars for the purpose of increasing our supply. We intend ordering that amount from the American Tract Society, provided the money can be raised. Already about \$300 have been pledged, and this amount added to that for the support of our Colporteur, will make the sum total of \$1,600 for the year, for the Tract cause. It is to me a source of much joy, that no good cause is allowed to pass by unaided, by the people of Honolulu.

In connection with the efforts for the Tract cause and the Temperance reform, the subject of a Sailor's Home has come up for discussion. Next week a public meeting will be called to discuss the importance and take measures for establishing a "Home." There is no question that one is much needed in Honolulu. From a variety of circumstances the liquor sellers have now a broad success in Honolulu. But good, I trust, will grow out of the evil.

At present we have many good and religious seamen in port. Their voices are frequently heard at our meetings. Last evening, Mr. Cook, the

gunner on board the English man-of-war "Tricomalee," made some excellent remarks. He has been in the English service for twenty eight years, and for seventeen years has been a professor of religion. He related some interesting facts illustrating the importance and good effects of tract-distribution. I am most happy to think that there are several excellent young men on board the "Tricomalee." They often meet for private social worship in the gunner's room. It is a good sign when Lieutenants and Seamen meet together in a prayer meeting. It is instructing to watch the silent and progressive influence of the gospel among those "going down to the sea in ships".

Day before yesterday I was called to attend the funeral of a young Englishman, by the name of Oswald Harrison. He came to the islands nearly a year since. For a short time he was connected with a theatre in Honolulu. He had been an actor in California. He was sick when he arrived, but hoped that our mild climate would restore his health. The consumption had, however, fastened upon him. For several months his mind was quite averse to religious subjects, but, at length, he commenced reading his bible, and I am quite happy in the belief that he became an humble and penitent disciple of Christ. It was surprising how rapidly he advanced in religious knowledge. His death was most peaceful and happy, illustrating the happy benefits of a pious mother's instructions, the importance of reading the Bible, and showing that persons may be brought under the influence of Divine grace, although they may have wandered far from home, far from the sanctuary, and far from the gospel.

Yours truly,
S. C. DAMON.

Sailors Accessible and Im- pressible.

Whence comes this notion so common among christians, that sailors, as a class, are less hopeful subjects of christian labor, than other men? That this idea is general, I need not stop

to prove, for most christians are inwardly conscious that such is their impression. It is perhaps a remnant of the sailor's "dark ages," not fully passed by yet, in which "no man cared for his soul" because no man had hope for it,—the times when the sea was by common consent, Satan's peculiar domain, and sailors his enlisted, terrible army. But those times are passing away, and this notion should pass with them.

Surely there is no magic, deadly change comes over a man, when he signs the shipping list, and steps from the wharf on board his vessel, that makes him less susceptible to truth, than he was before; no sudden heart-hardening, like the change on the mountain side, from the region of vegetation to that of perpetual snow. Then why is the boy on the ship's deck, less to be hoped for, than the same boy in his mother's cottage? Why is a man whose name is on a shipping list, to be despaired of more than the same man when laboring on a farm? True, circumstances are less favorable to conversion on the sea, than on the land, because of the lack of the means of grace, in the former case. But on the other hand, this very want of facility with them makes them the more impressive on those occasions, when he does enjoy them, so that these two things about balance each other.

But I was not intending to philosophize on this subject, but to state some results of my own experience in the matter. That experience teaches me that this notion, that sailors are less accessible and impressible than other men, is entirely false. Quite the reverse is true, indeed. I have found sailors as a class, more willing to listen to the gospel, than most other men, and I have learned by experience, to hope for more fruit of my preaching, when sailors make a large part of my audience, than at other times. I always preach easier and better to sailors than to landmen, and that because I preach with higher hopes. The word comes to them with a freshness and vividness which it has not to him who hears it constantly.

And what is true of preaching is

equally true of personal labor. There is peculiar hope in trying to persuade sailors to seek salvation by Christ. Go to them in their very citadel, the forecabin, in their leisure hours, when they are teaching each other all manner of wickedness, and feel strong in the countenance of each other, and they will not even then refuse to hear. If the ring-leader (usually the *smartest* sinner of the lot) meets you with some coarse joke, by way of a rebuff, turn the joke upon himself, if it can be done neatly, and the battle is won in a moment,—every ear is open to you. Or if this cannot be done, treat the rudeness as if you had not heard it, and gain their attention by some remark quite foreign to it. But do not go to them with pompous dignity; they are not boys, and easily frightened—nor with technical phrases, and affected sanctity of manner; they will laugh in your face, such birds are not to be caught with chaff, but go familiarly, as if you felt at home; with an *earnest* manner as if you had real business with them: with a manner, *affectionate, cordial and frank*, and they will be frank in return. What is wanted is to get them to listen honestly to the gospel, and the way to succeed is, *to present it honestly*. I have never in a case like this, gone away feeling that my labor was lost.

I could relate many facts, showing that sailors are hopeful subjects of labor; I have known one who had received the best maternal training in childhood, but had broken away from it, and lived in gross sin till he was past middle life, then brought hopefully to Christ, by less of labor than might have been spent on him in a single sabbath in his early years.

And one of the happiest death beds I ever knew, was that of a young man whom the best of religious influences exerted for all the years of his minority had failed to win to Christ, but who yielded his heart to him, as soon as presented by the sailors' preacher in the hospital of a foreign port.

Panama, December 11th, 1854.

J. ROWELL.

The greatest depth of the ocean yet found and measured is a little over seven miles.

Important and Encouraging Changes.

SAINT JOHN, Dec. 22, 1854.

DEAR SIR,—It is now a little more than two years since I had the pleasure of meeting you and your worthy coadjutors in the Seamen's cause for the first time in your great emporium. And at that time we had not in this city any organization of a Seamen's Friend character. So far from it, that I had devoted my humble energy for more than twelve months to the work of seamen missionary labors, on my own account, without any visible sign of good. The time however has at length come in which it is pleasing God to favor the brave sons of the deep who visit our port.

It was however reserved to the American Seamen's Friend Society to proffer that timely aid, without which our growing enterprise must have been abandoned. *May the Lord of the Ocean harvest reward you a thousand fold.*

As our second anniversary is near, and I shall have the pleasure of putting you in possession of our Report, I will not now go into particulars, but as the time may seem long since you have heard from your infant interest at this outpost, allow me to give you a fact or two as connected with our Seamen's Home and Marine Hall.

The *Home* opened on the 16th of May, 1853, continues to be well sustained, having had since last May four hundred and fifty boarders, who, with few exceptions, have honored the Institution, which allows of no intoxicating drinks, and which provides the daily means of grace so far as the reading of the Scriptures are concerned, and the nightly devotions of one or another of our city clergy, who take week about in conducting family prayers.

The Marine Hall which was noticed in the first number of the current volume of the *Sailor's Magazine*, answers a most important purpose, being twice a week filled to its utmost capacity, a large portion of whom are seamen. Particulars hereafter.

In my next I shall write about the circulation of the *Sailor's Magazine*, three hundred of which are circulated in and about St. John. About fifty are sent to friends in the country, and as four hundred are received by me, I have fifty on hand, which however, will be nearly all circulated in the course of a few weeks.

The harvest is great and I feel that it must be prayed over, and looked after in faith and love, and with untiring perseverance.

Hoping that you and your associates and friends are in good health, I have the pleasure of subscribing myself, as ever, your's in the work of Sailor elevation and Reformation.

E. N. HARRIS,
Seamen's Chaplain.

The Decisive Moment.

A few years since while travelling in an adjacent State along the banks of a majestic river, a friend pointed to the flashing current, and related the following incident: Not long before when the spring rains filled the broad channel with a surging flood, a lumber man ventured out in a boat upon a bay, to save timber which was breaking from its fastening, and would soon be swept down the stream if not secured. In his absorbing interest to prevent the loss he went too far into the rushing tide. His little bark was caught by the current, and amid wild cries for help, he was borne away, arrow like, before the tumultuous waters. The alarm spread, and a neighbor recollecting there was a bridge several miles below, mounted a horse and hastened to reach that only place of rescue. Onward in helpless calmness the imperiled boat-

man sped, and on the shore his deliverer rode with the fleetness of a courier towards the bridge. Reaching the structure, which trembled to the violence of the flood, he called for a rope, and throwing it over the arch, waited the approach of the pale and anxious man. He saw the swaying cord, and as he swept beneath it, grasped with the energy of a last hope, the *thread of life*. In another moment he was in the embrace of friends. And I have thought when I have seen men concerned for their soul's salvation, and on the current of depravity sweeping them away, there must come a decisive crisis—a last offer of mercy; and who shall say when the friendly hand of a Redeemer will be withdrawn forever? "I might have been saved," will be the keenest pang in the agonies of the second death, while the vision rests on the moment which decided the entrance upon the infinite deep of retribution.—*N. Y. Observer.*

The Ocean's Dead.

The following beautiful and impressive extract is taken from a sermon preached by Rev. Dr. Adams, of New York, on the loss of the Arctic:

"Nevertheless, one will sleep as safely 'rocked in the cradle of the deep,' and will as certainly be restored again as if interred in the shadow of the church where he was baptized. 'The sea is His, and He made it.' It lies in the hollow of God's hand as really as the solid earth, and just as sure is it to render up the dead who were committed to its keeping as is any quiet church-yard. The sea has entombed many more precious than the pearls and treasures which lie around them—too precious to be forgotten of God in the day when He maketh up his jewels. There is Samuel J. Mills, the pioneer of modern missions, who was buried at sea on his return from the exploration of Africa; Professor Fisher, whose loss in the Albion, made science and religion to mourn; the youthful Laurie, thrown over-board in a missionary town by Chinese pirates; Chamberlin and Wyman, seeking temporary rest

from missionary toil, and finding a longer rest beneath the Indian ocean; the eloquent Cookman, who went down in the President. There was many a goodly man and gentle woman, who, sinking with the Howe and the Pulaski, were denied interment by the kindly hands of bereaved friends, and among them my brother in Christ, and in every pleasant affection, who went from our communion table to his watery grave, and whose last words, as heard in the howlings of the fatal tempest, deserve to be written in the cabin of every ship that floats: 'He that believeth in Jesus is safe, even amid the perils of the sea!' Precious are the words of God. The sea shall give up the dead which are in it."

A Prayer Meeting in the Sea.

A member of Dr. Cheever's church, New York, in a letter to a friend mentions an interesting incident, which we have not seen in any of the statements respecting the Arctic:—"Mr. S. M. Woodruff of New York, who got on the paddle-box with Captain Luce, but died about noon the next day, was a member of our congregation, though not a communicant. He was evidently a Christian, but was waiting for his wife to join him in making a public profession. Dr. Cheever had had frequent religious conversations with him, and in each of two sermons upon the loss of the Arctic, paid a beautiful tribute to his memory as a Christian and a man. Mr. George F. Allen was also upon the paddle-box, and was saved. As soon as he was able to go out, after his arrival in the city, he called upon Mrs. Woodruff, and used substantially the following language:—"While on that paddle-box, Mr. Woodruff was the comfort of us all. Standing in the water knee-deep, he spent the night praying with us and exhorting us all to put our confidence in God. As his voice in prayer grew feeble, his companions farthest from him begged him to speak louder, that they might more fully enjoy his supplications. When at length he became

exhausted, he sank down and died with a calm serenity—a heavenly expression of countenance that amazed us all."

Incidents of the late Gale.

The gale at Cleveland, some particulars of which we have received by telegraph, has been most violent and destructive, and the loss of property along the lakes must be quite large. We find in the Cleveland papers some incidents connected with the storm, which are of interest. The bark Trade Wind, whose loss has been recorded, had on board, among a large quantity of other freight, two Government life-boats, which were being forwarded to the Upper Lakes. The crew were very much annoyed at the encumbrance they made, being stowed on the upper deck, in their way, should a storm occur. Capt. Judson hearing their complaints, casually remarked that the boats might be of service to them before they got through the lake.

That very day, during a thick and blinding snow storm off Long Point, the bark came in collision with brig Charles Napier, and sunk so suddenly, that the crew had just time to get into these same life-boats and were all saved.

In noticing the loss of the schooner R. R. Johnson, with all on board, the Plain Dealer gives some interesting particulars of the mournful affair. At Chicago, whence the ill-fated vessel last sailed, Captain Snell, her owner and commander, put her in charge of the mate, who was his brother, and left her to make her way down the lakes, while he took the railroad for the purpose of getting a special insurance upon her in Buffalo. She weathered the storms, passed over the flats, and beat her way down on this lake, when the big north-wester of Sunday caught her this side of the islands.

The next seen of her was at daylight, Monday morning, about two miles West of Fairport and twenty rods from shore, beached, and the men hanging in her rigging. She lay broadside to, and every sea

careened her over so as to bring her masts under water, and of course immerse the poor fellows clinging there for life. She was first discovered by a family of farmers living opposite on the bluff which overlooked the wreck. They immediately dispatched a messenger to the harbor for a life-boat. They watched the sufferers on the wreck until one by one they were washed off, so that when the life-boat started for their relief, there were but three remaining. Intensely excited did they beckon the boat on, which for two miles was rowed amid surges and breakers that one-half the time hid the rescuers from view. Two more of the sufferers are washed off by the sea, and yet the boat has some half mile to row. One, and probably the most hardy and robust of them all, remains. He seems lashed to the rigging and rises and falls with it as it dives beneath the surge, then rises with it to nearly a perpendicular. The boat is almost to him, when suddenly the mast disappears again and he rises no more! All on board, nine in number, have been lost, and none left to tell the tale of their suffering. Portions of the wreck coming ashore revealed the fact that it was the schooner R. R. Johnson. The farmer's house we have described was the very home of the mate, and the family on shore who had sent after the life-boat was the family of the mate. In all probability the man who hung so long in the rigging was the mate himself, as he was a very resolute and robust man. Thus, in sight of his family and home he died a martyr to a mysterious fate, his wife unconsciously a spectator to the terrible scene. There is probably not on record a coincidence so strange, where a wife at her own home should witness the wreck of her husband at sea. Among those lost on board the schooner was Mr. John Gallagar, of this city. His body has been recovered and brought home, and his funeral will take place on Saturday from the residence of Capt. Bane, corner of Georgia and Fifth streets.

[Buffalo Commercial.]

Gratitude—How to increase it.

The tide of gratitude increases as it flows. When we render thanks to God for one mercy, a second presents itself to view, then a third, then others successively come to our remembrance. The goodness and the mercy of the Lord are, like the mighty deep, unfathomable. His acts of love are innumerable, and constant, therefore, should be our thanksgivings:

"My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy various love surveys;
Where shall my grateful lips begin,
Or where conclude thy praise?"

Gratitude increases as we offer thanks, and mercies multiply as we contemplate them. A poor woman had fallen in a melancholy and murmuring frame of mind. She made no effort to check the temptation, but considered that she "did well to be angry" and to complain. Her minister tried every argument in his power, but to no purpose. He spoke to her of temporal and spiritual mercies, but no response of gratitude was awakened. She said that *she* had "nothing in body or soul to be thankful for." Lifting up his heart in prayer to God for wisdom, he inquired, "Does not your neighbor's husband drink when he is out, and beat her when he comes home?"

"Yes," was the only reply.

"Does *your* husband do so to you?"

"No," was the reluctant answer."

"Well, then, should not you be thankful to God that you have a kind husband?"

No reply was returned. The inquiry was several times repeated, till an assent was obtained. The minister said he would not leave, till she promised to thank God for his mercy, night and morning, upon her bended knees. Having at last obtained her promise, he said to her at parting, "I have now shown you one thing which you have to be thankful for, and you must keep your promise till I see you again." Intentionally delaying his return, several days elapsed before he revisited her dwelling. But what a different woman met him now.

"O," she exclaimed, "I have longed to see you, I have wished to thank

you. For a morning or two, I did as I promised, but I did not rightly feel what I said. Then one day, when I was thanking God that I had a kind husband, I thought I should thank Him that I had healthy children; and when I was thanking him for that, I thought I should thank Him that I had bread to put into their mouths; and when I was thanking the Lord for that, I thought that I should thank Him that I had clothes to put upon their backs, and a house to cover their heads: and so, sir, when I was thanking God for one thing, another came into my head, and another still, and now I know not where to stop, or how to thank him enough; and I feel so happy."

Thus gratitude increases with use. The more thankful we are, the more thankful we shall become, and the more we shall have to be thankful for. The truly humble, spiritual mind, will learn the lesson of thankfulness from the most common things, yea, even from the most revolting.

Interest for Seamen on Cape Cod.

A correspondent of the "Puritan Recorder" in giving an account of a recent meeting of the Barnstable County Conference says, "This Conference exerts a most happy influence upon the Churches and Congregations connected with it. It brings the far asunder disciples, scattered over seventy miles of territory,—brings them, or a portion of them together; and very precious is their fellowship when they thus meet. When the meeting is thirty or forty miles distant, and old Boreas has all hands at the bellows, it is at some self denial that we make sail. But most of the pastors and delegates put a reef or two, if needful, in their topsails, and make good the voyage in defiance of the elements. The shipping of a few seas makes it all the more pleasant to meet in safety. We have not yet learned that any that ever set out for the Conference ever "foundered at sea," or "were never heard of afterwards." They turn up, somehow, in due time in spite of snapping North

Westers and scowling South Easters: and precious meetings they have for their pains."

After the other usual exercises,— "The Seamen's cause followed, introduced by the heart stirring words of Rev. Mr. Thatcher, of South Dennis, and carried on with vigor and effect by Mr. Hanks, the Agent of the Massachusetts Society. Then the subject came before the Conference, and heart after heart poured out; a stiff breeze blowing in the right direction till nine o'clock fetched us up. We were sorry to go ashore even then. Many a poor fellow from our Cape has this year found "the wave his winding-sheet." And so it is every year, and we cannot help feeling for seamen. The vast and perilous and treacherous sea they sail upon is in sight of all our dwellings; the glory and beauty of its calmness is ravishing to our eyes: its strong terrors break in thunder upon our ears. We are alive to every thing pertaining to the dangers and hardships of the sea. And these seafaring men are dear to us, and our great aim is to have them of such moral character that they may be dear to the Saviour. And from time to time we are permitted to rejoice in such triumphs of redeeming love."

Three Years Labor on the Bible.

The following calculation of the number of books, verses, words, letters, &c., contained in the Old and New Testament, are said to have cost the calculator three years labor. They are, therefore, worth reading, and preserving:

Old Testament.—No. of Books 39; Chapters, 229; Verses, 33,214 Words, 592,439; Letters, 2,728,100.

The middle Book is Proverbs.

The middle Chapter is Job 29.

The middle Verse would be 2 Chronicles 20: 17 if there were a verse more, and verse 18 if there were a verse less.

The word *and* occurs 35,543 times.

The word *Jehovah* occurs 6,855 times.

The shortest verse is 1 Chronicles 1; 25.

The 21st. verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra, contains all the letters of the alphabet.

The 19th of the 2d Kings and the 7th chapter of Isaiah are alike.

New Testament.—No. Books, 47; Chapters, 260; Verses, 7,050; Words, 181,258; Letters, 828,580.

The middle Book is 2 Thessalonians.

The middle chapter is Romans 13, if there were a chapter less, and 14 if there were a chapter more.

The middle verse is John 11; 35.

Old and New Testament.—No. of Books, 66; Chapters, 1,189; Verses, 31,178; Words, 773,697; Letters, 3,566,480.

The middle chapter, and least in the Bible, is Psalm 117.

The middle verse is Psalm 118; 8.

British Sovereigns.

We publish the following, as a smooth set of rhymes by which any one possessing an ordinary memory may fix in mind the order of succession of the various sovereigns of England:—

First William the Norman;
Then William, his son
Henry. Stephen and Henry;
Then Richard and John.
Next Henry, the third;
Edwards, one, two, and three;
And again after Richard,
Three Henry's we see
Two Edwards, three Richards,
If rightly I guess;
Two Henry's sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess,
Then Jamie, the Scotchman,
Then Charles, whom they slew,
Yet received after Cromwell,
Another Charles too;
Next James the second
Ascended the throne,
Then good William and Mary
Together came on,
Till Anna, Georges four,
And fourth William all past,
God sent us Victoria,
May she long be the last!

Western Seamen's Friend Society.

This Society, whose object is to promote the intellectual, social, moral, and spiritual condition of Sailors and boatmen employed on the western waters, celebrated its Seventh Anniversary in the City of Pittsburgh on the evenings of the 12th and 13th of November last.

On the former evening an appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. A. T. Chester, D. D., of Buffalo, on the "mutual responsibility between man and his brother."—Text, Gen. 4: 9;—and on the latter evening, after the presentation of the Annual Report, by Rev. R. H. Leonard, the Corresponding Secretary, the meeting was addressed by Rev. Messrs. Davidson, Jerrett, Smith, Fitch, and Dr. Riddle, who presided on the occasion. Twenty-one laborers under the auspices of this Society have been employed the whole or a portion of the year. The receipts and expenditures of the Society during the year ending Oct. 1st, including the amount received for, and expended on the Bethels in Cleveland, Toledo, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Detroit, and Sandusky, were \$21,133 85.

The "Western Pilot" has been "hauled into dry dock" on account of its delinquent subscribers. Whether its suspension will be temporary or permanent will depend on circumstances; and chiefly on the awakened conscience, and forthcoming cash of said delinquents.

The Secretary, in his Report, says:

"The society is not only extending its operations, but seems to be increasing the number of its patrons and gaining the confidence and co-operation of the friends of this noble charity, everywhere. And this is the

real capital of all such institutions as our.

We have completed two beautiful churches, one in Cleveland and one in Sandusky; and a fine commodious Hall in Pittsburgh during the year; worth an aggregate of \$37,000. In the basement or first story of our beautiful edifice at Cleveland, we are furnished with offices and apartments for the use of the Executive Board and Secretaries of the society.

But there is another feature of our work which transcends infinitely all these outward signs of prosperity, and cheers us more than all the rest. A greater number of precious souls have been hopelessly converted, and gathered into the church from our field, than in any previous year. The increasing number who attend our Bethel churches, and the actual and great improvement in the behavior and moral character of our Sailors and Boatmen, is a source of no little pleasure to our Chaplains, and of great encouragement to the Board."

We have room only for a brief extract from Dr. Chester's Sermon:

"It is a part of the design of this Society to aid in securing the Sabbath to those who have so long and so unjustly been deprived of it. And here the appeal is strongest to those who own, or have the control of vessels and boats that navigate our inland waters. These have it in their power at once to confer upon the sailor this inestimable boon. God has once given it to man. The love of gain and the rivalry in business have taken it away from those who perform service on the lakes, rivers and canals; a conscientious regard for the law of God and a just sense of the claims of humanity should restore it again. This is a part of our plea to-day; a plea in the name of God who has appointed a day of rest, and who commands its most careful observance, its most entire consecration to his glory; a plea for your own sakes that you will not incur this great guilt of Sabbath-breaking, and the consequent displeasure of God, and a plea for the poor boatman and

sailor, that you will give him his time, set apart for the uses of the soul, and give him also the means of self-improvement in connection with it. The sin may not disturb you now as a member of the firm, or of a corporation by whose arrangements the Sabbath is desecrated; you may not feel concerned for your personal sin, but you may be assured that in the judgment, no sin will be charged against a firm, or reckoned as pertaining to a corporation. God deals only with individual sinners; the sin of the firm is the sin of each member; the sin of the corporation is not to be divided among all the members, each answering but for a small share of the guilt, but each one, if he has fully participated in the transgression, is chargeable with the whole guilt. See to this, ye who are connected, even remotely, with the desecration of God's holy day.

Those for whom we plead have been sadly neglected. Our sympathies have been excited, and very properly, for the distant heathen, who have not heard the sound of salvation by the crucified Savior; for the destitute of our own land; for the inebriate; for the oppressed; but this class has been overlooked. The boatmen have been regarded as in a hopeless condition, and have themselves felt desperate. If any appeal was made for them; if conscience, or the voice of God ever seemed to demand, "Where is thy brother?" the ready answer on all hands was, "I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?" This society is attempting to meet the necessity of this case, and furnish the benevolent, the kind-hearted, a medium through which they can have the opportunity to engage in such a good work."

Payson, on his dying bed, said to his daughter, "You will avoid much pain and anxiety, if you will learn to trust all your concerns in God's hands. 'Cast all your cares on him, for he careth for you.' But if you merely go and say that you cast your care upon him, you will come away with the load upon your shoulders."

NAVAL JOURNAL.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Marine Disasters of 1854.

LOSS OF LIFE AND PROPERTY ON THE SEA DURING ONE YEAR.

From a review of the wrecks and losses at sea, recorded in the Magazine during the year 1854, all occurring within the year, except a few in the gales of December, 1853, and nearly all on the Atlantic sea board, and all supposed to be total wrecks; it appears that there were wrecked and burnt, 2 sloops, 221 schooners, 122 brigs, 65 barks, 79 ships and 8 steamers. Missing vessels, 14 schooners, 17 brigs, 4 barks and 6 ships. Total wrecked and missing, 538 vessels.

Of this number 11 schooners, 25 brigs, 21 barks and 8 ships were British; 1 schooner Mexican, 1 brig Dutch, 2 barks French, 1 bark Prussian, and 1 ship Swedish; in all 71 foreign vessels lost on our coast.

On 8 of these wrecks 1,743 lives are known to have been lost; on 34 other wrecks 155 are also known to have been lost; on 15 other wrecks, the crews alone estimated at 110, supposed all to have been lost; on 41 missing vessels there must have been 430, at least, comprising the crews alone; on some of these there were, doubtless, passengers; thus swelling the bills of mortality to more than 2,438.

We give below, in a tabular form, an estimated value of each class of vessels with an estimated value of each of their cargoes, and also of their freight bills which are also lost either to owners or underwriters in case of wrecks:—

Lost & missing	Sl'ps.	Sch'nrs.	Brigs.	Barks.	Ships.	Large class St'mers.	Small class St'mers.
No.	2	235	139	69	85	6	2
Value of each,	\$3,000	\$6,000	\$10,000	\$14,000	\$40,000	\$250,000	\$50,000
Cargo	5,000	4,000	15,000	50,000	100,000	400,000	
Freight Bill	500	400	1,500	5,000	10,000	40,000	
Total value of ves'ls	\$6,000	\$1,410,000	\$1,390,000	\$966,000	\$3,400,000	\$1,500,000	\$100,000
" " Cargo	10,000	940,000	2,085,000	3,450,000	8,500,000	2,400,000	
" " Freight	1,000	94,000	208,500	345,000	850,000	240,000	
Total number of vessels	-	538					
Total value of vessels	-	\$8,802,000					
" " of Cargo	-	7,385,000					
" " of Freight	-	1,758,500					

Total value - - \$27,945,500 or in round numbers, \$28,000,000 which is less than the actual losses.

Value of 71 Foreign vessels, cargoes & freight \$3,819,800

Leaving losses to American commerce -

\$24,125,700; one item in the cause of hard times in money matters. Over \$25,000,000 has the capacious ocean levied on American commerce in one year. Yet it is a trifle compared with the cost of one war campaign, to gratify the ambitious pride and pleasure of kings.

The loss of life, though large, has not been as large as one would suppose, from the great number of wrecks. The chances of escape are so many on the sea so covered with sail. Many, however, have been saved from wrecks after days and nights of exposure and peril, just at the last hour of hope. What an argument is presented by these facts for more earnest prayer and increased efforts for the salvation of the sailor.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Commerce and Navigation of United States.

The total number of vessels built during the year 1854 is 878 : viz., ships and barks 254 ; brigs, 68 ; smaller vessels, 435 ; steamers, 121 ; which, at a cost of \$65 per ton, amounts to \$22,248,850.

The report on commerce and navigation contains some very interesting statistical information on the subject of ship building and other matters pertaining to the growth of our commercial interests. We are able, from the records to compile the following tables :

Statement of new vesels buuilt in the following cities during the year 1854.

	Ships and Barks.	[Brigs.	Smaller Vessels.	Steam ^d boats.	Total Tonnage
Passamaquoddy -	18	13	6	—	15,093
Waldoboro' -	26	11	27	—	31,476
Belfast -	9	17	13	—	12,067
Bath -	56	9	4	—	58,451
Portland -	23	2	6	—	16,533
Boston -	59	1	4	3	69,550
New Bedford -	13	1	—	—	6,256
New York -	40	7	185	36	63,496
Philadelphia -	6	4	133	14	24,128
Baltimore -	3	3	36	4	16,618
Louisville -	—	—	—	22	6,324
St. Louis -	—	—	—	7	3,071
Cincinnati -	—	—	—	23	11,186
Detroit -	1	1	21	7	7,042

Total Tonnage of the United States for the year ending 30th June, 1854.

<i>Registered Tonnage</i>	<i>Total Tonnage</i>
Registered vessels employed in foreign trade on 30th of June, 1854 -	2,333,819

Enrolled and Smaller Vessels.

Enrolled ves-els employed in the coasting trade 30th of June, 1854 -	2,273,900
Smaller vessels, under 20 tons -	45,214
	2,622,114

Fishing Vessels.

Enrolled vessels employed in the cod fishery	102,194
Enrolled vessels employed in the mackerel fishery	35,041
Smaller vessels under 20 tons in cod fishery	9,734
Registered tonnage in Whale fisheries	181,901
Registered tonnage in steam navigation	96,036
Enrolled tonnage in steam navigation	581,577

Total tonnage of U. S. 30th June, 1854	5,661,416
----------------------------------------	-----------

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Suggestive Statistics.

To the lovers of statistics we commend the following table as furnishing material for instructive thought. The *causes* which have decreased the tide of emigrants from Ireland about 20 per cent., increased that from Switzerland about 25 per cent., and poured out of Germany alone a stream larger than from all the other countries enumerated in the table, are worthy of careful consideration.

But recently the entire influx of immigrants into all the parts of the United States averaged about 1,000 per day. Now this is nearly the average for the port of New York alone.

Should the war continue, other causes, as yet scarcely felt, will operate powerfully to swell the current in this direction. Let us give them a welcome, and work, and bread, and the gospel.

TABLE SHOWING THE FOREIGN IMMIGRATION AT THE PORT OF NEW YORK FOR THE LAST FOUR YEARS.

NATIVITY.	1851.	1852.	1853.	1854.	Last Two Years'	
					Increase.	Decrease.
Ireland.....	155,454	128,523	110,844	88,206	---	22,638
Germany.....	63,358	117,096	106,420	175,401	68,981	---
England.....	26,912	31,905	27,583	30,440	2,857	---
Scotland.....	6,987	7,867	6,494	4,744	---	1,750
Wales.....	2,092	2,444	1,434	1,219	---	215
France.....	5,643	8,862	6,611	8,121	1,180	---
Switzerland.....	4,386	6,436	4,287	8,369	4,082	---
Spain.....	295	360	746	644	---	102
Holland.....	1,679	1,238	1,109	1,872	263	---
Norway.....	2,131	2,962	392	96	---	266
Sweden.....	1,107	2,073	1,474	1,887	413	---
Denmark.....	222	162	67	134	67	---
Italy.....	578	405	521	758	237	---
Portugal.....	64	29	145	301	150	---
Belgium.....	342	233	16	393	377	---
West Indies.....	454	331	---	11	11	---
Nova Scotia.....	96	32	4	130	126	---
Sardinia.....	49	117	72	148	76	---
South America.....	120	133	169	103	---	66
Canada.....	52	55	2	1	---	1
China.....	3	20	53	20	---	33
Stilly.....	20	42	31	50	19	---
Mexico.....	45	25	45	38	---	7
Russia.....	28	35	34	41	7	---
Poland.....	417	173	155	204	49	---
East Indies.....	10	16	---	12	12	---
Greece.....	1	6	6	7	1	---
Turkey.....	3	5	6	10	4	---
	272,699	309,574	268,720	322,860		
Immigration of.....			1853.....	268,720		
Increase in.....			1854.....	54,140		

Disasters.

Strangford, Oct. 29.

Ship Brother Jonathan, of Wiscasset, from Liverpool for Charleston, (cargo salt, coals, and hard ware.) got on shore this morning, at 5 a. m., on Ballyquintan Point, North entrance of Strangford Lough, having been in collision yesterday morning with the ship William Penn, from Liverpool for Bombay, and was much crippled in her rigging and spars. After the ship struck, she beat heavily, and the main mast went by the board; she is in an exposed situation, and it is feared will become a wreck.

Marseilles, Oct. 28.

The Ellis, from Mobile for Marseilles, timber laden, was fallen in with in the Mediterranean, waterlogged, and the crew taken off, after being 15

days in that condition, without any thing but raw provisions to live upon, by the Milan, Badger, arrived here yesterday from New Orleans.

Southampton, Oct. 27.

The Triton, from Glasgow for Boston, with coal and iron, foundered Oct. 13. Crew taken off by the North Wind, Hildreth, at Havre from New York.

London, Oct. 30,

Extract of the report of surveys of ships at Calcutta, by Lloyd's surveyor, received this morning. The report is dated Calcutta, Sept. 1: The American ship Goodwin has become a total wreck.

Br. barque Queen of the Avon, at this port from Cardiff, reports:—No date, lat. 46°, long. 20°, fell in with the wreck of brig Gazelle, lumber loaded and abandoned.

Brig *Mermaid*, of and for Salem, from Cayenne, supposed via Turk's Islands, went ashore on Cape Henry, morning of Oct. 27th.

Brig *Cordelia*, of Boston, was wrecked on one of the Keys in the Caribbean Sea, no date.

Southampton, Oct. 31.

The brig *Sarah*, Pring, from Genoa for Baltimore, U. S., was dismantled Sept. 10th and abandoned on the 17th.

Schooner *Dolphin*, ashore at Cuttyhunk, has bilged and broken her deck, and will prove a total loss.

Br. Schooner *Foreigner*, White, from Souris. P. E. I., for Portsmouth, N. H., was totally lost night of Sept. 22d, between New Harbor and Torbay Point, N. S.

Br. schr. *Mary Elizabeth*, bound to New York, went ashore off Little Harbor, West of Torbay, in thick weather night of Sept. 25th.

Schr. *George Hotchkiss*, Price, hence for Franklin, Lou., was wrecked on Anguilla Key, Abaco, Oct. 21.

Schr. *Philadelphia*, from Tabasco for Boston, reported to have been wrecked, no date, supposed near the Bahamas.

Steamer *Yankee Blade*, which left San Francisco Sept. 30th, for Panama, was lost on the following day, on a reef of rocks off Point Aquello, fifteen miles above Point Conception. About 15 lives and all the specie on board, about \$150,000, were lost. The ship was a total wreck.

Ship *Arvum*, at this port from Shields, experienced heavy weather, stove bulwarks, &c. Oct. 16th fell in with the wreck of Br. brig *Strive*. Evans, of and from New Port, Wales, with railroad iron, bound to New York and in a sinking condition; took off Capt. E. and crew, and brought them to this port.

Ship *Sagadahoc*, of Bath, hence for New Orleans, in ballast, was totally lost Oct. 21st, on a reef near Pearce's Island, Bahamas.

Schr. *Bengal*, Seeley, hence for Picton, is reported by letter, received by Ellwood Walter, Esq., under date of Halifax, Nov. 15th, to be ashore at Marigomish, a few miles East of Picton. The vessel would probably be a total loss.

Schr. *Wasp*, Whelden, of Dennis, left Millstone morning of the 17th, and when 5 miles Westward of Race Point, sprung a leak and sunk. The crew were taken off by sloop *Arabella*, of New London.

Schr. Wm. Henry, from Rockland for New York, with a cargo of lime, went ashore in Mackerel Cove, took fire and was entirely consumed.

Capt. Reynolds, of steamtug *Achilles*, reports the news schr. *Wanderer* as having capsized, and gone ashore inside of the Hook, and gone to pieces.

Ship *Hemisphere*, from Havre, at this port; Nov. 30. fell in with the barque *Mopang*, Capt. Downs, from Sailla River for Boston, waterlogged and dismantled, and took off the captain and crew and brought them to this port.

Schr. R. R. Johnson, is reported to have been totally wrecked at Fairport, and all hands, eight in number, lost.

Brig *Lamartine*, Garland, of and for Fall River, from Gardiner, Me., went ashore 3d. inst., in the vicinity of Beaver Tail Light, and went to pieces.

The body of a female, a wherry boat and binnacle, drifted ashore at Southport, Me., lately, and the supposition is that schr. (name unknown,) John Pierce, master, from Boston, with a freight of chains, &c., for Southport, is lost with all hands. The binnacle was recognized by a person at Southport, as belonging to the vessel of which Capt. Pierce was master.

Schr. *Comet*, of Cohasset, from Bangor for Haverhill, before reported ashore at Plum Island, is stated to have gone to pieces.

Bre. ship *Bethosen*. Erichs, hence at Belize, Honduras, reports having experienced on the 19th Oct., a severe hurricane, beginning from the S. W., and terminated at N. W. on the 21st Oct. at 4 p. m. On the 23d, at 4 p. m. fell in with the American brig *Sophia*, dismantled on the 19th, and on her beam ends, having then almost 4 feet water in her hold. Saved the captain, Peter Swensen; mate, Wm. Bailey; supercargo, A. Oaksmith; cook and four seamen.

Brig *Lafayette*, of Seareport, Coombe, destination, &c. unknown,

was the brig before reported to have gone ashore on Scituate beach. She is a total loss.

Brig T. P. Perkins, from Philadelphia for Boston, is ashore at Scituate. Brig Whittaker, from Calais for New York, ashore at Marshfield, Mass.; also, schooner Boston, from Bangor for Nantucket. Schr. Susan totally lost at Gloucester.

Brig Royal Southwick, of New-Bedford, dismasted and waterlogged, was passed Oct. 10, by the Fashion Fader, at Antigua from Philadelphia.

Sloop Corinthian, before reported ashore on Horse Neck Beach, will probably not be got off; she has bilged badly.

A despatch from New-Orleans announces the loss of the brig St. Julien.

Schr. Helena, of Thomaston, with granite, sunk in Mackrel Cove during the storm; her decks were about ten feet under water.

Ship Bavaria, at this port from Havre reports: Lat. $44^{\circ} 02'$, lon. $53^{\circ} 46'$ passed brig Water Lily, full of water, mainmast and foremast gone.

Br. brig Lady of the Lake, at this port from Demarara, reports; 3d Nov. fell in with the wreck of a brig, waterlogged and abandoned, also dismasted, with the masts hanging alongside; boarded her and found the name Gottmitten on her wheel.

Schr. Roswell King, at Charleston 8th inst., from Darien, Geo., brought a part of the crew of the schr. Emma & Julia, bound from Ashepool to that port, which was blown to the Southward, and went ashore near Duboy bay a few days since: the remainder of the crew landed safely on Duboy Island.

Schooner Monitor, from Wareham for New York, with a cargo of nails, struck upon a sunken wreck off Norwalk, Con., night of 9th Nov., and sunk in about ten minutes.

Brig Flora, from St. Ann's Bay for Baltimore, stranded on the reef facing the barracks at Falmouth, Jam. 5th Nov.

Brig St. Julien, of and from Norfolk, Va., for Porto Rico, with a cargo of merchandise, was capsized on the 26th Oct. during a severe storm. The

captain and crew succeeded in reaching her bottom, when she went over, and were drifted about in that position until the 3d of Nov. when the ship W. V. Kent, at New-Orleans, took them off the wreck.

Schr. James Otis, Simmons, of Providencetown, went ashore about eight miles South of New-Berne Inlet, 11th Nov., at 3 p. m. She was bound from Wilmington to Boston. She sprung a leak, and the captain, to save the crew and cargo, if possible, ran her ashore.

Schr. Madonna, with a cargo of dry goods from barque Cordelia, at Galveston from Philadelphia, was wrecked on Matagorda Peninsula 2d Nov.

Brig Northampton, of Buffalo, went ashore on the reef, at the S. E. point of Thunder Bay Island, Lake Huron, morning of 2d Nov. She had experienced very heavy weather, and had carried away the slings of her foreyard, lost her centre board, and otherwise sustained injuries, so as to render her unmanageable. In trying to get into smooth water to repair damages, she missed stays; hence the disaster. The wind was blowing a gale from the South-west. The captain and crew were all saved, by means of a life-boat. The vessel will be a total loss.

Schr. John G. Faxon, from Philadelphia, of and for Newburyport, in a sinking condition, was fallen in with 18th Nov., Sandy Hook bearing N. W., distant 75 miles, by the ship Tuscarora, Turley, from Liverpool, which took off the crew, who were quite exhausted from pumping for four days.

Schr. Banker, from Boston, via St. Thomas, for Arecibo, was wrecked 5th Nov., on a reef off the N. E. part of Porto Rico.

Schr. Harriet, from Philadelphia for Boston, with coal, was stranded 25th Nov. near Bridgehampton, L. I. The vessel and cargo will prove a total loss.

Br. schr. Susan Stairs, from Boston 9th Nov. for Miramichi, went ashore previous to 24th ult., near Charlotetown, P. E. I., and on that date was full of water.

Schr. Champion, from Boston 7th

Oct. for Jacmel, was fallen in with 9th Nov., dismasted and leaking badly, having encountered a gale Oct. 21st, in which lost deck load, materials and sails. Crew taken off by brig Delhi, Darnaby, and carried to Philadelphia.

Ship New Era, Henry, of Bath, Me., from Bremen Sept. 28th for this port, went ashore at Long Branch, night of 12th Nov. in a dense fog, and has become a total loss. Nearly 300 passengers lost.

Brig Russell, for Salem from Richmond, with 1700 bbls. flour, went ashore 11th Nov., about a mile east of Tarpaulin Cove, and bilged.

Brig Orlando, from Jacksonville, bound to Essex, put into this port 11th, reports; Oct. 5th, on the outward passage, about 60 miles south of Hatteras, passed the wreck of brig Commerce, of Boston, dismasted, waterlogged and abandoned.

Schr. Orb, from Philadelphia for Boston, was run into night of 22nd Nov., by brig Charlotte E. Tay, Clark, hence for Wilmington, Del., and sunk in a few minutes. Crew all saved.

Schr. Two Brothers, from Frankfort, Me., for Boston, with lumber, bark, &c., went ashore on Chatham Bar night of the 21st Nov. The vessel will probably be a total loss.

Barque Chase, from Bristol, Eng., for New Orleans, went ashore night of 16th Nov., on the Big Gap, St. George's Island, on a shoal about two miles from shore, where she lay on the 22nd in a critical condition.

Schr. Hamor, from Franklin, Me. for Boston, went ashore on Pond Island Bar, night of 24th Nov. Vessel a total loss.

Schr. Maria Foss, from Boston for Hancock, Me., was capsized off Crabtree's Point, Vinalhaven, 25th Nov., and drifted upon Mark Island. Vessel and cargo a total loss.

Brig Amesbury, Gould, from Mobile for Gardiner, was wrecked on Jack-knife ledge 26th Nov., and the first officer drowned. Capt. Gould, who was sick with fever, was removed to Pond Island.

Schr. Almira Joy, Brooks, from Boston for Attakapas, was driven ashore 12th Nov., in the Bayou La Fourche, 15 miles from the point to

which she was bound on the coast. On the 16th it was thought she would be a total loss.

Br. brig Lydia, from Providence for St. John, N. B., in ballast, was totally lost on Brier Island, N. S., previous to 28th Nov.

Schr. Satilla, from Savannah for Baltimore, was totally wrecked on Cape Hatteras, 13th Nov.

Brig Lamartine, Garland, of and for Fall River, from Gardiner, went ashore during the heavy gale night 3d Dec., near Beaver Tail, and will be a total loss.

A schr. of about 90 tons, laden with lime, said to be from East Thomaston for Portland, lost her deck load, compasses, &c. in the gale night 3d Dec., and was driven ashore about midnight on Stage Island, Kennebunk.

Fishing schr. Susan arrived at Gloucester 3d Dec., from Bay Chaleur, and went ashore on Norman's Woe, and became a total loss.

Missing Vessels.

Br. schr. Jane, Isaac S. Williams, master, left Inagua on the 29th Aug. with salt for New York, via Bermuda, and had not been heard of at Bermuda on the 9th ult.

Brig Frank, of Kingston, Me., Burditt, sailed from Boston Sep. 6th for Cape Haytien, and not arrived there up to Oct. 26th.

Schr. Elijah, of Harrington, Me., Small, sailed from Portland Sept. 7th for Saltilla River, Geo., and has not since been heard from.

Schr. Chas. Edmonston, of Charleston, sailed from Brandywine, Del., 23d of Aug. last, for Santa Cruz, since which no tidings have been heard of her.

Notice to Mariners.

LIGHT HOUSE AT BOONE ISLAND, MAINE.—A new Light House Tower having been built on Boone Island, near the old Lighthouse, and fitted with a second order catadioptric illuminating apparatus on the system of Fresnel, the new light will be exhibited for the first time on the evening of the 1st January, 1855, and every

day thereafter, from sunset to sunrise, from which date the light from the old tower will be discontinued. The tower is built of grey granite, 118 feet high; and the focal plane of the light is 133 feet above the level of the sea. This light should be seen in ordinary states of the atmosphere, from the deck of a vessel 15 feet above the water, at a distance of about $17\frac{1}{2}$ nautical or 29 statute miles. The keepers' dwellings are situated west of the tower, and are of the same color, (grey.)

The following are bearings and distances from Boone Island Lighthouse to prominent objects in the vicinity, viz.:—To Boone Island Ledge, East, distant 3 miles; to Beacon on York Ledge, W. by S. distant $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles; to Isle of Shoals Lighthouse, S. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. distant 15 miles; to Whalesback Lighthouse, S. W. distant 13 miles. The bearings are magnetic.

The approximate position of this light is—Lat. $43^{\circ} 93' N.$; lon. $70^{\circ} 29' W.$ of Greenwich.

By order of the Lighthouse Board,
WM. B. FRANKLIN,
Lighthouse Inspector, 1st District.
Portland, Me., Nov. 11, 1854.

LIGHT AT SAPELO ISLAND, GEO.—On the 20th December, a fixed light, varied by flashes, of the fourth order of Fresnel, will be substituted for the present revolving illuminating apparatus at Sapelo Island, Geo. The elevation of the light is 74 feet above the level of the sea, and should be seen under ordinary states of the atmosphere, from the deck of a vessel 15 feet above the water, 14-12 nautical miles.

The approximate position of the light is—Lat. $31^{\circ} 21' 30'' N.$; lon. $31^{\circ} 24' W.$ of Greenwich.

LIGHT AT ST. AUGUSTINE, FLOR.—A fixed light, varied by flashes, of the fourth order of Fresnel, will be substituted on the evening of the 31st December, for the present fixed illuminating apparatus at St. Augustine. The elevation of the light is 68 feet above the level of the sea and should be seen, under ordinary states of the atmosphere, from the deck of a vessel 15 feet above the water, 14 nautical miles.

The approximate position of the light is—Lat. $29^{\circ} 52' 18'' N.$; long. $31^{\circ} 25' W.$ of Greenwich.

By order of the Lighthouse Board,
D. P. WOODBURY,
Inspector Sixth L. H. Dist.
Wilmington, N. C., Nov. 15, 1854.

LIGHT ON CIES ISLAND, COAST OF PORTUGAL.—The new Lighthouse erected on the summit of Mount Faro, that being the most prominent point on the extreme South of the centre island, will be lit every night from sunset to sunrise, commencing with that of the 19th of November.

The Lighthouse is situate in lat. $42^{\circ} 12' 23'' N.$, lon. $2^{\circ} 41' 50'' W.$, of the meridian of the Observatory of St. Ferdinand. Its apparatus is of the second order catadioptrical, with eclipses from minute to minute. The light is raised 650 Burgos feet above the level of the sea; it produces a tangent of 31 miles, but it can be seen at more or less distance, according to the state of the atmosphere and the height of the observer.

Masters of vessels navigating Long Island Sound, should keep a good look out for two sunken wrecks near Norwalk, which are in the direct track of vessels bound up and down the Sound.

NOTICE OF THE NEW LIGHTSHIP ON THE COPPERGROUND, NEAR LESSO.
London, Oct. 26, 1854.

The new lightship on the Copperground, near Lesso, will exhibit its light on Wednesday evening, Nov. 1st., half an hour after sunset, unless prevented by unavoidable circumstances.

A Light Vessel, schooner rigged showing two lights, one at each mast-head (one of the lanterns with six reflectors), masts and hull painted yellow, will be anchored near the Sow and Pigs Ledge, on or about the 26th inst., to take the place of the old boat, requiring repairs.

A. A. HOLCOMBE, L. H. I.

—••—
“The pride of the rich makes the labor of the poor.” Not so; the labor of the poor makes the pride of the rich.

New York, February, 1855.

**"Lord it is Good for us
to be here.**

*Prayer Meeting at the Sailors'
Home, New York.*

I felt, on Saturday evening last, while in prayer meeting at the "SAILORS' HOME," 190 Cherry st., much as did the disciples on the mount; and had you been there, Mr. Editor, and some of your thousands of readers, you and they would doubtless have had a similar feeling. As soon as the meeting had been opened by Captain D. Tracy the Superintendent, with singing, and the reading of a passage of the Scriptures, a few practical remarks were made by the writer, and then the meeting was thrown open for any one to offer a word for Christ.

The first who spoke was a sailor, who stated that he had been attempting to serve God acceptably since the year 1818. That his conversion took place in the Rosevelt street Church, and that he believed that it was in answer to his mother's prayer. He spoke of the happiness he enjoyed, as contrasted with that which he had felt in the enjoyment of worldly pleasures, and made an affectionate appeal to the seamen around him to taste and see that the Lord is good. He closed with a short and fervent prayer.

Sailor No. 2 was a young man about 18, a native of Denmark. His countenance was wreathed with smiles: a happier expression I never saw on the face of a mortal. He told us, and his face, as it shone with the love of God, would have said so, even if he had been silent, that he could *recommend* the cause of Christ. He had been to sea six years, in the fore-castle. The last three years had been spent in the service of Christ, and he rejoiced that he could be a sailor and yet love and serve God at sea. Oh, how earnestly he pleaded with those around him to come to Jesus. "Come," said he, "come, you will never be sorry. No, blessed be His holy name! I mean to serve him as long as I live. Come, He can and will forgive. I can trust in Him. He will never leave you, if you once go to him. I am going to China. Shall sail on Monday, and expect to take Jesus in the ship. Pray for me that I may be faithful unto death."

Sailor No. 3 rose. He was a Scotchman, his head whitened with the snows of 64 winters, fifty of which had been spent in the sea service, and all of that time devoted to intemperance and folly. For he lived "without God and without hope in the world." The old man said, "It

is not for me to tell how bad I have been, for I could not do it. I have spent my time sinning against God, and now I have no hope but in my divine advocate above. I want to serve him. Pray that I may be guarded and strengthened, for I can only put my hand on my mouth and say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'" And he sat down almost choking with emotion. The effect was sensibly felt as the hoary witness resumed his seat; and well it might, for on the Tuesday previous he came into the temperance meeting, in the very same room, drunk, and flourishing his arms about, called loudly for the "document." "I'll sign it, I'll sign it," said he, "and keep it too." At the close of the meeting he was taken by the hand by the writer, and urged to hold fast. The next morning again exhorted and prayed with. God had spoken to his soul; the spirit of rum was passing out—the Spirit of God was coming in. The poor old man suffered night after night, was humbled like a little child, and still wrestled with God like Jacob. All Friday was spent in prayer, and just as the day of Saturday was dawning on the world, the day of eternal light dawned on his soul. At family prayers in the morning he was rejoicing in Christ Jesus and having no confidence in the flesh. O, how blessed the thought. Man's extremity is often God's opportunity. Surely this is a sinner saved at the eleventh hour! Does it not teach that none need despair who will fall at the feet of Jesus with true humility, repentance and faith?

No. 4 was a young man, who expected to leave in the "Storm," in company with Sailor No. 2, not as a seaman but as a passenger. He had tasted of the love of Christ, and for three years had enjoyed the presence

of his Saviour. He said, "It is *good* to wait upon the Lord. Oh how I love my blessed Saviour. His service is delightful. He is my joy and my song. I wish you would all serve him. I leave for China on Monday, and do not know whether I shall ever be permitted to see my native land again. But blessed Jesus will be with me. O! it matters but little where we are, at sea or on shore, abroad or at home, if we are but where Jesus is." This is a part of his testimony for Christ. He goes out on business, but with the expectation in a short period to study the Chinese language with a view to missionary labor.

No. 5, was also a sailor, a young man of 20. He has been a very immoral young man, but Christ, by his spirit, has spoken to his heart. He rose weeping, his utterance almost choked by it, and said, "Shipmates, a week ago to-night I was in a dance house, I spent all my money in grog, and have done so for years. I was in this house last Sunday and the minister here invited me to church. I went with him—his sermon pricked me to the heart. I wept—came home to pray—went back to meeting in the afternoon, and again in the evening. My convictions were deepened at even-service. I saw my danger and my refuge. Buthow could I go to God? I did not know what to say. I said Our Father, I prayed the best I knew how. And I continued to pray and weep, and spent whole nights in prayer—struggling and weeping, until this morning, when I found peace in believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. I wish you could all feel as I do! O, pray for me that I may have strength to serve him."

Two other friends, who love the Lord Jesus, gave a word of exhorta-

tion, and the meeting closed with prayer and the benediction.

My heart was full. I felt like Jacob, "Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not." I am sure that it was *good* to be there. I have only given a brief notice of this meeting from memory, but I have done it to encourage you, and to show that we have the evidence amongst us in the house, that the Lord has *not* forgotten to be gracious to the men of the sea; and that the Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness. But that we shall yet see the "abundance of the sea converted" unto Christ, and the "forces of the Gentiles gathered into his church of the redeemer".

CHARLES J. JONES,
Chaplain.

Danish Sailor Missionary.

Copenhagen, 6th Nov., 1854.

My dear Brother :

May the peace of God our heavenly Father be with you.

I desire through you to thank your Society for their brotherly love and sympathy. Your kind assistance has enabled me for the future to spend all my time in missionary services. I have duly received 100 Dollars which you kindly sent me through David Erschine, Esq., of Stockholm, for which I thank you.

Since I wrote to you last, I have, through grace, been permitted to preach the Gospel to a great number of people both in the harbours and on board of vessels. I have also travelled about a great deal and preached to people in the country. Here is a great want of faithful labourers.

Since I wrote last I have distributed, 113 Bibles and Testaments, and about 2000 religious Tracts. May the blessing of God accompany his word.

On the 29th of June I went to an island in the Baltic, by the name of Bornholm, and came to a fishery by the name of Snogebek where I have been several times before. I had the privilege of visiting a family which had found favour in the sight of the Lord. The son is a seaman, and has been a believer for several years. The Lord has opened the hearts of his mother and two sisters, and led them as penitent sinners to the feet of Jesus. But this has in such a degree enraged his father that he has not only driven his children away from his house, but his wife is often obliged to flee from him because he has several times endeavoured to kill both her and his son. When the evil temper comes on him, he seizes the first thing that comes to hand and throws at them. I spent two days with these dear people of God to encourage them to continue steadfast in the Lord.

On the same tour I visited an other island, ("Christianso") where I also have been several times, and stayed there 6 days. It is a fortress. The people living there are partly soldiers and partly fishers or sailors. There are from 30 to 40 of them to whom God has shewn mercy, but the prince of the power of the air has also in this place shown himself active in the children of disobedience. The commandant, the chief pilot and a merchant, united themselves with the clergyman to hinder the work of God on the island. The Commandant had ordered the boatmen not to take me to the island, the chief pilot wished to drown me, and the merchant did all the evil in his power. There was thus formed a whole plot to resist the truth. But the Lord has shown that those who fight against his people fight against him: he removed all at once the worst of his enemies. The

Commandant was dismissed, the pilot who wished to drown me perished in the water, and the merchant died of the Cholera. All this filled some of the people with earnest thoughts, but others remained hardened and continue to rage against the truth. There is a fisher living on the island, whose wife earnestly seeks the Lord. I went to see her, and as I had spoken with her awhile, her husband came home. He became very much enraged and drove me out of his house. He also forbade his wife to leave the house as long as I was on the island, for he was afraid she should come to the meeting I held. And the more he opposes his wife, and hinders her in coming together with the people of God, to hear the word of God, the more she cries to the Lord for help, and the more the Lord strengthens her. The Lord shows himself always mighty in the weak.

On this same tour I also visited a place called Svanike. I came to a seaman who is a believer, and having travelled a good distance and being hungry, he invited me to stay there during the night. In the evening I had an opportunity to speak to a young woman, with whom he is engaged, about the salvation of her soul. She said there were many worse than she. I spoke then to her about the depravity of the human heart, and we knelt down to pray together. Now her heart was softened and she began to weep bitterly. Being tired I went to bed and fell soon asleep. When I awoke the next morning, I heard the young woman weep and lament. She had been in great trouble all the night on account of her sin. The foregoing evening she had thought that she was better than others, now she thought she was so great a sinner that there was no mercy for her. I

went to speak to her and found her much bowed down with sorrow on account of her sin. I again knelt down and prayed with her, and when I had done she said that she would endeavour to be better than she had been. I told her that she should seek help from the Lord; he alone was able to make us better. I went the further, praying to the Lord, that if he had begun the good work in her, he might also accomplish it.

On the 3d Sept. I held a meeting at a place by the name of Borup, in a house where meetings are usually held. There were so many people present that they could not get room in the house, but were obliged to stand without, and the windows were taken out that they might hear. There was a poor deformed man present. He is not able to walk, but must crawl on the ground on his hands and feet. He was riding on a cart and came up to the windows and listened with the greatest attention to the word of God. May the Lord have mercy on this poor man.

Of late there has been a great awakening in Sweden, particularly in the eastern and northern vallies. They have seceded from the State-church, and formed themselves into separate churches in conformity to the word of God. In Stockholm are said to be about 6000. During the last 2 or 3 months about 300 have become baptists. Thus powerfully does the Spirit of the living God work, but the infatuated priesthood in Sweden continues to rage against the Lord and his people. They persecute them in every way, carry on lawsuits against them, fine, imprison and expatriate such as will live godly and act according to the Holy Scriptures. May the Lord have mercy on these infatuated persecutors. The Gospel of salva-

tion makes way in Denmark, and there are continually added to the churches such as shall be saved.

May God bless you, your Society, and all who seek to promote the welfare of their fellow men, Amen.

With kind regards, I remain,
Your humble brother in Christ,
P. E. RYDING.

Obituary.

The subject of the following obituary notice, EDWARD A. RAMSDALE, one of the few Seamen who "*die in the Lord*," departed this life in the Hospital at Galveston, Texas, Nov. 23rd, 1854, aged 17 years and 4 months. He was born in York, Livingston County, in this State (N. Y.), and came to New York City in June, 1853, for the purpose of procuring a ship and commencing the life of a sailor; hoping by that means to be of some assistance to his widowed mother in her old age. He came at once to the Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry St., and remained there a week without any opportunity presenting itself by which he could secure the object he desired. Just at that juncture, and when almost discouraged, a friend hove in sight, and hearing his condition paid his board bill and took him to sea with him. They made a voyage to Rio de Janeiro and back. Subsequently they visited Philadelphia, where the keeper of the Sailors' Home and his wife took a deep interest in the salvation of his soul. Thence they sailed together to Glasgow and back to New York, where they boarded at the Sailors' Home again, and Edward became a general favorite in the family. They afterwards shipped together again, for Texas, and Edward's friend being a professing christian they took sweet counsel together, and before the end

of the passage Edward gave signs of repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Shortly after reaching Galveston he was attacked with yellow fever. He was taken to the hospital on Monday, and on the following Thursday died rejoicing in the hope of a glorious Resurrection through the atoning blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.

His conversion from sin unto holiness seems to have resulted from his meditation on the language of the 34th Psalm, which he heard read by Mr. Cassidy at the Sailors' Home, Philadelphia. As soon as he found that the disease would probably prove fatal, he called around his bed those who were attending upon him and urged upon them the necessity of a preparation for death, and continued in exhortations, in prayer and in praise till a few minutes before his death. He longed for a man of God, a minister of the Gospel, with whom to converse, but his desire was not gratified until a few hours before his death. On Sabbath he called the Physician and said to him: "O! doctor, are you a Christian? Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" The Doctor confessed that he had come short of his duty in that important matter, and Edward urged him to come to Christ. On Monday, the day of his death, he was very happy in view of Eternity. He said to his friend: "Hall, read me that Psalm (the 34th) again—once more. Blessed be the day that I came to a Sailor's Home!" "Tell Mr. Cassidy that he has saved a soul from Hell. Tell him to pray for the sailors—never mind, though they may get drunk and appear unmindful—they will reflect when they get to sea." His last words were—"Hall, kiss me—there, carry that kiss to my Mother—tell

her I die happy in Jesus Christ, and that she must try to meet me in Heaven."—A few minutes more and he fell asleep in Jesus, and was buried in the grave yard of the City by his friend, who has since taken out a marble stone to mark the spot where sleeps one of the loveliest of young men.

He has fallen asleep on the Saviour's breast;
His race of life is run;
The Victor's Palm, and the Olive are his,
For the battle's strife is done.
Angels rejoice as the bonds of clay
That fettered his soul are riven;
They welcomed him up to the realms of day,
And they greet him now in Heaven.

CHARLES J. JONES.

A new Home for Sailors.

The Board of Managers of the Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen, in the City and Port of New York, has been enlarging the sphere of its labors during the past year. The property long known as belonging to the Cowdrey family, No. 238 Pearl St., on Franklin Square, has been purchased and fitted up as a Seamen's Home, at a cost somewhat exceeding Twenty Thousand Dollars.

Extensive repairs have been made, and such additions as to make it commodious and in every respect convenient, and furnishing all the requisites for as comfortable a Home for Seamen as any in this City, or elsewhere.

The house has been taken by Joseph S. Towne, formerly of the Mariner's Home on the North River. It is designed to be a Christian Home for Seamen, where the inmates will be regarded as members of the family; where prayers are daily offered; where the welfare of the sailor will be cared for, and the wants of the destitute and unfortunate will receive attention, and where the Missionaries of the Society can go and get acquainted with seamen and hold religious services during the week with all who wish to attend them.

The Home has a Reading Room and Library, and this room is fitted up conveniently for the purposes of Chapel in which the services are regularly held. The house can be seen by any persons taking an interest in Sailors, and Sailors themselves coming to this port will find in this Home, another evidence of Christian sympathy, where they will be surrounded by every comfort and secured against the temptations to which they are exposed, and where they will find in Mr. Towne a tried friend of the Sailor, who will deal kindly and honestly with all who may want a quiet and respectable Boarding House.

New York, 1854.

P. S.—We understand that the Society have incurred a debt in making this provision for sea-faring men which we hope the Benevolent will take steps to reduce.

Bible Illustrations.

In the last number of the Magazine in thanking the Messrs. Carter, Booksellers, 285 Broadway, for a generous donation of "Kitto's Daily Bible Illustrations" for distribution among seamen, we took occasion to speak of the excellence of these volumes.

In this number we give a specimen chapter—"The River Jordan"—assuring our readers that in these volumes they will find better gold than in California or "the whole land of Havilah."

In the next number we shall present one of the twenty-two "SCRIPTURE PORTRAITS" drawn by the Rev. Jonathan Brace, of Milford, Conn., and published by M. W. Dodd, New York.

The chief excellence of these portraits is that they are *scripturally correct*; daguerreotypes true to the original. The venerable Adam and Eve lead the way into the gallery. The 12mo volume contains 341 pages

and we doubt not seamen and others will read and study them with much interest and profit.

Our acknowledgements are due Mr. Dodd for the present of 6 volumes of "Short Sermons for the People," by Rev. Dr. Spring; another admirable book for seamen who love the truth presented in an attractive and impressive form.

Rev. J. B. Ripley, pastor of the Mariner's Church Water St., above Walnut, Philadelphia, solicits donations of Religious Books for Seamen.

He thankfully acknowledges donations from Am. S. S. Union, Am. T. Society, Presbyterian B. Publishers and Mr. Alfred Martien; and cash, \$10 from Mr. J. H. Cassady for the purchasing of such books, and four fore-castle libraries from the Am. S. S. Union, purchased with money given him by the Sabbath School and individuals in the little village of Ellsworth, Ohio.

N. B.—Seamen like unsoiled and recently published Books as well as other men.

Address 192 North 6th St., Phila.

A Good Wish from afar.

Philadelphia, Jany. 9, 1855.

Dear Editor—

I have to-day put on ship board the fourth little Library for the Fore-castle purchased from the S. S. Union of this city with money given me by the Sabbath School and individuals, at Ellsworth, Ohio.

Now this is what I call *a good wish for seamen from afar*; and this is why I communicate the fact to you, supposing that it will be a matter of interest to you from the fact that the money was thus given. Ellsworth is a small inland village in Ohio, where probably a *regular salt* w s never

seen. And I am quite sure that not five of the children of that Sabbath School, and probably not one twentieth of the inhabitants of the village ever saw one calling himself a sailor either fresh or salt water.

If thus afar off they are beginning to think and act for the Sailors, may we not expect good times?

I have only now further to say that I most heartily wish that very soon either from afar or near by, I care not which, the *advance business* could be done away *forever*—it would be a happy day for the Sailor.

Last Sabbath was Communion at the Mariner's Church, Water Street, above Walnut, Philadelphia, of which I am pastor. Three Sailors were admitted to the communion on profession of faith—these make seven within six months.

Yours in Christ,
J. B. RIPLEY.

Marine Temperance Society.

The twenty-second anniversary of the "Marine Temperance Society of the Port of New York," will be held at the Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry street, on Wednesday evening February 21st, 1855. Captain Daniel Tracy, the President, will Preside. Addresses may be expected from seamen and others. The public are requested to attend.

L. P. HUBBARD,

Account of Monies.

From Dec. 15, to Jan. 15, 1855.

Members for life by the payment of Twenty Dollars.

George D. Wadhams, by Con. Soc., Wolcotville, Ct.	20 00
A. H. Condit, Morristown, N. J., by B. O. Canfield and Wife,	20 00

Rev. Lavalette Perrin, by Con. Soc., Goshen, Ct.,	25 00
Miss Olive Gray, by Ladies' Bethel Soc., Yarmouth, Me.	20 00
Benjamin Durfey, by Con. Soc., Greenville, Ct.,	23 00
George E. Somers, Waterbury, Ct., by H. Somers (amt. ack. below,) in part.	
Miss Jane A. Atwood, Salem, N. Y., by G. W. Shelton, Birminghams, Ct. (amt. ack. below,)	
Rev. N. Richardson, by Con. Soc., Lanesville, Mass. (in part,)	9 00
Jas. H. Day, by Pres. Church, Hacketts Town, N. J.,	20 00
Mrs. Lucy W. Chandler, by Con. Soc., Hopkinton, N.H.	20 00
Mrs. Eunice Williams, do. do.	20 00
Rev. Corban Cutrice, by Con. Soc., Sanbornton Bridge, N. H. (balance,)	4 00
Smith S. Morrell, do, do., (in part,)	14 00
Rev. Francis B. Wheeler, by Con. Soc., Saco, Me.,	33 00
Rev. John M. Prince, by Con. Soc., Georgetown, Mass.,	36 27
John Whiting, Montgomery, Ala.,	20 00

Donations.

From Con. Soc., Dunbarton, N. H.,	16 00
" First Con. Soc., Waterbury, Ct.,	51 37
" Second do., do., do.,	24 74
" Pres. Ch., Bloomfield, N. J. (balance,)	29 86
" Con. Soc., Torrington, Ct.,	6 00
" Spring st. Pres. Ch., N. Y. (balance,)	25 00
" First Con. Soc., New London, Ct.,	79 12
" Mrs. H. Hallock, Plainfield, Mass.,	1 00
" Ladies' Bethel Union, Hudson, N. Y.,	25 00
" T. N. P., New York,	20 00
" A Friend, Washington Ville, N. Y.,	5 00
" Mr. Thomas Punderson, Huntington, Ct.,	5 00
" Ladies' Mite Soc., New Milford, Ct.,	6 00

" Jeremiah Miller, Philadelphia, Pa.,	5 00
" Con. Soc., Torrington, Ct.,	20 12
" Peter Allen, South Hadley, Mass.,	5 00
" Mrs. Mary E. Lothrop, Newark, N. J.,	2 00
" Sabbath School of High st. Con. Soc., Providence, R. I.,	10 00
" First Con. Soc., Milford, Ct.,	34 00
" Second do., do.,	22 80
" South Ref. Dutch Ch., N. Y.	46 48
" R. R. B., Troy, N. Y.,	5 00
" Con. Soc., Sharon, Ct.,	5 00
" Con. Soc., Searsport, Me.	22 00
" Con. Soc., Birmingham, Ct.,	55 00
" Benev. Associa., Clinton, Ct.,	15 00
" Mr. Van Vaganan, N.Y.	5 00
" Henry Talcott, Portland, Ct.,	3 00
" Mrs. Wm. B. Brown, Columbus, Ohio	5 00
" Con. Soc., Essex, Mass.	23 00
" Pres. Church and Con., Windham, N. H.,	5 00
" Deacon Roberts, Montgomery, Ala.,	10 00
" J. H. Murphy, do., do.	10 00
" Mr. Holt, do., do.,	5 00
" W. B. Bill, do, do.,	2 50
" Broadway Tabernacle, N. Y., including subscriptions,	60 00
	\$954 26

Sailor's Home, New York.

Ladies of Merrimack, N. H., five pair of pillow cases, twenty shirts, two pair of sheets, one quilt, one comfortable.

Receipts of Money and Books by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society.

Lowell Kirk st. Soc.,	30 00
" Appleton st. Soc., by collectors,	25 57
Also 27,000 pages of books and tracts.	
" Free Will Bapt. Soc.,	6 94
" First Bapt. Soc.,	7 01

Also 26,000 pages of books and tracts.		Ashby Con. Soc., to make	
" First Con. Soc., by S. Staples and Albert Fisk	3 90	Cecil P. Hayward L. M.,	20 00
Centralville (Rev. Mr. Bacon's) Soc.,	11 14	" John Hayward (amt. previously paid.)	
North Hadley, Mrs. B. F. Carter's Juv. S. S. Class,	3 00	Conway, Mrs. Sarah H. Adams, do.	
Wilmington Con. Soc.,	10 26	Appleton st. Ch. Collectors:	
North Danvers,	16 50	Lewis R. Russell, \$6 73;	
Cambridgeport Second Evan. Soc., Rev. Mr. Packard's,	14 00	also 13,000 pages of valuable books; Ellen Green, \$6 25; also 3,100 pages; H. B. Ayer, 44; also 800 pages; — Carr, \$1 11;	
Manchester Con. Soc., to make Amos Girdler L. M.	21 10	E. Milnes, \$1 10; J. M. Nickolds, 50; M. E. Wilkins, \$1 33; A. Morrison, \$1 00; E. Watson, 78; also 7,500 pages; M. A. Benz, 51; also 5,000 pages; A. D. Stanton, Lowell, \$3 24; also 7,500 pages	22 99
" Ladies of, to make Mrs. Ellen Hardy L. M., in part,	8 83	Kirk st. Ch. collection do.	29 00
Hopkinton Ladies Bethel Soc. to make Mrs. Harriet J. Pratt L. M.,	33 00	Free Will Baptist Ch. collections, viz., A. K. Caswell, \$3 37; B. H. Sutherland, \$2 00; Marcia J. Sally, \$1 57; also books do.	6 94
Brighton, by Wm. Sinclair, Ada Cushman, and Louisa Sinclair,	17 49	First Baptist Ch. collectors, viz., Royal Wood, \$3 25; also 13,000 pages of books; A. A. Walden, \$1 00; also 11,000 pages of books and tracts; Caroline Tapley, 10,000 pages of books and tracts do.	4 25
Newburyport, Belville Soc., to make William Currier and Joseph Bartlett L. M.'s,	55 65	Saco, Me., Benev. Soc., First Ch.,	41 00
West Newbury, 2d Ch. and Soc.,	6 58		
Beverly, Ladies Seam. Fr. Soc. to make Miss Charlotte Church L. M.,	20 00	<i>Clothing and Bedding for Home.</i>	
Haverhill Central Con. Soc.,	18 00	Milford, N. H., for room 98, two quilts and three pair of sheets.	
Dracutt 1st Evangl. Soc., by collectors,	11 65	Ladies' Benev. Association, Rev. Mr. Foster's Soc., Petersham, Mass.: Five shirts, \$2 50; one pair of pillow cases, \$1 00; one pair of sheets, \$1 00; one pair of stockings. 25,	4 75
Kingston Con. Soc., in full, to make Rev. Joseph Peckham L. M.,	3 00	From Mrs. R. C. Merrill and Mrs. Hannah Gale, two pair of sheets.	
Kittery, Me., Seam. Monthly Concert, to make Rev. A. Libby L. M.,	20 00	From Pawtucket: Two comforters, two quilts, two blankets, six pillow cases, six sheets, four towels (rollers).	
Holden Con. Soc.,	28 00		
Conway Con. Soc. (additional)	7 52		
Hadley 3d Soc., by juv. collectors,	8 22		
Wrentham Con. Soc.,	15 00		
Newport, N. H., Con. Soc.,	17 03		
Medford 2d Con. Soc.,	62 00		
North Weymouth Con. Soc.,	15 04		
Carlisle Con. Soc., to make Rev. John Lawrence L. M.,	20 00		
Also box of books.			
Lowell, Caleb Webster,	50		
West Andover, juv. collectors	16 58		
Worcester, Old South Con.,	37 11		
Boston, Mt. Vernon Ch.,	175 00		
Saco, Me., Benev. Soc., 1st Ch. and Parish	41 00		

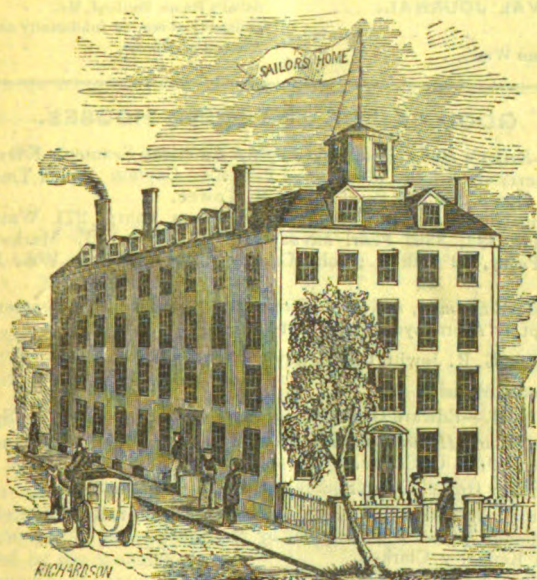
Vol. 27.

FEBRUARY, 1855.

No. 6.

7

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.



SAILOR'S HOME, PORTLAND, MAINE

New York:

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

No. 30 WALL STREET.

\$1 Per Annum—Postage, in N. Y., in ADVANCE, 3 Cts., a Year ; Elsewhere, in the U. S.,
6 Cts. ; Single Number 1 Ct

STEPHEN HALLET, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER, 122 NASSAU STREET.
Spanish and French Printer and Translator.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

	Page.
Enoch,	193
Bible distribution among and by Seamen,	195
Letter from Polynesia	197
Lahaina Chaplaincy,	199
Report of the Secretary of the U. S. Navy,	201
Extracts from Marine Com. Re. continued,	203
Singular Couple,	204
What a Lady passenger can do for Seamen,	204
Interesting Narrative,	205
NAVAL JOURNAL.	
Polar Seas,	209
Seamen's Advance Wages,	213

	Page.
Marine Disasters,	214
A Mother's Prayer,	215
Disasters,	215
Notices to Mariners,	217

NEW YORK DEPARTMENT.

Notice,	219
Honolulu Sailor's Home,	219
Case of Conscience,	221
A Mother Wanted,	221
Sailor's Home, Portland, Me.,	222
Humanity at sea, vs. Inhumanity on Shore,	222
Account of Moneys,	224

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW-YORK—*Sailor's Home*, Established by the American Seamen's Friend Society No. 190 Cherry st. between Market and Pike sts. Captain Daniel Tracy.

New Sailor's Home, No. 338 Pearl st. J. S. Towne.

Other Boarding-Houses in New-York city.—William Sharp, 271 Water street; William Huelat, 334, 336, Pearl street; Peter Oberg, 91, Market street; Mrs. Alice Perry, 22 Oak st.; John Crockett, 322 Pearl st.; Wm. Johnson, 9 Carlisle st.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society kept by Albro Lyons, 64 Oliver-st.

SANDUSKY—Rev. C. R. Jewitt, Chaplain.

BATH—Seamen's Mansion.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Edward C. Myers, corner of Market and Bow st., Spring Hill.

BOSTON—*The Sailor's Home*, established by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society, 99 Purchase st. John O. Chany.

BOSTON—Mariner's House, North Square, by Mr. N. Hamilton.

“ North End Sailor's Home, No. 6 N. Square, by Mr. Roberts.

“ Richmond House, Richmond st., by Mr. Clark.

“ John Kennally Clark-st.

“ Murdock Matherson, Fleet-st.

SALEM—Ebenezer Griffin, No. 16 Vine st., clothing store, corner of Liberty and Vine sts.; and Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket st. near Derby st.

BRISTOL, R. I.,—Mrs. Ann Pearce.

NEW-BEDFORD—Wm. Cranston, 14 Bethel Court; A. C. Davenport, 25 Middle st.

For Colored Seamen, by Marshall L. Potts, corner Sixth and Bedford sts.

PHILADELPHIA—Sailor's Home, 204 South Front st., by J. H. Cassidy under the care of the Pa. Seamen's Friend Society.

BALTIMORE,—New Seamen's Bethel Home and Shipping Office Edward Kirby, 65 Thames Street.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C.—Sailor's Home, by John Robinson.

CHARLESTON.—Sailor's Home, by Capt. Wm. White, Market st., opposite State st.

SAVANNAH—Foot of Jefferson st., O. C. Parker.

MOBILE,—Sailor's Home, by Lewis Lawson.

NEW-ORLEANS—Sailor's Home, F. Rickerts, corner of New Levee and Suzettes sts.

ST. JOHNS, N. B.—Seamen's Home, by E. W. Flaglor, keeper.

HAVRE, FRANCE—Mrs. Johnson, Rue Royale, 21.

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. 27.

MARCH, 1855.

No. 7.

ENOCH.

BY REV. JONATHAN BRACE,
MILFORD, CT.

If, while travelling, we stop in a town, enter a grave-yard belonging to it, (for every town has its grave-yard,) and read on a marble slab—"Enoch walked with God, and was not, for God took him;"—if we should read this inscription, and knew no more relative to the departed one than this, that his mortal remains were not lying there, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," though his memory was thus preserved by the monumental stone;—we should suppose him to have been a singular and interesting character. If, then, we further read in a book, where a true record was kept: "By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death, and was not found because God had translated him, for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God;"—we should be still more interested in the man; and yet if this was all the intelligence we could glean concerning him, our information would be very limited.

Now such is nearly the fact relative to Enoch. We know but little concerning him. The inspired account of him is brief. And yet, as

the seen wing of an angel but awakens a more keen desire in the beholder to view the concealed angelic form entire;—so the short prominence given in scripture narrative to this man of God, but kindles an ardent curiosity to know more about him.

By a touch of the pencil dipped in heaven, he is presented to us—"walking with God." We have met with those to whom these three words conveyed the idea of retirement and seclusion, and whose imagination portrayed Enoch in the garb and character of a monk. They suppose him to have lived apart from his contemporaries, having nothing to do with the ordinary concerns of life, but occupying himself exclusively with things divine. In their conception of him, he might have sat for the portrait of Parnell's hermit.

"Far in the wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed—the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;
Remote from man, with God he passed his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise."

But in our view, they have a mistaken idea of Enoch. He was no hermit. In no such "serene repose" did his days glide away. He was in the busy world while his affections were above;—was "diligent in business, while fervent in spirit;"—was

endeavoring to win mankind to virtue, while virtuous himself. We learn that he was a preacher, and have a specimen of his preaching;—saying to that profligate generation—"Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints to execute judgment upon all;" and are told by Jewish Rabbis, that it was when he was upon the point of being murdered for his protestations against sin, and his honest, vigorous, and unselfish devotion to the good of individuals, and of society, that Jehovah interposed, and extending a divine arm down from the skies, lifted him from the reach of his enemies. No, Enoch was not a recluse;—nor do the words, "walked with God," convey to our minds any such idea. The idea they do convey, is rather that of an individual, distinguished, by being reconciled to God, from an evil and perverse generation who walked contrary to God, and God to them; of an individual who "set the Lord always before him," soliciting the divine guidance, and living in conformity thereto; of an individual who was in fellowship with God through the medium of his works, providence, and Spirit; keeping bright the flame of piety on the altar of his own heart, and kindling up and cherishing it in the bosoms of others. This, as we understand it, is the way in which Enoch "walked with God." Contemporary with Adam three hundred and eight years, and the first who sustained the sacred office, with faith in the promised Seed, he offered sacrifices, listened to Jehovah's voice in those various ways in which the Most High expressed His will, cultivated a holy intimacy and communion with God, and, in the spheres in which he moved, as a man, a minister, and a father—for he was the father of Methuselah "and begat sons and daughters"—developed the possession of religion as a vital, habitual and abiding principle. This worthy, "God took," or, as Paul explains it, "translated, that he saw not death." How this was done, or what cheering intimations were given him of his departure—who shall say? Did a car of fire come for him, as, centuries after, the wheels of God's chariot made music

on the air for Elijah? Did angels, those spirits pure and bright, who "minister unto the heirs of salvation," and who had ministered unto him in his earthly pilgrimage;—were they commissioned to visit him, and folding him in their soft embrace, take him to his and their heavenly home? Or in some other mysterious manner was he transferred from the troubles of earth, to the bliss of the celestial paradise? We cannot answer these questions. We only know that "God took him," so that he saw not death. No "pains or groans or dying strife" were his; and to "the deep, damp grave, the darkness, and the worms," he was a total stranger. Probably "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, he was changed," as saints will be at their Lord's second coming;—for "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God;"—and with a seraphic escort was "received up into glory." What a change from the clayey vestments of mortality, to that "body likened unto Christ's glorious body;"—from the disgusting depravity of this lower world, to the holiness of that upper world;—from the reviling of men of corrupt minds, to the anthems of the blessed;—from the society which he left, to the congenial company of the redeemed;—from the tainted atmosphere of earth, to the vivifying atmosphere of heaven! Valuable purposes were subserved by this passage of Enoch to the skies. If, as is quite probable, the wicked of his day denied the soul's immortality; here was a sensible, impressive, and convincing proof of it. If, as is quite probable, they turned a deaf ear to his preaching, and denied the truth of the testimony which he bore against their unrighteousness; God showed that his servant was right and faithful, by bridging for him the valley of shadows, and charioting him to glory. By this flight of his through the golden gates of the New Jerusalem without looking upon the face of the king of terrors, we learn too, what, but for sin, had been the happy lot of all mortals; for had our first parents persisted in their obedience, their descendants, like Enoch, would have reached the heavenly mansions, without the diso-

lution of their mortal tabernacles by the icy touch of death; nor would the dust of the church-yard have pressed upon their cold and pulseless bosoms.

We, now fallen, sinful creatures, cannot expect to be translated as was Enoch. And yet to the genuine believer, to him who has Enoch's faith, and walks like him with God, death is, though painful, but a translation; for he has underneath him the everlasting arms; to him death and hell are despoiled of their dominion, and the crumbling of the prison walls of his soul encircles him with the glories of the Lamb.

Bible Distribution among and by Seamen.

From the Report of the Marine Committee of the New York Bible Society, Mr. John S. Pierson, Agent, it gives us pleasure to extract the following interesting figures and facts, from which it will appear that seamen are not benefited themselves by the Bible, but are carrying it into countries accessible to the truth in no other way.

CITY OF NEW YORK.

"The statistics of the shipping, arriving at this port during 1853, do not vary much from those of the previous year, showing 4,105 arrivals from beyond the seas, and 7,035 arrivals coastwise. The addition of vessels arriving here from our inland waters, (river-sloops, barges, canal-boats and steamboats,) would much swell these amounts, and probably show that no less than 100,000 seamen and boatmen come yearly within the field of this Society.

The main items of our distributions are as follows:

120 *new* vessels (including 18 river or ocean steamers) have received large lettered Bibles, as a permanent supply for cabin and forecabin. Many Bibles in foreign languages have also been placed on the cabin-tables of packets running to foreign ports.

121 vessels, bound on *long voyages* to the Pacific or East Indies, have

received suitable supplies of the Scriptures for the crews.

438 packet-ships to European ports, bringing *emigrants* as part of their return cargo, have been supplied with packages of cheap Testaments in English, German, Welsh, French, and Italian, for distribution to the steerage-passengers on the passage hither. The wisdom of these distributions, commenced as an experiment four years ago, has been fully established by experience; and they may now be considered a part of our regular work.

21 grants, amounting to 2,265 volumes (mostly cheap pocket Testaments) have been made to captains of several of our San Juan and Aspinwall steamships, for distribution to passengers on the way to California: also several grants for emigrants to Australia.

336 volumes have been granted to the various churches for seamen in the City, and to the Seamen's Retreat and Marine Hospital on Staten Island.

Numerous foreign vessels, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, &c., have also been visited, and many copies of the Scriptures in these languages have been sold and given.

Thus 1,223 Bibles, and 22,312 Testaments, or 23,535 volumes were distributed during the last year.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

"In one instance, the Captain of a bark just arrived from Manilla grasped my hand warmly, and said, 'Are you, then, the person who placed those books on my vessel? Well, I have much reason to be obliged to you. I was sick a long time during the voyage, and shall never lose the impressions made upon me by the reading of them.' Not long since, I saw in a religious journal, an account of the conversion of a young merchant belonging to San Francisco, a passenger from Valparaiso in the bark Pathfinder, by means of a few volumes thus placed on board in this port by myself. In a copy of 'Nelson on Infidelity,' a Captain left his approval, in the form of an inscription, 'This is the best book I ever read.'

Capt. "K., late of the ship North

Carolina, called to make some statements as to the usefulness of the supplies put upon his vessel last year for the voyage to California, and to testify his interest in the work, by making himself a life-member of the Society by a donation of twenty dollars. He spoke of the conversion of one of the crew, a young man from New England, while in the Pacific, and attributed it largely to the reading of the religious tracts and books.

Furnished the bark—— for a second voyage to Zanzibar, Mozambique, and other ports on the east coast of Africa, with supplies procured from the proper Societies, in Portuguese, French, and Arabic. The captain brings a letter of thanks from a French gentleman at Foulpointe, on the island of Madagascar, for a French Bible and tracts received by him.

August.—Out of nine vessels returning from long voyages, and revisited by me this month, upon six I have reliable information of the thorough distribution of the Testaments and other supplies put on board by myself last year, scarcely any thing remaining on hand. On the other three vessels the distribution had been made apparently in good faith, but partially only. In two instances, missionaries (passengers) had found the supplies valuable accessories in their efforts for the benefit of the crew. In one case I hear of a few Spanish Testaments and tracts given with great acceptance, at the Chincha Islands, to Peruvian naval officers, and others of the officials there. Capt. A., in a letter, says of his supplies, 'I disposed of them to my seamen who were in want; some at Malaga, some at Rio Janeiro, and the last in New Orleans to a Spanish crew.'

PACKET SHIPS SUPPLIED.

"November. — Sixty packet-ships have been fitted out this month with packages of cheap Testaments, in English, German, French, &c., (the American Tract Society sending also supplies of tracts,) for Sunday distribution among emigrants in the steerage on the passage from Europe to this country. Of these, twenty-six

will sail from Liverpool, eight from London, fifteen from Havre, eight from Antwerp, and three from Bremen.

As to the general success of this class of distributions, I have the daily testimony of those who have them in charge. Catholics (more generally Irish) frequently refuse to receive, and occasionally receive only to destroy the Testament or tract; but, in a very large majority of cases, the Word of Life finds a glad reception, and what one refuses, another takes. The careful attention which the captains and officers of vessels give to these distributions cannot be too much praised. To their zealous and steady co-operation, the Society are largely indebted for the great success which it has had in this quarter of its field. As a specimen of hundreds, several of their reports are added.

The Captain of the ship ——, a Liverpool packet, who is accustomed to give out his Testaments singly, as occasions offer, throughout the course of the passage, says that, with the exception of six German Testaments, his whole supply of sixty volumes is exhausted. As an illustration of his success, he mentioned the case of a party of six decent young Irish women, who refused entirely to take the Testament at the beginning of the voyage, but who were all duly furnished with copies at its close. They could often be seen reading, with the book half hidden in their aprons.

On the London packet ——, (one of my best ships,) the mate stated that the supplies entirely fell short of the demands. 'My mode was,' said he, 'to take a few in my pockets from time to time, and going out among the passengers, give as there seemed opportunity. My errand, however, soon got to be understood; and they would fairly pick my pockets of the tracts and Testaments.' These were Germans.

The first officer of the ship ——, an experienced distributor, says that he has never had better success;—not a single refusal, not an instance of waste coming to his knowledge. 'Even the rowdy ones among the Irish passengers,—the real surly fel-

lows that make us the trouble on ship-board, when they saw the rest take, would side along and take also, and could be seen reading too afterwards.'

May.—Captain P., of the ship *Lucy Thompson*, who has long given his personal aid in this work on his own ship, further testifies his interest in it by a donation of ten dollars."

DISCIPLINE ON SHIP BOARD.

"On the vexed subject of ship discipline, &c., the experienced Captain of the clipper-ship —, gave me his opinion somewhat in the following words, which it may be well to put on record. 'I have been fortunate in having no difficulty with my sailors; nor does it seem to me that in ordinary cases, with proper management, there need be any. It is true, the material we now have in the fore-castle is not what it used to be,—few American sailors (they soon become officers of vessels, or leave the sea for better employments), and indeed few good sailors of any kind. The best are from Northern Europe,—Germans, Swedes, and Norwegians. The worst (most quarrelsome and drunken) are, perhaps, the English and Irish. On our packet-ships are many of these last, whose experience in handling a rope as volunteers on the passage over as emigrants, forms the only basis upon which they commence shipping themselves as "able seamen" in this port.'

'Now here you have one main cause of the difficulties we hear of on board ships. The Captain and Mate, naturally angered at finding that, instead of able seamen, they have a large proportion of raw landmen in the fore-castle, who can scarcely do the most ordinary duties about the ship, use harsh treatment. It is not enough that a man be willing; they insist upon his being as capable as he professed to be, and are disposed, by hard words and blows, and by harassing labor, to punish him for his ignorance. This, of course, breeds bad feeling; and the men move as slowly and work as badly as they dare.—Blows multiply in return; and the end is, a state of bitter hatred, or possibly mutiny.'

'Now this is all wrong. The man

has no business to ship himself as an "able seaman" when he is not; but Jack is less to blame here than the landlord and shipping agent. It is understood on all hands that he is *not* an able seaman; and, in the present scarcity of men, we are very glad to get a full crew, even of such as he. The Captain, therefore, is not imposed upon. he takes him as he is, and should not be enraged at not finding him something better. Besides, if there has been imposition, it is *always* policy to make the best of a bad bargain. The Captain had better go to work, good naturedly, to teach them to be good sailors, or, (if the shortness of the voyage will not allow of that,) to get the best work possible out of them, (which is not to be effected by severe treatment,) than to punish them for not being so.'

'Another cause of the difficulties so constantly heard of on board ship between officers and men, is *rum*. The men come aboard half drunk, and with rum in their chests, and unfit for duty. Now, when the steam tug casts off, and sail is to be made, if the men move sluggishly and work badly, the mate is very apt to use harsh language. One harsh word brings a dozen from the drunken man, and the mate is very apt to knock him down. Then knives are drawn, and there you have a mutiny at once. Perhaps the Captain is stabbed, as lately occurred on the ship —, just in this very way; and this from a crew which might have been a very good one if sober. You should not be severe upon drunken men. Get their rum-bottles away from them, and give them time to get sober, and then, if there is mutiny, you may use stringent measures.'

Letter from Polynesia.

HONOLULU, 28 Nov., 1854.

Holy day in Honolulu; Annexation, and Washington correspondence; Sailors Home in Honolulu.

This day, Nov. 28th, is observed as a holiday in Honolulu, and throughout the Hawaiian Kingdom. Some years ago English and French Diplomats, and ministers of State, con-

cluded a duplicate Treaty, and signed it the 28th of Nov., mutually stipulating their respective governments that neither nation should conquer, or otherwise take possession of the Sandwich Islands. It is a remarkable Document, and has not been without its influence, for in 1849, when the French made depredations upon Honolulu, they *dare* not haul down the Hawaiian flag! The French had a force on shore four days and took possession of the old Fort, but all the while, King Kamehameha's flag was flying over the Frenchmen's heads!!

At the time this Treaty was signed, the U. States Government was solicited to become a party, but for *prudential* reasons declined the solicitation. By declining to sign this Treaty, it left the U. S. Government free to negotiate a Treaty of Annexation, if all parties were agreed thereto. This subject, I perceive, is the topic of frequent discussion in American Newspapers; but I observe that there are in circulation the most unfounded reports, and absurd stories. Most of these reports appear to originate at Washington, and are circulated over the country through a class of writers which deals in *fictions* as well as *facts*, I refer to "Washington correspondents." The following paragraph is a specimen of their correspondence; "When acquired, these Islands will probably be governed by a pro-Consul, with or without a local legislature. It is not contemplated to bring it in as a State."

What absurdity! Talk and write about governing the Sandwich Islands by a "Pro-consulate," is the merest folly! No greater absurdity was ever imagined than to suppose, that the islands would ever be annexed, and there should be no "local legislature." The simple truth is, the natives are aware of their situation, and they never will consent to any terms of annexation which imply inferiority, and which do not entitle all the people to the full rights and privileges of an American citizen. The natives too are extremely sensitive about the subject of slavery. It is to prevent the possibility of this abominable system, that when admitted, they desire to be admitted as a *State*!

Just now another subject is much talked of in Honolulu. It is that of a Sailor's Home. Important steps have already been taken upon the subject, and there can be no retreating until the experiment is fairly tried.

The corner stone is not laid, but there is a spot where in due time it will be laid. All praise and honor to King Kamehameha III, and his Privy Councillors, for consecrating one spot in Honolulu, to temperance, to virtue, and the sailor's welfare. It is a noble deed. Our expectations are more than realized. The site which has now been given for a Sailor's Home, is *the* spot of all others in Honolulu. It is the very heart of the city—near the sea—facing on Merchant street—near the Post Office—easy of access from those quarters and adjoining the Bethel premises. There is not a more eligible site for a Sailor's Home, in the city of Honolulu. To secure a location so favorable, will contribute in a most essential manner to hasten forward the erection of the necessary buildings, and now if Seamen and the friends of Seamen do not come forward, and nobly contribute to establish the institution, they will merit the lasting reproach of good men, and the derision of the wicked. Present prospects, however, indicate a favorable issue. Generous donations have already begun to flow into the Treasury from landmen and seamen. The Board of Trustees chosen to manage the affairs of the institution are a pledge to the public that integrity and fidelity will characterize the financial operations of the concern. It is confidently hoped, that before the 1st day of January, '55, the sum of \$5,000 will be raised, as that amount is necessary to secure the land. Should this amount be secured, it will operate as a powerful lever to raise an additional sum of \$10,000 to complete the enterprise. Where there is a will, there is a way, and where there are large souls, generous pockets, and business talents, much more can be accomplished than can be imagined by men of narrow views and selfish instincts. Having a fair breeze, staunch ship, good crew and skilful Pilot, it will be safe to make all sail, and hoist the studding saila.

This lot of land is valued at \$6,000. Perhaps in a few months it might be sold for \$10,000. To secure so valuable a lot of land is a great acquisition. A society has been organized, and the following constitution adopted.

Constitution

OF THE HONOLULU SAILOR'S HOME SOCIETY.

Article 1. The name of this Society shall be "The Honolulu Sailor's Home Society."

Art. 2. The object of this Society shall be to improve the social, moral and religious condition of Seamen resorting to this Port, by promoting the establishment and maintenance of a Home, of good character, from which all intoxicating liquors shall be excluded; and in such other ways as shall be deemed proper.

Art. 3. Any person contributing One Dollar, annually, shall be a Member, and by paying Fifty Dollars, shall be a Life Member.

Art. 4. The control and disposal of the funds, property and estate of the Society, and the direction of its concerns, shall, in accordance with the Act of Incorporation, when obtained, be vested in the Board of Trustees, consisting of eighteen persons, residing in Honolulu, who shall be chosen by the members of the Society, at its Annual Meeting, and the Trustees last chosen shall hold their office until others are chosen, ten of whom shall be a quorum at any meeting regularly convened. To guard against hasty and unwise legislation, the Board shall be divided alphabetically into three classes of six each,—one class shall go out at the end of each year; but be re-eligible. Said Board shall have power to elect from their own number, a President, Vice President, Treasurer, Secretary, and an Executive Committee of three, and to appoint such other Committees as shall, from time to time, be deemed necessary. The Board shall have power to fill vacancies, in its own body, occasioned by resignation, death, or any other circumstance. At the Annual Election, the twelve Trustees remaining in office, shall have power

to nominate twelve Candidates from whom six may be selected by the Society to fill up the Board.

Art. 5. The Board shall have power to appoint their own meetings, form their own rules of business, regulate the time for holding Annual Meetings, and employ such other means for accomplishing the object of the Society, as in their judgment, its exigences may require, keeping regular minutes of their proceeding.

Art. 6. Sea-faring men, disposed to promote the object of this Society, may be connected with the same, as *Floating Committees*, under such regulations as the Board may adopt.

Art. 7. All moneys already contributed, or that may hereafter be contributed, for the purpose of purchasing or erecting buildings, for the use of the Society, shall be faithfully applied to that purpose, and no other; and no conveyance of real estate shall be made without the concurrence of at least two-thirds of the Trustees.

Art. 8. No alteration shall be made in this Constitution, unless requested at an Annual Meeting, and sanctioned by two-thirds of the members present.

Passed by the Meeting, Monday evening, 20th Nov., 1854.

A reliable and trustworthy board of Trustees has been elected, and they have already entered upon their duties. About \$2,000 have already been placed at their disposal. Other subscriptions are coming in. Will not the friends of the cause, in the U. S. lend a helping hand? Parents and friends of sailors surely will feel deeply interested in the success of the enterprise,

Yours truly,
S. C. DAMON.

Lahaina Chaplaincy.

November 28th, 1854.

Dear Sir;

I would improve a few hurried moments to let our friends at home know how we fare and prosper at this station. It is hard at this busy season to find time for deliberate writing; but I will notice a few matters of interest among those daily occurring.

We have had visits from 120 whale-ships this Fall; about 30 still remain in port. Having opened my study at my house on the principal street, visits of seamen are frequent. Two are at this moment in my study, examining books supplied me by a bookseller in Honolulu, in lieu of those I hoped to have received from New York.—The Portuguese books and tracts have been in great demand, as well as those in other languages. Though using great economy I have exhausted my last supply of English tracts. Tell the Tract Society, I can scatter their publications, and the Bible Society, their Bibles, in as many languages, and as widely over the world as almost any agent they have. Portuguese, Spanish, French, and German are in most demand.

Oct. 24. Buried a young African sailor, the only son of the steward of his ship, who is a native African, and has purchased his own freedom, and that of his wife and son. The poor man seemed broken hearted. He lives at Fayal.

November 5. Preached at 4 P. M. on board the *Saratoga*. Had a larger audience than ever before on board ship; about 75 present. The Holy Spirit has been at work upon some of the crew of this ship. One of them is a consistent Christian. Another one, a man of active temperament, but probably irregular in his past life, has for some time past been paying close attention to his spiritual concerns, and before reaching port seemed in a good measure to have gained a victory over those peculiar obstacles impeding the practice of religion by a sailor at sea. Since arriving in port, he has made farther progress, by valiantly establishing a prayer meeting in the fore-castle, in the teeth of violent opposition. He reports that now there are four of them who take part. One of the crew proposed to fight him when he began to pray, and now is ready to fight any one who interrupts him, and seems deeply serious. The ship is soon to sail. May blessed gales from heaven breathe upon their souls.

Nov. 6. Call from W. D. T., a young seaman, who says he was led to Christ last Spring by the Revd. T.

Coan. He appears very well. From his own account, I judge that he is in need of more wisdom to make his piety respected by his ungodly shipmates.

12th. Preached this A. M. a Funeral sermon for Mr. J. R. a gentleman who came from California in pursuit of health, and sank to rest among us. He was a good man, and the Lord will take care of his widow and orphan. After the funeral, the shipmasters who were present raised about \$400 for the afflicted widow, for whom their warm sympathies were awakened. The sailor only needs to feel, to give generously. He does not, like the landsman, repress his feelings and calculate.

24th. Received to-day a call from N. S., a young seaman of fine countenance, and much intelligence. In a very clear and interesting manner, he stated his decided conviction that the pursuit of whales on the Sabbath was contrary to the law of God, and that since during the voyage he had been led to seek salvation, and live a godly life, his conscience troubled him when he went in the boats. He said the Captain told him he should require him to go, at any rate; nor would he grant him his discharge. In these circumstances, he thought it would be his duty to refuse obedience when thus ordered to break the Sabbath. But he wanted advice. I told him that he had sinned in the first place, in agreeing to work on a ship where such a thing was required; that his first duty was to persevere in seeking a discharge: failing that, when required to do this sinful thing, I did not see any clear reason why he should comply, any more than when ordered to commit any other sinful act. Still disobedience to orders, with its consequences, was a very serious thing; and I wished time for reflection, before advising him positively, desiring him to come again. A day or two after, I met him, and changed my counsel.—That if compelled to go in the boats, that compulsion rendered it to him a *work of necessity*, to be viewed in the same light as any other works of necessity which were allowable on that day. Believing this to be a sound and satisfactory view

of a somewhat difficult case, I wish to present it for the opinion of conscientious Christians.

In our Hospital there has been an extraordinary amount of sickness and death. I can count eight funerals there since the middle of September.

Our Bethel flag is worn out. Who will send another, and keep the Lord's banner waving?

In conclusion, let me say how powerfully have come the evidences that the grace of God is mighty on sea as well as on shore, and that the good seed will spring and grow as vigorous and as gracious a plant among the salt surges, as in the sweet valleys of home.

Yours truly,

S. E. BISHOP,
Seamen's Chaplain,

Report of the Secretary of the U. S. Navy.

It gives us pleasure to recur even at this late hour to the valuable report of the Secretary of the Navy, and to second some of his important recommendations:—particularly in relation to an increase and reorganization of the Navy; a better discipline, and an apprenticeship system.

We should have been more satisfied with the Report if he had included among "those incapable of performing duty from age or affliction," the *incapable* from the want of *self government*. Our doctrine is, that those who cannot or do not control themselves, are utterly unfit to command others, and should at once be discharged. And in the matter of discipline, we marvel to find no recommendation of the removal of the *grand cause* of disrespect and insubordination—the *SPIRIT RATION*. He would not restore the barbarous custom of *flogging*; but recommends a substitute. And this is well; yet better than all the recommended substitutes would be the removal of this single disgrace and curse.

"I do not propose" says the Secretary, "to increase the number of officers, nor materially to enlarge the squadrons, and thereby increase largely our current expenses, nor to have

a navy of the immense size and expense of some of the powers of Europe. But I do propose so to increase the material of our navy as at least to approximate to a state of readiness for emergencies which wise statesmen strive to avoid, but wiser statesmen prepare to meet.

Again.—"I have no hesitation in saying that there are many officers now in the navy whose names do not adorn the Register. There are those incapable of performing duty from age or affliction. There are also many good officers resigning from time to time, because the path of promotion is "blocked up" by the incompetent, and the future seems to them so unpromising. But it is my pleasure, as well as my duty, to say that the corps is still full of chivalrous and gallant officers, who are not only ready for the post of danger, but would sustain the proud reputation of our Navy which has won so many laurels for our country, and by its brilliant victories cheered the heart of many a despairing patriot.

DISCIPLINE OF SEAMEN AND THE ENLISTMENT OF BOYS AS APPRENTICES.

While the just and liberal action of Congress during the last session, authorizing an increase of pay of seamen corresponding to the compensation in the merchant service, has done much to encourage enlistments, and was received with grateful joy by many a veteran tar, much remains yet to be accomplished to give proper shape, vigor, character and success to the system of discipline in this important, indeed vital part of the public service. Language cannot describe, the mind can scarcely grasp, how much of happiness and wretchedness hang around the fidelity, the discipline of the neglected sailor. Property, life, victory, defeat, national honor and renown, have much to do with the character and cheerful obedience and home-love of seamen. I am very far from recommending the restoration of punishment by flogging. In my opinion the *experience* of the navy, at least, justifies its abrogation. The sloop-of-war *Saratoga*, Commander Walker, constituted a part of

the squadron to Japan, left the United States in September, 1850, and returned the same month of the present year, after cruising for four years beneath tropical suns and amid uncongenial people, thousands of miles from home. The term of the crew's enlistment expired while they were far in the East. They were informed while abroad that punishment by flogging was abolished. I allude to this case especially, as I think the test was a severe one. Yet, on their arrival at Boston the most flattering report reached me of the good conduct and discipline of the crew. I deemed it proper also to address an inquiry on the subject to Commander Walker.

He responds thus: "In regard to the first question whether it is desirable to restore corporal punishment I reply, that from experience, as well as conviction, I do not believe it would be desirable or for the interest of the service." And yet he and every officer concur in the necessity of prescribing and legalizing some substitute, accompanied, however, with a plan of reward as well as punishment; punishment prompt, sure, in order to restrain the offender and deter the inconsiderate; reward equally sure and generous, to encourage fidelity and promote respectability. It is not the severity but the certainty and promptness of punishment which promotes discipline. The sailor who now commits an offence aboard ship remote from home and the flag-ship, knows that he cannot be tried possibly for months, until the vessel arrives in port or falls in with the Commodore of the squadron.

I consider it all-important that the commander of any vessel should be authorized by law to order a summary court-martial for the trial of the petty officers and those below them; that they should have the power to punish by dishonorable discharge in *any* port; by confinement on reduced rations and without pay, with extra labor and denial of shore privilege. When the seaman knows that these punishments can be promptly inflicted by the officers in command of the ship, he has much to deter him from disobedience.

But, in order successfully to invite diligent and enterprising men, they must know that their integrity will be commended, and their faithfulness remembered. An honorable discharge, leave-of-absence pay, shore-privilege, and the confidence of the officers, will animate and encourage them. I hope I may be excused for repeating that "I deem it indispensable that some plan be adopted by which our seamen shall become more distinctly and permanently a part of the navy, and attached to the service."

"Whenever a ship-of-war now returns from her three years' cruise, the officers are detached, and granted a leave of absence for three months, with leave-of-absence pay, but the seamen are peremptorily *discharged—disconnected from the service*. If they have been meritorious, I propose that on their return they be granted an 'honorable discharge,' (to be considered a leave of absence on pay,) if within a certain time they choose to re-enlist in the service. This would possess a two-fold virtue—of fair and generous treatment at parting, an invitation to continue a member of a family caring for them during a temporary absence."

I wish to raise the standard of character among seamen. It is my design, also, immediately to adopt, in a modified form, the "Apprentice System," and encourage the enlistment of American boys from fourteen until they are twenty-one years of age. The object in view will be to train them up at first on our large receiving ships, and transfer a certain number to each vessel starting on a cruise, to make them practical seamen, to teach them in their youth to become familiar with all the duties of a sailor, the requirements of the service, the sacredness of obedience to orders; to watch over their proper moral and mental training, and thus incorporate into the service gradually, but surely, a body of seamen to be proud of in times of peace, to be relied upon in times of danger. I am also clearly of opinion that the number of men in the service should be increased at least twenty-five hundred.

Extracts from *Marine Com. Report Continued.*

THE WAY TO REACH FOREIGN NATIONS.

"Of the usefulness of the supplies in foreign language, furnished to the cabins of vessels visiting Catholic ports, I have frequent accounts. In one case, a travelling merchant, or pedler, who was a passenger, took all the captain's Spanish tracts, &c., for distribution in the interior. In another, the captain mentions an incident in connexion with his distribution at the Rio Grande, Brazil. He offered Portuguese Testaments to the two custom-house officers in charge of his vessel, when they were together in the cabin, and was informed by both, that it was quite out of the question to take books forbidden by the Church. Each was evidently afraid of the other; for though the same appearance of indifference was maintained to the end, each was seen reading when alone; and when they left the vessel, two Testaments and sundry tracts were missing."

"Captain——, of the brig——, packet to a Spanish-American port, says of the copy of D'Aubigne's History, which, with other Spanish volumes, was placed in his cabin, 'That book is much prized. I have had a hundred applications for it. The Testaments and tracts are never long on hand. Last voyage some were taken up to the capital by a passenger. I often see on the parlour-tables ashore, books which have come from my vessel. Not long ago, I had a priest as a passenger. 'I have the very book for you,' said I, and brought him out the ship's Spanish Bible. 'Bueno! Bueno!' he said, after looking at the title, but hastily returned it, and could not be persuaded to read."

"Supplied the ship——, bound on a trading voyage to the Pacific ports of Central America. For three voyages now, this vessel has done good service, in conveying to those regions more than one hundred dollars worth of Spanish Scriptures and tracts. These the captain has taken in charge, selling or giving, as the opportunity presented, to the merchant with whom he had business, to the planter whom he was visiting at his farm far up among the mountains,

to the village-school in the interior' and sometimes to the village 'padre' himself. He reports that the introduction of many books speaking against the Catholic religion has made the priests more watchful of late, and he found some difficulty in disposing of his last supply. A portion, which had been bargained for and taken, was returned by order of the priest, and a part had to be left behind in the hands of a friend, for gradual circulation."

"April.—Of foreign shipping, I have visited, during the past month, among others, two Italian, one Austrian, two Portuguese, one Spanish, and two French vessels.

"On the French bark——, from Marseilles, I found more than usual interest in the Bible, and besides the lettered copy which I always present for the cabin of the vessel (if unsupplied) on her first visit to this port, I sold four Bibles, and gave ten Testaments to sailors unable to purchase.

"On the Tuscan brig——were sold in a few minutes, to a bright crew, who seemed to have been waiting for me, seven Italian Bibles, and five Testaments. On these vessels from the Mediterranean, I find the purport of my visit often understood before I have announced it. The numerous copies of the Bible in foreign languages, which have gone forth upon vessels visiting this port, seem to have carried far and wide, the knowledge of it as a centre of Bible distribution."

"May.—On the Italian bark——, I had the pleasure of seeing the Bible, presented to the vessel by myself three years ago, brought out by the captain, an elderly affable man, as an authority to quote from, in support of some peculiar views which he held in regard to the Virgin Mary, and other points of doctrine; though he rejected in the main the Romish system, in which he had been brought up. He seemed to have attained considerable familiarity with the Holy Volume, and gave an interesting statement, how the lending of the copy before him to a friend in Italy (a priest) had led to the introduction of a number of copies from England. The call of the crew was for 'Protestant books,—genuine Protestant books.'

"Upon the Spanish brig—, from Teneriffe, sold one Spanish Bible and six Spanish Testaments; also upon the Spanish bark—, from Malaga, I was recognized by sailors who had visited this port on other vessels, and sold six Spanish Bibles in the fore-castle; the total distribution by sale and grant on this vessel being seven Bibles and eighteen Testaments.

"The captain of the Genoese bark *Maria Eugenia* sent with considerable trouble from Brooklyn, his orders for several Italian Bibles. Not being able at the time to visit the vessel myself, I sent a supply of books in charge of the lad in the office; and the result of his two visits was the sale of nine Bibles and ten Testaments; also of some ten religious volumes (ordered) in Italian, including four copies of *D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation.*"

Singular Couple.

Along with my brother, who was collecting matter for a work he was about to publish, I visited the town of Hexham,—interesting at least to him, for it was a fine field for historical research, although, for my part, I found little to admire besides its ancient church. The circumstance which, more than anything else, obtained the dingy town a lasting place in my memory, was our taking a lodging with an extraordinary pair, an old man and woman—husband and wife, who lived by themselves, without child or servant, subsisting on their letting their parlor and two bed-rooms. They were tall, thin, and erect, though each seventy years of age. When we knocked at the door for admittance, they answered it together: if we rang the bell, the husband and wife invariably appeared side by side; all our requests and demands were received by both, and executed with the utmost nicety and exactness.

The first night, arriving late by the coach from Newcastle, and merely requiring a good fire and our tea, we were puzzled to understand the reason of this double attendance; and I remember my brother's rather irreverently, wondering whether we "were always to be waited upon by these

Siamese twins." On ringing the bell to retire for the night, both appeared as usual; the wife carrying the bedroom candlestick, the husband standing at the door. I gave her some directions about breakfast for the following morning, when the husband from the door quickly answered for her.

"Depend upon it she is dumb," whispered my brother. But this was not the case, though she rarely made use of the faculty of speech.

They both attended me into my bed-room; when the old lady, seeing me look with some surprise towards her husband, said—

"There's no offence meant, ma'am, by my husband coming with me into the chamber—he's stone blind."

"Poor man!" I exclaimed. "But why, then does he not sit still? Why does he accompany you every where?"

"It's no use ma'am, your speaking to my old woman," said the husband: "she can't hear you, she's quite deaf."

I was astonished. Here was compensation! Could a pair be better matched? Man and wife were, indeed, one flesh; for he saw with her eyes, and she heard with his ears! It was beautiful to me ever after to watch the old man and woman in their inseparableness. Their sympathy with each other was as swift as electricity, and made their deprivation as naught.

I have often thought of that old man and woman, and cannot but hope, that as in life they were inseparable and indispensable to each other, so in death they might not be divided, but either be spared the terrible calamity of being alone in the world.—*Chambers' Journal.*

What a Lady passenger can do for Seamen.

Ship *Contest*, Nov. 12th, 1854.

Capt. Tracy:

Dear Sir—

Enclosed you will find the names of *twenty-one* of the officers and crew of the Ship *Contest* to be *enrolled* as members of the *Marine Temperance Society*.

The first Sabbath in Nov. I obtained permission from the Captain to

speak to the *Boys* upon the subject of *temperance*—they were called aft.—After I had finished talking, I presented the enclosed pledge for their consideration, requesting them to present it to the *Sailors* and return it to me the next Sabbath. Accordingly, immediately after dinner, nearly all the crew, including all the officers, collected round the capstan, and the pledge was returned with fifteen names.—After I had addressed them a few minutes six more signed. They listened to my remarks with the utmost attention, and when I had finished thanked me kindly. I regretted that I had no *Certificates* for them, but promised them they should be forwarded to their friends. You will please forward as soon as convenient, to those whose addresses are herewith sent.

P. L.

Ship Contest, Nov. —th 1854.

Pledge of Total Abstinence.

We the undersigned believing the use of Spirituous Liquors to be injurious to the *Moral, Physical, and Intellectual organization* of man, do most solemnly *Pledge* ourselves that we will abstain from all intoxicating drinks:

So help me God.

Mr. Benjamin F. Pendleton,	1st offir.
" Even Evens,	2d "
" Horace N. Wheeler,	3d "
John R. Curtis	boy.
Arthur Mc. Dermott	"
Samuel R. Stanton	"
James H. Lattin	"
N. L. Heeb	"
Robert H. Richter	col'd. seam.
Edwin R. Harring	"
George Thompson	"
Richard H. Mitchell	"
Charles H. Smith	seaman.
Charles R. Harris	"
Fredrick Hotchkiss	"
John Owen	"
David Seb	"
Henry Keay	"
Robert Crawford	"
William Barr	"
Louis Ward	sail maker.

We gladly publish the above, names and all, for the sake of the example both to passengers, captains and crews. We should be glad to hear of the

Contest again, and of many more such bloodless victories.

We do not believe a mutiny could have been got up after that temperance meeting, while the *Lady* was on board.

We wish there were more *Sea Deborahs* and *Baraks* too, to deliver the sailors from the tyranny of his oppressor king *Alcohol*.

More of the right kind of *Ladies* are wanted at sea in the capacity of *Captains', Officers', and Stewards'* wives or sisters, for the *profit* of the owner, the better *government* of the ship, and the redemption of the sailor.

Owners may sneer at the thought as they please, they will ere long find as a general principle, that married men, sailors and all, are the best, the most profitable men to employ in any business. It is here we need to begin a great and general reform among sailors.

Interesting Narrative.

WRECK OF THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE MACEDONIAN.

The *Macedonian* sailed from Boston for the Pacific Station, on the 20th day of September, 1818, and on the 26th, she had sailed a thousand miles on her course. The morning of that day broke upon us without a cloud, and the silence and solitude of a dead calm pervaded the wide waste of waters, which, broken into mighty billows, moved on portentously, as if borne along by the great spirit of the deep. Rising to the summit, and descending far below, our beleaguered ship kept up the unequal strife with each coming and receding wave, the creaking of her timber, and the sharp flap of her rigging and sails producing a monotonous harmony, such as always falls upon the seaman's heart with a depressing and saddening influence. Hour after hour many an impatient eye scanned the horizon, or looked into the clear blue canopy without descrying a ripple, or scarcely indulging a hope; and the creaking timbers sounded like mockery, as the reeling ship alternately rose and fell. The idlers took to their bunks, and the captain made frequent examination

of his barometer, while the first lieutenant gave life and animation to the crew, by calling upon them to secure everything in its place. Many a young fellow, prompted by a vagrant fancy, or the absence of a smile,—who, from love or pleasure, were for the first time on the ocean wave,—paid up their accounts with interest, and sighed for the repose they had left behind.

When the day was far advanced a dark streak was seen on the crest of a distant wave, then another and another, and the appearance of some light-winged feathery clouds confirmed the hope, and the promised change was soon heralded throughout the ship. There is inspiration in a fair wind, after a calm; and the change is most especially pleasant if the discomfort of a heavy swell, tossing and tumbling the ship about, has been experienced; and the present occasion was one to impart a lively sense of enjoyment. The streaming of the dog vane was the signal for spreading the light sails; the ship felt her canvas and moved onward; and her buoyant careening over the mountain wave looked like the exultation of triumph. The breeze freshened, and on she went, dashing through the foaming spray, and as the gale increased, madly surging to the press of her canvass. The royals were no sooner furled and the yards on deck, than it became necessary to take in the top-gallant sails; then to reef the topsails, taking in in quick succession one after another to the close reef. The gale still increased with fearful rapidity. The jib and spanker were taken in and securely stowed, the courses hauled up and furled, storm staysails bent and set, and last of all, the close-reefed topsails were taken in. We were now under the lowest sail that a ship can carry in a gale, and were fully convinced that we were fairly in for a hurricane. The heavy dead swell that had been rolling along through the day had changed its aspect, rushing and foaming and dashing as if imbued with a spirit bent on mischief; and our ship in place of her dull unresisting roll, now plunged and dashed through the surging foam like

some great monster in a mortal strife.

The evening came, and darkness was closing upon us at an early hour, when all hands were called to stand by their hammocks. No one enjoys a comfortable snooze more than Jack; and when it is his watch below, and he is snugly stowed away, the cares of the world and the war of the elements around him are left to those who have "the watch on deck," and naught that wealth ere gave, or valor won, would sweeten the repose of his manly spirit.

Obedient to the call the men were each at their station, where in the morning they had stowed their hammocks; the Quartermasters and Captains of the Tops mounted on the nettings to pass the hammocks to the crew, who, each in his turn, waited for his number to be called. Intent alone upon this duty, and mechanically minding the roll of the ship and holding on to keep from fetching away,—with scarcely a thought of anything but the number called,—in an instant, as if an electric spark had at the same moment touched every heart, a cry of distress, and "a man overboard" was no sooner heard, than four hundred gallant spirits rushed for the quarter-boat, striving who should be first to the rescue of their hapless comrade. It was a noble sight. The strife of battle, or the glory of victory is not to be considered in comparison with the pure spirit of self-devotion for the sake of humanity that was here displayed. The men were, in a great measure, strangers to each other and to the officers; yet the press was onward, with no object of personal distinction or ambition,—but to save. It was, indeed, a beautiful exhibition of the fearless and generous character that is formed by a life at sea. Happily the Captain was present, and knowing the certain destruction that must await the boat, the seamen were convinced that, as a least of evils, their comrade must be left to a sailor's grave. It was quite dark, and no object could be seen under our lee but by the light of the dashing spray, which made no revelation to those who gazed for a brief space of time, then turned away with a heavy heart, submitting in humble

acquiescence to the will of Divine Providence.

As the night advanced the winds continued to increase, until the seaman's mind was lost in amazement with its irresistible violence. The spray was lifted in torrents and borne with fury on the gale; the human voice could not be heard; to turn one's face to the wind was to cease to breathe. The ocean was swelled into mountains,—lashed to the fury of mad vitality,—towering far above the ship like an overhanging wall; while the ship herself, when she rolled to leeward, in rising from the depths below, would poise upon her beam ends, and the chances of her rolling entirely over were with much reason constantly present to the mind. Life lines were rove fore and aft upon the decks to hold on by—an indispensable precaution to keep those to windward from bringing up in the lee scuppers. The storm stay sails, made of the strongest canvas, were torn from the bolt rope and driven in fury by the blast, not a vestige remaining to show that a sail had been there. Sometimes the fearful and wild rush of the bursting sea would rise above the terrific wind; but this was a brief interlude, for the very embodiment of material air seemed to be irresistible, roaring as if Æolus had let loose the winds to drive the earth from its centre and bury in everlasting silence whatever breathed.

It was evident to us that nothing made by the hands of man could withstand this long, and the first alarm was the mainsail swelling from the gaskets. Poor old Joe Smith,—as he was familiarly called by his mess-mates, and who possessed as warm and fearless a heart as ever glowed to a generous impulse,—poor old Joe, then one of the mids' of the *Macedonian*, silently touched here and there a seaman whom he knew, and pointing to the sail loosening from its furl, led the way, and after great labor secured and preserved it for future use. Towards midnight the masts began to complain, and the carpenter reported that both fore and main were sprung. The rigging was new, and the laboring and surging of the ship had slack-

ened it by stretching. The wedges were knocked out in the partners to give the masts play, but the rigging still stretched, and both the fore and mainmast sprung in several places above and below the deck.

The weather quarter-boat was tumbled upside down, and blown in upon the mizen rigging. She was a new and beautiful whale-boat, and with every expedient the First Lieutenant essayed in vain to save by getting her inboard. When every effort had failed, fearful of her chafing and pressing injuriously on the rigging, she was broken into small pieces and cast into the sea. On descending below, the scene was greatly changed. The gun-deck was flooded with water, although the hatches were securely battened down. With every roll the shot or something else that had broken loose, would sweep from side to side with the deluge, and the watch below, whose slumbers were disturbed, amused themselves with the casualties to which their less fortunate shipmates were exposed in trying to bring chaos into order.

The apartments of the young officers presented still a different scene. The chaplain, with some of the newly initiated idlers, might be seen in prayer or earnest exhortation, whilst there were reckless and thoughtless spirits whose jest and light-hearted laugh seemed to deride the storm with all its threatened evil. It was a long and a fearful night, and before morning dawned the levity and thoughtlessness of youth yielded to the sober contemplation of an early grave. The captain and all the officers and crew were assembled on the quarter-deck. In one of the plunges of the ship the mizen-mast jumped from the step, and breaking about ten feet from the deck, fell over the taffrail. Stripped of the rigging, an anchor and hawser were bent to it, and it was launched overboard in the hope it might aid in keeping the ship's head up, as she now lay in the trough of the sea and quite at its mercy. The expedient answered no good purpose, as the hawser parted in a few minutes and almost at the same time a sea towered over our deck, combing as it

rushed, and we breathlessly awaited the destiny that seemed at hand. Our gallant frigate shook in every timber as she heavily rose to avoid the impending contact; but ere she reached the summit of the wave it broke upon her side and poured in upon her deck, driving in the waist, and starting from their lashings all the boats and spars on the spar deck. She staggered under the blow, and like a combatant fairly subdued, seemed to be yielding to the last necessity; and if another sea like this had quickly followed, another trophy would have been added to the caverns of the deep. The rigging had slackened so much that it hung loosely down the masts, affording them scarcely any support, and which now with every roll of the ship brought up against the partners with a surge; the slings and lifts of the main yard had chafed off, and at day-break it fell upon the deck.

The fore-yard came down in the same way. A sea carried away the jib-boom, and it carried the fore-topmast with it. It became necessary to cut away the main-topmast, which greatly worried the lower mast: but fearing that this might go over the side, the captain was unwilling to order the men aloft. The suggestion that volunteers were wanted was no sooner known than many times the number required eagerly presented themselves, and such as were designated made their way up the tottering mainmast, and the topmast soon yielded to the blows from their hatchets and went over the lee side, whilst our fine fellows descended in safety to the deck. The *Macedonian* was now a perfect wreck, and had a greater chance of safety with both fore and mainmast over the side than with them standing unsupported, and broken in many places, as they were, above and below the deck. If we still hoped on, it was but the prompting of nature, that turns aside from life to the dreaded chango common to us all. As our poor hulk wallowed in the trough of the sea, as if she had fairly given over the contest, whilst yet she received repeated blows, I still remember, with a feeling of professional pride, the manly bearing of our officers and crew,

who, having performed all their duties, stood patiently, and apparently without a sigh, awaiting with manly fortitude the final dispensation of Divine Providence.

When at last it appeared certain that the main-mast would go below the deck and so shatter it as to render the foundering of the ship certain, it was determined to cut it away, and the order was no sooner given than the blows of the axe followed. They were not repeated many times, however, before the order was countermanded, and as a last expedient, hawsers were passed round the rigging of the fore and main masts. This answered even a better purpose than had been apprehended, and it was found that the masts were materially supported. It was now about ten hours since the time the hurricane fairly set in, and we had experienced in its wild career all the vicissitudes of shipwreck to the apprehension of impending destruction, when as suddenly as the wind came upon it, it began to lessen; the spray ceased to fall in torrents, and the sun with its cheering light broke through the mist of the storm, bearing the inspiration of hope and gladness to every heart. The sea rapidly subsided, the hurricane was over, and we lived again to look forward to the future with all its bright promises. Before the night of that day our jury-masts were rigged and we were under full sail for Norfolk.

The *Louisville Courier* gives a list of disasters on the Western waters during the year 1854. The number of boats of all descriptions, injured or destroyed, amount to four hundred and ten, involving a loss of life of upwards of three hundred human beings, definitely ascertained, besides many others reported, but not satisfactorily known. It also involves a loss of property, of which definite estimates appear to the amount of \$2,236,000, besides a vast amount not given in dollars and cents.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

POLAR SEAS.

NARRATIVE OF THE SUFFERINGS AND ADVENTURES OF FOUR RUSSIAN SAILORS,

*Who were cast away on the
Desert Island of East Spitsbergen,
in 1743.*

In the year 1743, Jeremiah Oakladmkoff, a merchant of Mesen, in the province of Jugovia, and the government of Archangel, fitted out a vessel carrying 14 men. She was destined for Spitsbergen, to be employed in the whale and seal fishery. For eight successive days after they had sailed, the wind was fair; but on the ninth it changed, so that instead of getting to the west of Spitsbergen, the usual place of rendezvous for the Dutch ships, and those of other nations annually employed in the whale fishery, they were driven eastward of those Islands; and after some days they found themselves at a small distance from one of them, called East Spitsbergen.

Having approached this Island within about three wersts, or two English miles, their vessel was suddenly surrounded by ice, and they found themselves in an extremely dangerous situation. In this alarming state a consultation was held, when the mate, Alexis Himkoff, declared, he recollected he had heard that some of the people of Mesen, having, some time before, formed a resolution of wintering on this island, had accordingly carried from that town timber proper for building a hut, and had actually

erected one in some distance from the shore.

This information induced the whole company to resolve on wintering there; if, as they hoped, the hut still existed; for they clearly perceived the imminent danger in which they were, and that they must inevitably perish if they continued in the ship. They, therefore, dispatched four of the crew in search of the hut, or any succor they could meet with. These were Alexis Himkof, the mate, Iwen Himkof, his god son, Stephen Scharapof, and Feeder Wergen. As the shore on which they were to land was uninhabited, it was necessary that they should make some provision for their expedition. They had almost two miles to travel over loose bridges of ice, which, being raised by the waves, and driven against each other by the wind, rendered the way equally difficult and dangerous. Prudence therefore forbade their loading themselves too much, lest, being overburthened, they might sink between the pieces of ice and perish.

Having thus maturely considered the nature of the undertaking, they provided themselves with a musket, a powder-horn, containing twelve charges of powder, with as many balls, an axe, a small kettle, a bag with about twenty pounds of flour, a knife, a tinder-box and tinder, a bladder filled with tobacco, and every man his wooden pipe. Thus equipped, these four sailors arrived on the Island, little suspecting the misfortune that was about to befall them. The first thing they did was to explore the country,

and soon discovered the hut they were in search of, about a mile and a half from the shore. It was thirty-six feet in length, eighteen in breadth, and as many high. It contained a small anti-chamber, about twelve feet broad, which had two doors, one to shut out the exterior air, the other to communicate with the inner room. This contributed greatly to keep the larger room warm when once heated. In the large room was an earthen stove, constructed in the Russian manner; that is, a kind of oven without a chimney; which serves occasionally either for baking, for heating the room, or, as is customary among the Russian peasants in very cold weather, to sleep upon.

This discovery gave our adventurers great joy. The hut had suffered much from the weather, having now been built a considerable time. They passed the night in it, and early the next morning hastened to the shore, impatient to inform their comrades of their success, and also to procure from the vessel such provisions, ammunition, and other necessities, as might better enable the crew to winter on the island. Their astonishment and agony of mind, when on reaching the place where they had landed, they saw nothing but an open sea, free from ice, which but the day before had covered the ocean, may more easily be conceived than described. A violent storm which had arisen during the preceding night, had been the cause of this disastrous event. But they could not tell whether the ice which had before hemmed in the vessel, had been driven by the violence of the waves against the ship, and shattered her to pieces; or whether she had been carried out to sea by the current, a circumstance which frequently happens in those seas. Whatever accident had befallen her, they saw her no more; and as no tidings were afterwards received of her, it is more probable that she sunk, and that all on board of her perished.

This unfortunate event deprived the wretched mariners of all hope of ever being able to quit the island, and they returned to the hut full of horror and despair. Their first attention was

employed, as may easily be imagined, in devising the means of providing subsistence and repairing their hut. The twelve charges of powder which they had brought with them, soon procured them as many rein-deer, with which animals the island bounds.

It has already been observed that the hut discovered by the sailors had sustained some damage. There were cracks in many places between the boards of the building, which allowed free admission to the air. This inconvenience was, however, easily remedied; as they had an axe, and the beams were still sound, it was an easy matter to make the boards join again very tolerably; besides, as moss grew in great abundance all over the island, there was more than sufficient to fill up the crevices to which wooden houses must always be liable. Repairs of this kind cost the unhappy men the less trouble, as they were Russians, for all Russian peasants are good carpenters, build their own houses, and being, in general, very expert in handling the axe.

The intense cold which makes those climates habitable to so few species of animals, renders them equally unfit for the production of vegetables. No species of tree or even shrub is found on any of the islands of Spitsbergen, a circumstance of the most alarming nature to our sailors. Without fire it was [Here is an hiatus caused by the absence of two small pages from the copy.]—
EDS. J. OF C.

sible with thongs of rein-deer skin, to stick about the thickness of a man's arm, which they got from some branches of trees that had been cast on shore. Thus equipped with spears, they resolved to attack a white bear, and after a most dangerous encounter, they killed the formidable creature, and thus obtained a fresh supply of provisions. The flesh of this animal they relished exceedingly, and they thought it much resembled beef in flavor. They perceived with great pleasure, that the tendons might, with little or no trouble, be divided into filaments as fine as they pleased. This was perhaps the most fortunate dis-

covery these men could have made; for, besides other advantages, they were thus furnished with strings for their bow.

The success our unfortunate islanders had experienced in making the spears, and the great utility of the latter, encouraged them to proceed, and to forge some pieces of iron into heads of arrows of the same shape, though somewhat smaller than those of the spears. Having ground and sharpened these like the former, they tied the sinews of the white bears to pieces of fir, to which, by means of sinews also of the white bear, they fastened feathers of sea-fowl, and thus became possessed of a complete bow and arrows. Their ingenuity in this respect was crowned with success far beyond their expectations; for during the time of their continuance upon the island, they killed with these arrows no less than 250 rein-deer, besides a great number of blue and white foxes. The flesh of these animals served them also for food, and their skins for clothing, and other necessary preservations against the intense cold of a climate so near the pole.

They, however, killed only ten white bears in all, and these not without the utmost danger; for these animals being prodigiously strong, defended themselves with astonishing vigor and fury. The first they attacked designedly, but the other nine they killed in their own defence; for some of these creatures even ventured to enter the outer room of their hut in order to devour them. All the bears did not, it is true, show an equal degree of fury; either because some were less pressed by hunger, or were naturally of a less ferocious disposition; for several which entered the hut immediately betook themselves to flight on the first attempt of the sailors to drive them away. A repetition of these formidable attacks threw the men into great terror and anxiety, as they were in almost perpetual danger of being devoured. The rein-deer, the blue and white foxes, and the white bears, were the only food these wretched mariners tasted during their continuance in that dreary abode.

In their excursions through the island, they had found nearly in the middle of it a slimy loam or a kind of clay. Out of this they found means to form a utensil to serve for a lamp, and they proposed to keep it constantly burning with the fat of the animals they might kill. To have been destitute of light, in a country where, in winter, darkness reigns for several months together, would have greatly increased their other calamities. Having, therefore, fashioned a kind of lamp, they filled it with rein-deer's fat, and stuck in it some linen twisted into the shape of a wick. But they had the mortification to find that, as soon as the fat melted, it not only soaked into the clay, but fairly ran through it on all sides. It was therefore, necessary to contrive some method of preventing this inconvenience, which did not proceed from cracks, but from the substance of which the lamp was made being too porous. They made another one, dried it thoroughly in the air, then heated it red hot, and afterwards quenched it in their kettle, in which they boiled down a quantity of flour to the consistence of starch. The lamp being then dried and filled with melted fat, they now found to their joy that it did not leak. But, for greater security, they dipped linen rags in their paste, and with them covered it all over on the outside. Having succeeded in this attempt, they immediately made another lamp for fear of an accident, that at all events they might not be destitute of light; upon which they determined to reserve the remainder of their flour for similar purposes.

As they had carefully collected whatever happened to be cast on shore to supply themselves with fuel, they had found among the wrecks of vessels some cordage and a small quantity of oakum, which served them to make wicks for their lamp. When these stores began to fail, their shirts and trousers were employed to make good the deficiency. By these means they kept their lamp burning without intermission, from the day they first made it, which was soon after their arrival on the island, until that of their embarkation for their native country.

The necessity of converting the most essential parts of their clothing, such as their shirts and drawers, to the use above specified, exposed them the more to the rigor of the climate. They also found themselves in want of shoes, boots, and other articles of dress; and as winter was approaching, they were again obliged to have recourse to that ingenuity which necessity suggests, and which seldom fails in the trying hour of distress.

They had abundance of skins of foxes and rein deer, that had hitherto served them for bedding, and which they now thought of employing to some more essential service, but they were at a loss how to tan them. After some deliberation, they resolved to adopt the following method: They soaked the skins for several days in fresh water, till they could pull off the hair pretty easily; they then rubbed the wet skin in with their hands till it was nearly dry, when they spread some melted rein-deer's fat over it, and again rubbed it well. By this process the leather was rendered soft, pliant and supple, and proper for every purpose for which they wanted to employ it. Those skins that were designed for furs, they soaked only one day to prepare them for being wrought, and then proceeded in the manner before mentioned, excepting only that they did not remove the hair. Thus they soon provided themselves with the necessary materials for all the parts of dress they wanted.

They made a curious needle out of a piece of wire; and the sinews of the bear and the rein-deer, which they split into several threads, served them to sew with.

Excepting the uneasiness which generally accompanies an involuntary solitude, these people having thus by their ingenuity, so far overcome their wants, might have had reason to be contented with what Providence had done for their distressful situation. But that melancholy reflection to which each of these forlorn persons could not help giving way, that perhaps he might survive his companions, and then perish for want of subsistence, or become a prey to the wild beasts, incessantly disturbed their

minds. The mate, Alexander Himkoff, more particularly suffered; having left a wife and three children behind him, he was deeply afflicted at his separation from them. He declared, after his return, that they were constantly in his mind, and that the thought of never more seeing them, rendered him very unhappy.

When our four mariners had passed nearly six years in this dreary place, Feoder Wergen, who had from the first been in a languid condition, died, after suffering excruciating pains during the latter part of his life.— Though they were relieved by that event from the trouble of attending him, and the pain of witnessing without being able to alleviate his misery, yet his death affected them not a little. They saw their numbers diminished, and each of the survivors wished to be the next to follow him.

As he died in winter, they dug a grave in the snow as deep as they could, in which they laid the corpse, and they covered it to the best of their power, that the white bears might not get at it. The melancholy reflections occasioned by the death of their comrade were still fresh in their minds, and each expected to pay this last duty to his remaining companions in misfortune, or to receive it from them, when on the 15th of August, 1794, a Russian ship unexpectedly appeared in sight.

The vessel belonged to a trader, who had come with it to Archangel, intending that it should winter in Nova Zembla, but, fortunately for our poor exiles, the director of the whale-fishery proposed to the merchant to let his vessel winter at West Spitsbergen, to which, after many objections, he at length agreed.

The contrary winds they met with on their passage made it impossible for them to reach the place of their destination. The vessel was driven towards East Spitsbergen, directly opposite to the residence of our mariners, who, as soon as they perceived her, hastened to light fires upon the hills nearest their habitation, and then ran to the beach, waving a flag made of rein-deer's skin, fastened to a pole. The people on board, perceiving these signals, concluded that there were

men upon the island, who implored their assistance, and therefore came to an anchor near the shore. It would be in vain to attempt to describe the joy of these poor people, at seeing the moment of their deliverance so near. They soon agreed with the master of the ship to work for him during the voyage, and to pay him eighty rubles on their arrival, for taking them on board with all their riches, which consisted of fifty pud or 2000 pounds of rein-deer's fat; besides many hides of those animals, skins of blue and white foxes, and those of the ten white bears they had killed. They took care not to forget their bow and arrows, their spears, their knife and axe, which were almost worn out, their awls and their needles, which they carefully kept in a bone-box, very ingeniously made with their knife only; and in short every thing they possessed.

Our adventurers arrived safe at Archangel on the 28th of September 1749, having spent six years and three months in their dreary solitude. The moment of their landing was near proving fatal to the loving and beloved wife of Alexis Himkoff, who being present when the vessel came into port, immediately knew her husband, and ran with such eagerness to his embraces, that she slipped into the water, and very narrowly escaped being drowned.

All three on their arrival were strong and healthy; but having lived so long without bread, they could not reconcile themselves to the use of it, and complained that it filled them with wind; nor could they bear any spirituous liquors, and therefore drank nothing but water.

Seamen's Advance Wages.

NEW-YORK, Wednesday, Jan. 17, '55.

Much has been said and written in reference to influences which degrade our seamen. Strong drink has received a part of the blame, though by no means its full share. It is the chief cause of the sailor's degradation. But other causes also have their influence—of one of these I propose to speak. It is the system of paying

seaman advance wages. I assert that *next* to rum, the system of paying the money before it is due tends to degrade our seamen more than all the other evils combined. Who is benefited by this advance? Two classes—the dishonest landlord and the merchant. How is the landlord benefited by the advance? Simply because he keeps it, and shoves the sailor off without a fair settlement, if he happens to be ignorant or drunk. As this phase of the subject is so generally conceded to be as I have stated, I will say no more about it, but as the other to the uninitiated seems absurd, it needs some comment. How, then, it will be asked, is the merchant benefited by giving the sailor advances? I can best answer this question by stating the case in a practical point of view. First, I say the owners would rather not pay the money beforehand, provided they could keep the wages per month at the same figure without as with the advance. A crew is wanted (*e. g.*) to go to Liverpool, New-Orleans, or any other place. Wages may be \$20 per month, and men hard to get at that, even with a month's advance. What is to be done? Give them \$25 or \$30 per month, and a month's advance still? No! Keep the wages \$20, and make the advance \$30 or \$40. Well, why not give \$30 or \$40 per month and no advance? For this reason: if \$30 a month is paid, and the ship makes her voyage in three months, that would be \$90 per man for the voyage. If \$20 a month is paid and \$30 advance, the ship can easily get rid of these men even if they wished to stay. They are of little use while the ship lays in port—still their wages run on, and amount to quite an item. Let the ship be clear of them, and then what does it cost per man? \$30 advance this side and perhaps \$15 the other—\$45 or \$50—making a saving of as much more for every man. About \$1,000 a voyage, or \$3,000 per year, on a single ship. But let us see how this would work on other voyages besides European. Wages used to be \$12 per month to the East Indies, while \$15 and \$18 were being paid for other voyages. Now they

pay \$15, while other voyages pay \$18 or \$20. Take an illustration. I want a crew for a long voyage. I propose to ship them for \$18 per month and no advance. The inquiry then is, can you get them for \$15 per month if I pay two months' advance? "Yes," says the shipping-master, "I think I can." The temptation of getting the two months' pay may induce them to ship; but if not, he goes to the owners and says "I cannot get the men," that "they ask \$16 or \$17." The reply will be, "I cannot give that. I would rather give them three months' advance." Why? Because the interest on \$15 is not \$1 per month, and he is quite sure the men will not leave the ship, and whatever rate is paid in the beginning must be paid throughout the voyage. It seems to me this is a very plain matter, and that my case is made clear.

What is the effect on the sailor? In the first place it tempts him to be dishonest, to get a month or two months' advance and run away, and in order to run away and make it an object, he must have little or no clothing, and if not successful in escaping, as many are, he goes to sea destitute of even necessary clothing.

Another effect. It often makes them sulky and reckless; they have to work a month or two for "dead horse," as it is called, and they feel little or no interest in the success of the voyage; especially if the passage is short enough to enable them to run away in debt to the ship.

Well, you ask me what is the remedy for all this. I frankly confess that this is a difficult question to answer, but it seems to me it could be done, if merchants were willing to abandon a short-sighted policy, and have more regard to a prospective good. I know it would be a very expensive job for a time, and fraught with many difficulties, but it will pay in the end, by bringing in a better class of men and improving those already in the service. But in reference to the obstacles to be encountered—when and where can we begin? Let ship owners in the principal ports have a meeting and pledge themselves to each other, and on the first day of next

May, or on some other convenient day, they will commence shipping their crews without any advance.

The men who board seamen, and the men themselves, will make preparations to meet the exigences of the case. I am aware that there frequently are cases where men are cast away and lose all they have. What can be done in such a case? Pay them advance? No. Let them be fitted out as far as it is safe, on the credit of the voyage or passage, and take their orders on the owners, payable in such time as can be agreed upon. Let every ship be provided with a good slop-chest of good sea articles, and charge a small but regular per centage on the goods.

I hope, Mr. Editor, this article will set the pen of some ready writer in motion, more capable of committing his thoughts to paper for the public mind than myself, and show them the great amount that would be saved by improving the character of seamen, in both life and property.

SHEET ANCHOR.

N. Y. Times.

Marine Disasters.

We cut the following illustration of "sorrow on the sea," from the Buffalo Com. Advertiser.

The loss of life on the propeller Westmoreland falls heavily on our citizens, and many a home has been rendered desolate and many a fireside sad by the mournful event. Yesterday afternoon a man entered our office and enquired if we had any particulars of the wreck of the propeller. We had that minute received a report from the west, and read to him the names of the lost. At the sound of the first he grew deathly pale, and staggering back against a table, nearly fell to the floor. We had read to him the name of his own brother, and the strong, hardy man was nearly smitten to the heart. He spoke no word, although he made an attempt to say something; but as the big tears rolled down his cheeks and the rising in the throat checked his utterance, he pulled his cap over his eyes and staggered from the room. We felt acute regret that we

did not use more caution in reading to him the names of the dead.

Shortly afterwards we had another visit. It was from the wife of one of the crew. With quivering lips and blanched cheeks she stammered out the inquiry as to the names of the saved and lost, ending with the prayer, "For the love of God, don't tell me he is dead!" We glanced over the list, with such a painful feeling as we hope not soon again to experience. The name met our eye—it was among the saved, but we scarcely had voice to give her the joyful intelligence. With a wild cry, the poor woman clasped her hands and burst into tears. This time, thank God, they were tears of joy; still they were almost painful from the intensity of feeling they evinced. The two incidents were somewhat more exciting than the ordinary events of a day in an editor's room.

A Mother's Prayer.

A mother had heard of the arrival of her sailor-boy outside the Cape, and was waiting his return with the anxiety a mother alone can know. With faith strong in God, she prayed for his safety. News came that the vessel was lost.

The father, who was an unconverted man, who had preserved a sullen silence, now wept aloud. The mother observed, "He is in the hands of Him who doeth all things well," and again the subdued and softened spirit bowed, commending her son and her husband, in an audible voice to God.

In the morning, the little gate in front of the dwelling turned on its hinges, the door opened, and their son, their lost, loved son, stood before them. The vessel had been driven in one of the harbors of the coast and was safe. The father rushed to meet him. His mother hanging on his neck, earnestly exclaimed, "My child, how came you here?" "Mother," said he, as the tears coursed down his sunburnt face, "*I knew you'd pray me home.*"

What a spectacle: a wild, reckless youth, acknowledging the efficacy of prayer. It seems he was aware of

his perilous situation, and that he labored with the thought, "My mother prays; Christians' prayers are answered, and I may be saved." This reflection, when almost exhausted with fatigue, and ready to give up in despair, gave him fresh strength, and with renewed courage he labored till the harbor was gained.

Christian mother, pray for that son who is likely to be wrecked in the storm of life, and his prospects blasted for ever. He may be saved.

Disasters.

Whaleship City of New Bedford, struck on a sand bar in Sechon Gulf, near Maria, in the Ochotsk Sea, evening of September 6. Capt. Ray, of the Chilian whaling barque Rivello, (also wrecked within a mile of the same place, states that the City immediately hoisted signals of distress in the mizen rigging, and fired guns throughout the night, but in the morning had entirely disappeared. He thinks she must have gone to pieces.

Ship St. Patrick. Whiteman, which sailed from Liverpool on the 15th Nov. for this port, went ashore 19th Dec., at 6 o'clock, p. m., two miles South of Barnegat, the weather being very foggy at the time. The passengers, 411 in number, were all saved and brought up to the city.

Ship Niagara, of New York, Drummond, from New-Orleans, about Sept. 24th for Venice, was abandoned at sea Oct. 24th, lat. 39°, lon. 68°. Capt. Drummond and crew were taken off the wreck by barque Excelsior, of and for New-Haven, and carried to Barbadoes.

Ven. Brig Orinoco, Treviranus, from Angostura, for New York, in coming down the River Orinoco, 19th Nov. struck on a sunken rock, and filled in five minutes. Vessel and cargo a total loss.

Schr. Mary Ann, from Boston for Miramichi, with a general cargo, went ashore at Belle Creek, P. E. I., 26th Nov., and became a total wreck.

Plymouth, November 19.

The Sterlingshire, from Bashbury, N. A., for London, has on board

the captain and part of the crew of the ship *Pampero*, *Olive*, from *Quebec* for *Greenock*, abandoned 2d. Nov.: the remainder were saved by the barque *Australia*, from *Honduras* for *London*.

Brig *Enterprise*, from *Laguna* for *Boston*, has been totally lost on the coast of *Mexico*; no particulars.

Br. brig *Vixen*, from *St. John*, *N. B.*, for *Surinam*, was wrecked in a *N. E.* gale, Oct. 11. The crew remained on the wreck 26 days. They were taken off 6th ult., by brig *Leader*, from *Port Medway* for *Barbadoes*.

Br. schr. *Belmont* from *Windsor*, *N. S.*, for *Boston*, with plaster, was totally lost in the last gale off *Cape Ann*. The crew took to their boats, and were subsequently picked up.

Among the vessels lost at *Balack-lava* in the storm of Nov. 14, were two reported American, namely the *Progress*, six of the persons on board at the time being saved; and the *Wanderer*, all on board the latter perishing.

Brig *Empire*, lost near *Belize*, *Hond.*, struck on the outer reef on the Northern two Keys, near *Half Moon Key*, no date, and is a total loss.

Ship *Harvest Queen*, at this port from *Liverpool*, reports: Jan. 22d. fell in with Br. Brig *Aspasia*, Capt. *Crow*, in distress, with flag *Union* down, spoke her. The captain reported her dismasted and in a leaky condition, and wished to be taken off. Took them on board.

Ship *Queen of the West*, *Pennell*, one of *Messrs. Grinnell, Mintn & Co's* line of *New York* and *Liverpool* Packets, went ashore on *Caermathen Bar*, *Great Britain*, no date, and at last accounts was breaking up.

Ivica, Nov. 28.—The *Hirondelle*, *Pascal*, from *Algiers* for *Mostaganem*, was in contact last night, at midnight, with the barque *Alberta*, (or *Elberta*,) *Hicklorn*, from *Tarragona* for *New York*, and abandoned by the crew, who were saved by the *Alberta*, which arrived here to-day.

Schr. *El Paso*, from *Baltimore*, via *Norfolk*, for *Anigua*, was abandoned at sea on the 28th Oct.

Br. brig *Two Ladies*, *Doane*, from *Port-au-Prince* Nov. 23, bound to *Boston*, went ashore Dec. 6, on the *N. W.* point of *Inagua*, in a *Norther*, and bilged.

Ship *Sunny Side* from *New Orleans* for *Liverpool*, was totally lost on the *Bahama Banks*, between *Rising Rock* and *Orange Key*, 28th.

Barque *Loretta Fish*, from *Inagua*, for *New Orleans*, was totally lost on 26th Nov., on *Mucaro Reel*, *Bahama Banks*. The captain and crew took to the boats, and after a passage of 44 hours, succeeded in reaching *Nuevitas*.

Br. ship *Queen of the Seas*, before reported ashore near *Liverpool*, *N. S.*, has been driven high up on the beach, her bottom knocked out, and spars all gone, and in fact a complete and total wreck.

Schr. *Greyhound*, of *New-Haven*, from *Santa Cruz*, *Cuba*, for *Antwerp*, was wrecked on *Hog-Sty Reef*, *Bahama Banks*, night of Dec. 27th when seven days out.

Brig *Bowditch*, from *Alexandria*, cargo coal, went ashore at *Freeport*, *L. I.*, two miles West of the *Flight*, and will probably be a total loss.

Sch. *Sierra Nevada*, *Smith*, in coming out over the *Humboldt Bar*, prev. to Nov. 30, parted her hawser and went ashore on the *South Beach*. The vessel is a total loss.

Sch. *Triton* was lost at *Junk River*, West coast of *Africa*, about 1st Oct; crew and passengers saved.

Jan. 11.—News reached us last night, that the brig *Tartar*, of and from *Charleston* for *New Orleans*, had bilged, and would be a total loss.

Brig *Enterprise* was lost at *Tobasco*, whilst lying at her anchors, during a norther; no date given, supposed early in January.

Brig *T. P. Perkins*, from *Philadelphia* for *Boston*, ashore at *Scituate*, will probably be a total loss.

Portsmouth, Jan. 1.—Ship *Pampero*, of *St. John*, *N. B.*, abandoned, with no boats, rudder or bowsprit, and with fore topmast &c., gone, was boarded on the 26th Dec.

Schr. *David Faust*, at *Philadelphia*

from Wilmington, N. C., encountered very violent gales on the passage, and on the 28th ult., off the Frying Pan Shoal, was struck by a heavy sea which washed over board from the main boom four of the crew, one of whom was saved only through the exertions of the captain.

Brig General Taylor, from Wilmington, N. C. for Boston, was totally lost on Cape Lookout, no date. The account is by telegraph from Washington, N. C.

Schr. Boston, of and from Bangor, for Nantucket, before reported ashore near Marshfield, has gone to pieces.

Br. ship Witch of the Wind, of St. John, N. B., partly dismantled and abandoned, was seen outside of Halifax on or previous to 1st inst.

Barque Formosa, from Smyrna for Boston, was wrecked about January 5th, near Messina. No particulars given.

Barque Celestia at Boston from Baltimore, reports: 31st Jan., Cape Cod S. 25 miles, got in contact with barque W. M. Harris, Tary, from Galveston, for Boston, which had starboard bow stove, and soon after filled and capsized.

Brig Navalla, from Cardenas for Boston, was the vessel stranded 28th Jan., opposite Patchogue, L. I.

Schr. Solomon Andrews, from Charleston for this port, went ashore on Ocracoke Shoal, Jan. 11, 7 P. M., and will be a total loss.

Brig R. D. Merriam, from Savannah, for Philadelphia, foundered in the neighborhood of the Solomon Andrews during the same night. The crew, seven in number, were taken off by a schooner, and carried to Ocracoke.

Brig Dammerscove, Sweetser, which sailed from Portland 7th Dec. for Alexandria, sprung a leak when three days out, and finding the water gaining very fast on the pumps, they were obliged to throw over part of cargo to keep the vessel afloat; she remained in this condition six days, when they were fallen in with by brig Beronda, of (Newcastle,) Cox, and captain and crew taken off and carried into Provincetown.

Schr. Empire, from Boston for Belize. Honduras, with an assorted cargo, was totally lost 1st December, on a coral reef near her port of destination.

Three masted schr. Fame, went a at Rockland in the gale of 3d. and will probably be a total loss.

Schr. Isabel, where from or bound for not stated, went ashore morning of 21st Dec., opposite Congress Hall, Cape Island, N. J., and became a total loss. The crew clung to the rigging until daylight, when they were rescued by some citizens of Cape Island in a whale boat.

Ship Lady Franklin, at this port from Liverpool, reports: 9th December, saw schr. Planter, Baker, of Dennis, with signal of distress flying; bore down and found her in a sinking condition, with crew exhausted from their exertions in bailing; took on board all hands, six in number.

Notices to Mariners.

COAST SURVEY STATION,

Near Camden, Me., October 27, 1854.

SIR:—I am indebted to the Chief Engineer, Gen. Totten, for an extract from a letter of Lieut. H. G. Wright, of the Corps of Engineers, communicating the existence of a shoal spot not upon the chart, nor generally known to wreckers, in Garden Key channel, the light-house bearing South.

This shoal has scant three fathoms of water on it, while there are six and a half and seven fathoms on each side of it.

The hydrography of the Coast Survey has not yet included this channel.

I would respectfully request authority to publish the foregoing for the use of navigators.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) A. D. BACHE, Superintendent. Hon. P. WASHINGTON, Act. Sec. of Treasury.

—
EDGARTOWN, December 4, 1854.

The Beacons at Holmes' Hole will be illuminated on or about the 5th December, 1854. The following sailing directions will explain their use

and character. In entering from the Westward, give the West Chop a berth of about half a mile, until you get the white light on with the red—then run for the anchorage.

In entering from the Eastward, give the East Chop a berth of about half a mile, and you may follow it around until the white light is on with the green; but the best anchorage is near and on the Westward of that line.

The white (or leading light) on with the red (or Eastern) light, clears the rock off Low Point.

The white light on with the green (or Western) divides nearly the hard from the soft bottom in the outer harbor, and leads through the deepest water to the inner harbor.

By order of the Light House Board.

A. A. HOLCOMB, L. H. I.

THE NEW LIGHT AT ST. AUGUSTINE.—On the night of the 2d inst., the old lights at the Lighthouse were replaced by one of the 4th Order of Fresnel Lens Light. This light is fixed as heretofore, but varied by flashes, which are remarkably brilliant. The flashes occur once in three minutes.

PUMPKIN ISLAND LIGHT HOUSE, MAINE.—Notice is hereby given that a Light House has been erected on Pumpkin Island, Maine, which is intended to serve as a guide to the Western entrance of Edgemoggin Beach, and to Buck's Harbor, Maine.

The tower is built of brick, and painted white; the keeper's dwelling is painted brown. The tower is 17 feet high, and the focal plane is 27 feet above the level of the sea. The illuminating apparatus is a Fifth Order Fresnel Lens, and the light can be seen, in good weather, from a point 15 feet above the level of the sea, a distance of 9 nautical or 9 1.2 statute miles.

The light will be lighted, for the first time, at sunset, January 1, 1855, and will be kept burning every night thereafter from sunset to sunrise. By order of the Light House Board,

W. B. FRANKLIN,

Light House Inspector, 1st District.
Portland, Me., Dec. 1, 1854.

EGERO LIGHT—ENTRANCE TO EGERSUND, NORWAY.—Official notice has been received at this office, thro' the Department of State, that the Royal College of Commerce has announced that, according to an official publication of the Norwegian Marine Department,

A First Order Fixed Light, on the system of Fresnel, has been established on the west point of the island of Egero, near the northern entrance to Egersund, and will be lighted on the 16th November, 1854, and continued to be lighted thereafter at the hours customary for other Norwegian lights.

The light is 156 feet above the level of the sea, and is visible at the distance of 22 miles in all directions from seaward.

The tower is 92 feet in height, and painted red.

The position of the tower is in lat. 58° 24' 45" N., lon. 5° 48' 15" E. of Greenwich.

By order of the Lighthouse Board,
THORNTON A. JENKINS, Sec'y.

Treasury Department,
Office Lighthouse Board, Jan. 8, 1855.

There has been a Fog Bell erected on the South end of Baker's Island, and one also at Race Point, Cape Cod. These bells will be rung by machinery, and will be in operation during thick and foggy weather.

WRECK OFF MINEHEAD, BRISTOL CHANNEL.

Trinity House, London, Jan. 9, '55.

A Green Buoy, marked with the word *Wreck*, has been placed 20 fathoms North of a vessel sunk off Minehead, in the Bristol Channel.

The Buoy lies in 8 1.2 fathoms at Low Water Spring Tides, with the following marks and compass bearings, viz.:

Foreland Point, a ship's length off Hurlstone Point, N. W. by W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W.
Minehead Pier. . . . S. S. W.
Nash High Lighthouse. . N. 3 4 E.

We are requested to state, (says the Charleston Mercury,) that the new Beacon on Thomas' Island has been completed, and the Beacon on Morris' Island repaired, and that they will be lit on the night of the 21st Dec.

New York, March, 1855.

Notice.

Subscribers to the Sailor's Magazine in arrears, and Agents having funds on hand on account of the Magazine, would confer a favor by forwarding the same to us before the end of the month of April, at which time our Financial year closes.

Honolulu Sailor's Home,

It gives us great pleasure to learn that the Hawaiian Government has donated the most eligible site in Honolulu for the purpose of a Sailor's Home; and that the conditions specified in the following resolution conveying the grant are liberally met by the generous citizens on the spot. At the last date \$2,500, or one-half of the specified \$5,000 had been raised. The estimated value of the site is \$6,000. The sum of \$15,000 will be required to erect the suitable buildings.

Resolution of the Privy Council.

"Resolved, That the Petition for a lot of land for a Sailor's Home be granted, provided it shall be a rule established in such home, and strictly enforced:—That no intoxicating liquors shall be drank on the premises; no women of lewd character admitted; no gambling allowed, nor any other

disorder tolerated. This resolution shall not be binding on the King's Government, unless the sum of Five Thousand Dollars be raised by subscription for the purpose aforesaid, within twelve months, and on the further condition that such Sailor's Home shall be equally available to the Sailors of all Nations, including those of this Kingdom,—and when said lot ceases to be used for the purpose of a Sailor's Home, the same shall revert to the Government.

By order of Privy Council, this 20th day of Nov., 1854.

LORREN ANDREWS, Secretary."

After speaking of the generosity of the citizens of Honolulu, and appealing to the American Seamen's Friend Society, and other friends, to lend a generous hand, the Rev. S. C. Damon, Chaplain, cites the following characteristic

RESPONSES FROM THE SEA.

"The master of a whale ship called upon us recently. His vessel was lying off and on. He had heard of the effort to erect a Sailor's Home in Honolulu, and without waiting to be called upon, by a 'floating committee,' or any one else, he says: 'I have been three seasons to the Arctic—and made a losing voyage, but I'll give \$20 00 to the Sailor's Home, *I'll make so much sure.*' Such a donation, under the circumstances, we re-

gard as a noble gift. It was most honorable to the man. We know not the widow's name who gave the "two mites," neither will our readers learn from us the name of the Skipper who gave \$20 00

Take another example, some days since when visiting the Hospital, we passed by the bed of a man who seemed to be a great sufferer. He could hardly speak, but after fumbling under his blanket, he drew out a \$2 50 gold piece, shining as bright as when it dropped from the mint in Philadelphia, "there," says he, "take that for your Home. *The Sailor's Home is a great thing.* I'll give some more by and by." This too, was a well done deed. No matter for the name of the donor; but try, reader, and do the like, as modestly and cheerfully.

Take another example, Jack is a queer fellow. He does things sometimes which will make a misanthrope laugh, and Sir Humphrey Melancholy smile. A certain sailor called at our sanctum a few days since. He had a "sheet in the wind!" He was none of your ignorant fellows. His language was well chosen. There was no mistake, he had the elements of a noble character. There was the scholarly air in his demeanor. He was just such a son as a fond doting mother would love; and the more he grieved her, the more would she love him. He said he had broke his mother's heart; we believed it! He raised the veil of the past enough to show a sad looking picture. His mother once wore the Quaker garb, and New York "Friends" knew her well, but now she doubtless wears robes purer than those that once adorned her person here on earth. Our conversation with the young man chanced to turn upon the "Sailor's Home." He spoke of its importance, and especially of fitting up a good reading room for Sailors. "*Do for mercy's sake,*" he says, "*build a Sailor's Home in Honolulu,* and here is my donation." He then gave us half a dollar. It was, let it be remembered, the first donation paid us for the Honolulu Sailor's Home. May this donation prompt a multitude of others to aid forward the enterprise.

Take another example, and it occurred, reader, not five minutes ago.—While sitting at our desk scribbling these lines, we received a visit from the wife of a shipmaster. "There," says she, "is my donation for the Friend. My husband may do what he has a mind to do, but this (\$5 00) is for me and *my son*; you gave him a volume some time ago. You will not mention my name." We did not promise that we would not record the deed!"

RESPONSES FROM THE LAND.

The American Seamen's Friend Society will respond generously to this call if the means are placed at its command. In Boston the appeal from the Islands touched the right chord. "Chatham," in behalf of himself and others thus speaks in a late No. of the "Traveller":—

"They now appeal, as they have an undoubted right, to America, and to this good city of Boston, for aid in this noble work. Every Atlantic city should do something. New England—especially New Bedford, New London, Stonington, and Nantucket, should meet the appeal in a liberal spirit. Let every friend of the sailor do a little, and the work is accomplished. A subscription paper liberally headed by two gentlemen who have lived at Honolulu and feel the necessity of such an institution, may be found at the Merchants' Reading Room. We trust the names of the cheerful givers may early be placed upon the list.

Truly we have a noble example in the gift of a Foreign King, for the benefit of "the Sailors of all nations."

CHATHAM.

P. S. Persons desirous to aid this object can send their gifts to James Hunnewell, 25 Commercial wharf; Albert Fearing, 25 Commercial street; Alpheus Hardy, 128 State street." Or, we will add, to the Office of the American Seamen's Friend Society, 80 Wall Street, New York.

A SUGGESTION.

Such building materials as can be conveniently shipped will be no less

acceptable than cash. Capt. James Hunnewell, 25 Commercial wharf, Boston, will despatch a ship for Honolulu the present month. Will not those Societies and individuals, who have so praiseworthy vied with each other in furnishing each a Room in a Sailor's Home here, take pleasure in fitting up a Room for the Sailor in the Home in Honolulu?

Case of Conscience.

May a sailor refuse to obey his Captain when ordered into a boat to capture a whale on the Sabbath?

On page 200 of this number of the Magazine, in the communication of Rev. S. C. Bishop, at Lahaina, to which we hope the reader will refer, this case is stated at length to the Chaplain, by a sailor recently converted to Christ.

The Chaplain solves it, after mature deliberation, that he must obey, as it becomes to him, under the authority of the Captain, "a work of necessity."

Our good Chaplain had certainly some high authority for his solution. Learned judges, and learned Divines too, have furnished him precedents; but the authority of God is higher.—The case contains in a nutshell the whole question of the "higher and lower law" controversy.

The solution of it, as given, is utter rottenness. Had all acted on the principle, there would not have been a christian martyr from the beginning till now.

We intend no disrespect or want of affection for our worthy and excellent Chaplain. Suppose some learned Babylonish Jew had given, in a parallel case, the same advice to Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego, and they had followed it, and bowed down

to the Golden Image, very like to that which the Sunday whaling Captain worships. What a loss to Jew and Gentile, to the church and the world, of that exhibition of the Power and Truth of Almighty God, and his approval and defence of unshaken principle and right, in his chosen ones, had occurred.

It might be the duty of the christian sailor to suffer under the lash or in irons, with christian heroism and patience; and exhibit thus the power of his faith and his principles, till he conquered his captain, as they conquered Nebuchadnezzar, or till the story of his wrongs had made the ears to tingle, and the conscience to wake up, of some christian owner to command their captains and sailors too, to obey God rather than man.

No christian sailor should or would refuse to do *necessary* work on ship-board, such as standing at the wheel, taking in, or trimming sails, on the Sabbath day. But the Captain's authority in this case is an usurped authority over the conscience of the sailor, and the law of Jehovah. The enforcement of it would be downright tyranny. He has no right to make such a command. The sailor, in signing articles, has not by implication, shipped to obey such an order. The government of a ship even, is not that of a Tyrant, but of *Law*. True obedience, is obedience to law or right, which may and should often lead the christian to the resistance of tyranny and wrong. H. L.

A Mother Wanted.

The mother of William Mulloy, who sailed in the whale-ship Maine, from New Bedford, in 1846, will hear of something to her advantage at the office of the American Seamen's Friend Society, 80 Wall Street, New York.

Sailor's Home Portland.*

The sketch of this noble building, on the cover of this number of the Magazine, is from an Electrottype plate,* prepared from a wood cut executed by Mr. J. F. Richardson, a young artist in the employ of his relative Mr. Brown Thurston, printer and Stereotyper &c., in Portland.

Several attempts to establish an Institution of this kind here, had failed, owing to the necessity of hiring houses which were ill adapted to the purpose, either in their construction, or location, or both.

An opportunity occurred to purchase the property known as the Waite House; a respectable three story brick mansion, on the corner of India and Sumner Sts., for \$5,000. The means for this, and for enlarging and furnishing it, to the amount in all of about \$16,000, were mostly provided in donations of 500 and 1000 dollars by gentlemen, whose modesty being equal to their benevolence, forbids the mention of their names.

The house, in its present state, is 45 feet front by 90 in depth; four stories high besides the basement, and a high attic with lutheran windows, surmounted by a spacious cupola commanding a fine view of the bay and ocean, city and distant mountains, and over all a large flag presented by a steam boat Company unfolds itself to the breeze from a lofty staff, and announces a "Home" to every "Sailor" who enters the harbor.

The House when the attic shall be finished and furnished will accommodate about 100 inmates. Capt. Bayley, late of Boston, is Superintendent; conducts a weekly prayer meeting and daily worship, and will be found an agreeable landlord by all well disposed men, as well as sufficiently firm to meet the exigencies arising in such an Establishment so long as all sailors are not teetotallers, and all

rumshops both "open" and covert, are not abolished.

The whole establishment has afforded a beautiful illustration of strength in union. Gentlemen of all denominations, nearly, among us, have united in the purchase; and the names of many churches over the doors of neatly, and some of them elegantly furnished chambers, show that the ladies too are in favor of union. The best rooms are proving quite attractive to Captains and mates, with their wives.

The opening religious services were also arranged on the same catholic principle, though some denominations unavoidably failed to be represented according to invitation. Rev. Messrs. French of the Bethel, Burgess of the Episcopal, Shailer of the Baptist, and Dwight and Chickering of the Congregational churches, together with Captains Bayley and Blake and other laymen took part in the exercises. The singing was exquisite; and the whole occasion seemed to be one of gratitude and of faith.

No city, not even Liverpool with its freestone palace, can boast a better building for this purpose in proportion to the amount of shipping.

May the Lord, without whom we build in vain, keep both the city and the Home, and make both a house of God and a gate of Heaven to many a wanderer.

Humanity at Sea—vs. Inhumanity on Shore.

To the Editors of the Courier & Inquirer:

I have noticed this morning with great satisfaction, an article showing that the Owners of the ship *Tingqua*, have presented a Gold Watch to Capt. S. WEEKS, of the Schooner "*R. L. Myers*" of this port, as a testimonial of their appreciation of his services in the cause of humanity on "the night of the eleventh inst. in rescuing those on board of the unfortunate ship after they had been passed by, unheeded, by many large vessels, although 'minute guns' were fired." Such testimonials are peculiarly gratifying, and while they evince the gra-

* This process is as follows: The wood-cut is first transferred, of course in reverse, to wax. The wax impression is then coated, in a battery, with copper. This shell, after the wax is separated from it, is then strengthened by softer metal, in a melted state, pressed upon the back, and the compound plate has all the durability of copper, while it retains the other qualities of the original wood-cut, costing but little more.

titnde of the donors on the one hand, serve to stimulate to laudable and self denying exertions for the preservation of life and property on the other.

It is well that men should be applauded and rewarded for deeds of mercy. But the very deeds of mercy, pleasing as the remembrance of them is in itself considered, sometimes induce painful emotions by the very contrast which, by the power of association are suggested by them. I have an instance in point, which goes to show very clearly that while *gifts* are lavished on the one hand, *indefensible individual rights* are withheld on the other. Not by the same persons, I will admit, but in the same community and from the same class of men.

The Sailor appears to be the lawful prey of *all* who have anything to do with him, save and excepting only those who are not mistakably governed by the application of the "*golden rule*." I will state a simple case.

A sailor who was one of the crew of the "unfortunate ship *Tingqua*," and who was among the saved by the schooner above named, arrived in New York last week in company with some of his shipmates, via Philadelphia, and with the recommendation of Mr. JOHN CASSIDY, keeper of the Sailors' Home in that city, came to the Sailors' Home 190 Cherry Street in this city. But in consequence of the cold, exposure and excitement, resulting from the disasters of the voyage, was very sick; having a severe cough, pains in the chest and lungs, and at the same time a severe attack of Diarrhœa. He came to the office of the "home" and applied at once to be sent to the hospital, feeling that the payment of hospital money monthly, for years, entitled him to the privileges of such an establishment. One of the young men was immediately sent with him for the purpose of obtaining a permit, which in accordance with present regulation or the caprice of insulting officials, must be applied for in person, though the beneficiary be in a dying condition. He was sent in an open wagon, and while on the way, the terrible piercing rain of Friday last, which we all recollect to have been

very severe, was beating pitiously on the head of the sick man. The application was first made at the office of the Staten Island Hospital, No. 8 "Old Slip." Here the permit was refused because the man could not show *written* evidence that he had sailed out of New York within a given period. He stated that he had sailed out of the port of New York in a schooner in 1852, the name of which he gave. But his *word* was not a *written certificate*, and hence he was compelled, sick as he was, to face the driving rain storm again.

The young man with him then took him to Capt. HAZZARD, agent, I believe, of the U. S Marine Hospital. Here they were both treated *very abruptly*, and the person taking him ordered to hold his peace, and let the man speak for himself. The sick man was then accosted by Capt. HAZZARD in the same curt and abrupt manner. Said Captain treating the invalid more like a criminal at a bar of justice than a man coming respectfully to ask for his right. After undergoing an inquisitorial process accompanied with a good display of *inquisitorial charity*, during which the man stated that he was born in the State of Maine, had been to sea many years, and that during all that time he had paid regularly his hospital fees. He was refused here also unless he could produce a written certificate from the Captain or Mate of the ship *Tingqua*, of whose whereabouts, after they were picked up from the wreck, he was perfectly ignorant.

He was compelled to give up the idea of obtaining his just rights and is now lying sick at the Sailor's Home, while the country he has served and the city he has helped to enrich, have robbed him of his money, for which he has worked hard, and to add insult to injury, subject him to the inquisition of mean, tyrannizing officials, who cannot give a civil word to a sick and dying man who comes to ask—not an *alms*—but his own hard earned, dearly bought privilege. If this were a *solitary case*, Messrs. Editors, you would not have been troubled with it. The repetition of the evil is the only ground now of

complaint, and if this story be doubted, certified cases can be produced, that in comparison with this, are as night compared to day. If this system of bullying is continued, recourse must be had to "head quarters," and an appeal *can* be sent there of such a character that it *must be heard*.

A SAILOR.

Account of Monies.

From Jan. 15, to Feb. 15, 1855.

Directors for Life by the payment of Fifty Dollars.

Rev. Jacob G. Miller, Harwinton, Ct., by Con. Soc. and Ladies of School Districts Nos. 1 and 6, 60 00

Members for Life by the payment of Twenty Dollars.

Mrs. Lydia S. Carpenter, by Young Ladies Sea. Frd. Soc., Attleboro, Mass., 30 00
 Mrs. Caroline G. Bailey, by Young Ladies Benev. Soc., Pittsfield, Mass., 24 00
 John G. Davis, do. do., 24 00
 Charles D. Mills, M.D., do. do., 24 00
 Charles E. West, do. do., 24 00
 Miss Mary P. Buell, do. do., 24 00
 Mrs. Walter Tracy, Pittsfield, by her Husband, 20 00
 Mrs. P. B. Stevens, Concord, N. H., (in part), 5 00
 Mrs. T. D. Merrill, Concord, N. H., (3d payment), 5 00
 Henry Smith, by Pres. Ch., Astoria, N. Y., 20 51
 Robert G. Rankin, do. do., 20 51
 James S. Polhemus, do. do., 20 51
 Charles H. Burr, do. do., 20 51
 Rev. Samuel Baker, by First Baptist Ch. Williamsburgh, N. Y., 38 54
 John A. McGaw, New York City, (amt. ack. below.)
 Thomas Rigney, do do do.,
 George D. Phelps, Jr., by his father, do do do.
 Samuel Sweetser, do do do.
 William Henry Hurlbut, by his father, do do do.
 Mrs. Dr. Isaac Brinckerhoff, by North Ref.'d Dutch Ch., Brooklyn, N. Y., 20 00
 Miss Anna Decamp, do do., 20 00

William B. Higgins, do do., 20 00
 Charles Hedges, do do., 20 00
 Egbert M. Rogers, by Con. Soc., North Cornwall, Ct., (in part) 10 19
 Charles Parker, by Central Con. Ch., Brooklyn, N. Y., 22 42
 Wm. T. Cutter, 22 42

Donations.

From Center Ch. S. School, New Haven, Ct., 30 83
 " Con. Ch. and Soc. Beth-el, Ct., 8 50
 " Pres. Ch., Connecticut Farms, N. J., 20 00
 " Mrs. Abby Lyman, Goshen, Ct., 2 00
 " Con. Soc., Wells, Me., 5 00
 " Ladies of Second Cong. Soc., Norwich, Ct., 80 55
 " South Con. Soc., Pittsfield, Mass., a Gold Ring and 24 32
 " Con. Soc. Branford, Ct., 18 75
 " Monthly offerings of St. James Ch., Newtown, N. Y., 14 00
 " Captain of bark Florence, N. Y., 2 00
 " The Church of the Puritans, N. Y., 375 70
 " Ref. Dutch Ch. Astoria, N. Y., 32 00
 " Con. Soc., Cumberland, Me., 9 00
 " Rev. J. N. Lewis, N. Y., 9 50
 " Pres. Ch. Hudson, N. Y., 46 25
 " Cong.'l Soc'y, Greens Farms, Ct., 24 00
 " Trinitarian Ch., Marlborough, N. H., 9 00
 " Ladies of Jasper, N. Y., 2 00
 " Mrs. K. H. Henning, Steubenville, Ohio 3 00
 " Mrs. L. Atterbury, Patterson, N. J., 5 00
 " Con. Church and Soc., Lenox, Mass., 60 29
 " Ref. Dutch Ch., Washington Square, N. York, including subscrip's, 94 62
 " Pres. Ch., Port Chester, N. Y., 16 00
 " Rev. E. B. Emerson, West Randolph, Vt., for Magazine. 2 00

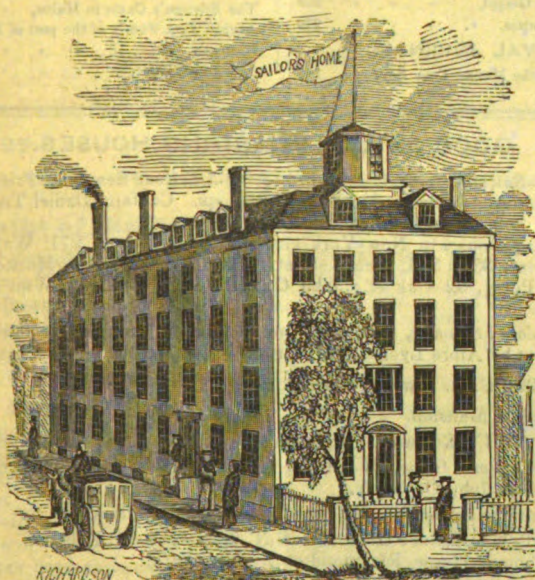
\$1,489 92

Vol. 27.

APRIL, 1855

No. 8.

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.



SAILOR'S HOME, PORTLAND, MAINE.

New York:

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

No. 80 WALL STREET

\$1 Per Annum—Postage, in N. Y., in ADVANCE, 3 Cts., a Year; Elsewhere, in the U. S.,
6 Cts.; Single Number 1 Ct

STEPHEN HALLET, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER, 122 NASSAU STREET.
Spanish and French Printer and Translator.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

MISCELLANEOUS.		Page.	Loss of the ship Favorite.	Page.
Depths of the Ocean,	- - - - -	225	A noble Deed,	- - - - - 243
Aleck and the Mutineers of the Bounty,	- - - - -	229	Notice to Mariners,	- - - - - 244
Mariner's Church, New York,	- - - - -	230	Disasters,	- - - - - 245
Letters from Polynesia,	- - - - -	232	NEW YORK DEPARTMENT.	
The Ocean the home of the orphan,	- - - - -	234	Notice,	- - - - - 247
"All My Springs are in Thee,"	- - - - -	235	A Mother Wanted,	- - - - - 247
Capt. James Wilson,	- - - - -	236	A word to the Sailor,	- - - - - 247
The Sailor's happy return, or God's way	- - - - -		Letters from Polynesia,	- - - - - 249
the best,	- - - - -	238	Mobile 'ay Chaplaincy,	- - - - - 253
Sailors need the Gospel,	- - - - -	239	The Seamen's Cause in Maine,	- - - - - 254
Pleasant Responses,	- - - - -	240	Marine Tem. Soc.'y of the port of N. Y.,	- - - - - 255
NAVAL JOURNAL.			Intrusion,	- - - - - 255
Anniversary of the Marine Tem. Soc.'y,	- - - - -	241	Account of Moneys,	- - - - - 256

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

- NEW-YORK**—*Sailor's Home*, Established by the American Seamen's Friend Society
No. 190 Cherry st. between Market and Pike sts. Captain Daniel Tracy.
New Sailor's Home, No. 338 Pearl st. J. S. Towne.
Other Boarding-Houses in New-York city.—William Sharp, 271 Water street;
William Huelat, 334, 336, Pearl street; Peter Oberg, 91, Market street;
Mrs. Alice Perry, 22 Oak st.; John Crocket, 322 Pearl st.; Wm. Johnson, 9
Carlisle st.
Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend
Society kept by Albro Lyons, 64 Oliver-st.
- SANDUSKY**—Rev. C. R. Jewitt, Chaplain.
- BATH**—Seamen's Mansion.
- PORTSMOUTH, N. H.**—Edward C. Myers, corner of Market and Bow st., Spring Hill.
- BOSTON**—The *Sailor's Home*, established by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society,
99 Purchase st. John O. Chany.
- BOSTON**—Mariner's House, North Square, by Mr. N. Hamilton.
" North End Sailor's Home, No. 6 N. Square, by Mr. Roberts.
" Richmond House, Richmond st., by Mr. Clark.
" John Kennaley Clark-st.
" Murdock Matherson, Fleet-st.
- SALEM**—Ebenezer Griffin, No. 16 Vine st., clothing store, corner of Liberty and Vine
sts.; and Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket st. near Derby st.
- BRISTOL, R. I.**—Mrs. Ann Pearce.
- NEW-BEDFORD**—Wm. Cranston, 14 Bethel Court; A. C. Davenport, 25 Middle st.
For Colored Seamen, by Marshall L. Potts, corner Sixth and Bedford sts.
- PHILADELPHIA**—Sailor's Home, 204 South Front st., by J. H. Cassidy under the care
of the Pa. Seamen's Friend Society.
- BALTIMORE**.—New Seamen's Bethel Home and Shipping Office Edward Kirby, 65
Thames Street.
- ALEXANDRIA, D. C.**—Sailor's Home, by John Robinson.
- CHARLESTON**.—Sailor's Home, by Capt. Wm. White, Market st., opposite State st.
- SAVANNAH**—Foot of Jefferson st., O. C. Parker.
- MOBILE**.—Sailor's Home, by Lewis Lawson.
- NEW-ORLEANS**—Sailor's Home, F. Rickerts, corner of New Levee and
Suzettes sts.
- ST. JOHNS, N. B.**—Seamen's Home, by E. W. Flaglor, keeper.
- HAVRE, FRANCE**—Mrs. Johnson, Rue Royale, 21.

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. 27.

APRIL, 1855.

No. 8.

Depths of the Ocean.

Extract from the Review of Lieut. Maury's Philosophical Survey of the Ocean, in the "New Englander."

BY PROFESSOR OLMSTED, OF YALE COLLEGE.

The waters of the ocean cover nearly three-fourths (or more exactly, five-sevenths) of the surface of the globe: and of the thirty-eight millions of miles of dry land in existence twenty-eight belong to the northern hemisphere. The mean depth of the ocean has been variously stated, but may for the present be taken at four miles; the numerous soundings now in progress will soon enable us to speak with more definiteness on this point. Enough has already been done to prove that the depth is exceedingly unequal; that like the surface of the earth, the bottom of the ocean here rises in mountain peaks, and there sinks in deep valleys. Until recently the deepest sounding ever made, was that by Captain Scoresby in the polar seas, which was short of a mile and a half. As late as 1848, the maximum sounding was that of Captain Ross, in the South Atlantic, and gave 27,600 feet, or a little over five miles,

without finding bottom. But more recently, at a point of the Atlantic farther North, Lieut. Walsh, of the U.S. Schooner *Taney*, sounded, without reaching bottom, to the depth of 34,200 feet, or nearly 6 1/2 miles. Within a short time Captain Denham communicated to the Royal Society a report of having reached the bottom of the Atlantic, in a passage from Rio Janeiro to the Cape of Good Hope, at the astonishing depth of 7,706 fathoms, or 8 3/4 miles; a depth so profound, that the plummet occupied in its descent from the reel nearly 9 1/2 hours. From these results it appears that the depths of the ocean exceed the heights of the mountains, since the loftiest summits of the Himalaya are little more than 28,000 feet, or 5 1/2 miles. Notwithstanding these enormous depths, there are large tracts of the ocean comparatively shallow; and in the immediate vicinity of places where no bottom could be found, were spots of no uncommon depths. These facts indicate that the bed of the sea is diversified like the surface of the earth. The Gulf of Mexico is thought not to exceed on an average one mile; and the Greenland seas are of such moderate depth, that whales, when harpooned, often

run to the bottom, as is indicated by their appearance when they rise again to the surface. Whales are even supposed to seek a part of their food at the bottom of the sea.

The pressure that bodies must undergo at such vast depths is enormous. As the pressure of a column of water varies in proportion to the depth, and is found by experiment to amount to 500 pounds on a square foot, at the depth of 8 feet, it would be, at one mile below the surface, on the same area, 330,000 pounds; and at the depth of 8 3-4 miles (the deepest sounding yet made) it would exceed 1200 tons to the square foot. It has long been known that square bottles let down to even a moderate depth into the sea, are crushed; and that junk bottles, when sunk to a greater depth, come up filled with water, if previously empty, or if before full of fresh water, this is displaced, and the bottle, when drawn up, is found full of salt water, the great compression of the cork having permitted the exchange. The late Mr. Jacob Perkins, many years ago, instituted an interesting series of experiments of this kind, during his voyage across the Atlantic, with the view of ascertaining the compressibility of water; and afterwards, in Philadelphia, he applied, by means of the hydraulic press, a force of no less than nearly 2000 tons to the square foot, without changing the water from the fluid to the solid state, as some have imagined might be the case with water under the pressure sustained by sea water in the lowest depths of the ocean. Water itself, however, by such an incumbent pressure, would be sensibly reduced in bulk, and its density would be proportionally increased; so that substances which, like the human body, but little exceed water, in specific gravity, might float at a certain depth, before reaching the bottom, if they did not by the same cause themselves undergo a still greater compression. This is commonly the case with light bodies submerged to a great depth, so that parts of a vessel when wrecked in deep water, which would float near the surface, never rise. The Greenland

whale is said sometimes to descend to the depth of a mile, but always to come up exhausted and blowing out blood.

Specimens of the matter that was brought up from the bottom of the sea, by our vessels employed in taking deep soundings, at the depth of more than two miles, were transmitted to Professor Bailey, of West Point, (well known for his great skill in microscopic examinations,) and were found to be filled with the remains of exceedingly minute animalcules, consisting of calcareous shells. Professor Bailey thinks it impossible that these microscopic animals lived at the depths where those shells are found, but that their home is near the surface, and that when they die their shells settle to the bottom. Mr. Maury remarks that we are taught to view the surface of the sea as a nursery teeming with nascent organisms; its depths as the cemetery for families of living creatures, that outnumber the sands of the sea-shore for multitude.

The temperature of the ocean undergoes but slight variations in the torrid zone, being generally from 80 to 83 degrees, and in the higher latitudes the variations are much less than on the land. It becomes, therefore, a fountain of cool breezes in summer, and of warm gales in winter. In certain parts of the Indian Ocean, the hottest sea in the world, the water reaches the heat of 90 degrees. At a certain depth below the surface throughout the ocean, we come to a cold stratum of invariable temperature, that of 40 degrees. At the equator this is found at the depth of a mile and a quarter, (7,200 feet,) but it comes continually nearer and nearer to the surface until, in latitude 56, it reaches quite to the surface. North of this the cold water is uppermost, and in latitude 70 the depth of the invariable stratum is three-fourths of a mile, (4,500 feet.) Nothing could be more favorably situated for evaporation than the waters of the ocean, whether we regard the extent of surface, the elevated temperature, or the agitation by winds; and, accordingly, the amount of water thus raised into the atmosphere is prodigious, being

estimated as sufficient, were none returned to it, to sink the level of the ocean four feet per annum, implying more than 3,000,000 of tons weight to every square mile. One portion of this vapour is precipitated upon the ocean again; another portion is borne by the winds over the lands, and waters the earth with showers, feeds the springs, sustains vegetable and animal life, and then returns again to the ocean by the rivers. These restore to the sea what the land had before borrowed from it; and thus, by this constant exchange, the land is not drained and the sea is not full. The Mississippi alone delivers to the Gulf of Mexico, nearly fifty trillions of cubic feet, or about 110 cubic miles of water, which the valley of the Mississippi alone had borrowed from the ocean. These statements give us some faint idea of the energy which Nature puts forth in watering the earth. Her beneficent care is still further manifested in the *purifying* processes which water undergoes in this circulatory system, which is carried on between the sea and the land. All the impurities that can soil the person, or clothing, or dwelling of man; all that can corrupt the air from the decay of organic substances, is received by the rivers and borne away to the sea. Here the tides and the waves meet it, and sweep it far from the shore, and deposit it in the ocean depths. In return, a constant supply of pure water is raised from the sea by distillation, leaving behind all saline and all other foreign ingredients of sea water; it is borne over the land by winds, where it either falls in showers of rain, or is still further purified by the process of crystallization, and descends in snow. But since in falling through the atmosphere it imbibes the impurities which may happen to be present in this medium, (a process by which the purity of the atmosphere itself is maintained,) it is again subjected to filtration through the stratum of sand that covers the surface of the earth, and being thus separated from every impurity which it had either transported to the sea or accidentally imbibed on its return, it is restored to the earth to gush forth

again in pure fountains, for the use of man.

Since the rivers carry down saline matters to the sea, which they have dissolved in flowing on or under the earth, while by evaporation, in the returning system, water leaves all foreign ingredients behind, the ocean becomes permanently *salt*. It is not, however, certain that all the salt is thus supplied by the rivers. Since the different saline substances contained in river water are appropriated more or less in the marine structures that are constantly forming, as sea-shells and coral groves, it is not easy to determine whether the ocean was originally salt, or has borrowed this quality entirely from the land. It amounts, at present, to about 3 1-2 per cent, and is nearly uniformly distributed over the globe, a proof that the waters of the ocean commingle throughout their whole extent. The numerous *currents* which form so prominent an object of the work before us, keep its waters in continual circulation. No sooner is a portion of the equatorial seas heated, than it expands, and starts for the polar regions, and like portions of the polar waters commence their circuit to the equator. This mutual exchange goes far to prevent excesses of heat on the one side, or of cold on the other, and contributes greatly towards diffusing a uniform temperature over the globe. Until recently these currents were little known, and it is chiefly by investigating their course and the laws that govern them, that the labours of Lieutenant Maury and those who aid him in collecting materials for his *Wind and Current Charts*, have proved so useful to navigation, and will, as we believe, become, as they are improved and perfected by future researches, a still more signal benefit. Among these currents, the Gulf Stream is the most remarkable, and that which longest has received the attention of both navigators and men of science. It is a hot sea river issuing from the Gulf of Mexico, where it has a temperature of 86 degrees. In the Straits of Florida its breadth is 38 miles, but it widens as it advances northward, and attains a breadth of

75 miles off Cape Hatteras, and expands still more as it reaches the latitude of the Grand Banks, still preserving a temperature nearly 20 degrees above that of the neighbouring seas. Its color (indigo blue) serves to distinguish its borders from the adjoining waters, which are of a dark green hue; but the thermometer is a still more definite guide to its exact limits, and shows that its margin is exceedingly well defined, and that its waters hardly mix at all with the cold and dense waters through which it flows. These, indeed, on either hand, are like banks to it, confining it like the banks of earth that form the margin of an ordinary river. Since the bottom of the sea, as it advances to the north, grows more and more shallow, its breadth of course expands, and thus the lower surface of the stream presents an inclined plane, rising in the direction of the stream; and this is what Lieutenant Maury means by the apparently paradoxical expression, that "the Gulf Stream runs up hill." The amount of water kept in motion by this hot sea river is prodigious, being, as our author supposes, 3,000 times as great as all that the Mississippi pours into the Gulf of Mexico, and equal to one-fourth of the entire water of the Atlantic; and since whatever amount of fluid is withdrawn from the equatorial regions, and conveyed to the polar, must be replaced by a corresponding amount in the opposite direction, he concludes that the great current which descends from Baffin's Bay is no less in amount than the Gulf Stream. This it meets near the Grand Banks, where it divides into two portions, one crossing the Gulf Stream at a considerable depth, where its course is detected by the masses of ice which it bears along in its current, and the other flowing down the coast commonly at a great depth, but occasionally elevated by shoals almost to the surface of the ocean, as at the Banks of Newfoundland and at Cape Hatteras. The Gulf Stream itself also divides into two parts beyond the Banks, one portion running northward and flowing along the western side of northern Europe, contributing

greatly to soften the rigors of those wintry climates, and the other taking a sweep towards the Coast of Africa, and returning again to the Gulf of Mexico to renew the same grand circuit. The Gulf Stream retaining somewhat of the superior diurnal velocity of the earth in the regions from which it flows, has an easterly tendency as it proceeds towards the higher latitudes, while the polar current, retaining somewhat of its inferior diurnal velocity, has a westerly tendency as it flows southward, clinging closely to the main land. Its presence is recognized even in the Carribean sea, where at a little depth the water is found to be as cold as at the corresponding depth off the Arctic shores of Spitzbergen.

What power can be assigned adequate to the movement of such a vast amount of water as that of the Gulf Stream? The cause usually assigned is the influence of the trade winds, which accumulate the waters of the Atlantic upon the great basin of the Gulf of Mexico. But our author considers the fact of such an elevation of the waters of this basin as is usually represented to take place, improbable, and maintains (what appears to us extremely probable) that the expansion of the waters of equatorial seas, makes them flow off either way towards the poles, local circumstances determining them to run in particular channels, rather than in one unbroken wave; while the condensation of the cold waters of the polar seas, causes them in like manner to make their way towards the equator.

The tendency of the waters of the middle portions of the Atlantic to join the great current that issues from the Gulf of Mexico, is strongly evinced by the following fact. It is a custom often practised by sea-faring people, to throw bottles overboard, with a paper stating the time and place at which it is done. Lieutenant Maury is in possession of a chart representing in this way the tracks of more than one hundred bottles. Of many thousands that have been cast into the sea, these are all that have been found and recorded. This chart indicates that the waters from every part of the

Atlantic tend towards the Gulf of Mexico and its stream. Bottles cast into the sea midway between the old and new worlds, near the coasts of Europe, Africa, and America, at the extreme north and farthest south, have been found either in the West Indies, or within the well-known range of the Gulf Stream.

Besides the immense aid which these researches promise to lend to the navigators of the ocean, they will also contribute vastly to promote the discovery and acquisition of its hidden treasures. Already the tracing of warm and cold currents has opened new retreats of the sperm whale, which lives only in warm water, and brought to light new homes of the right whale, which is the tenant only of cold water, and never crosses the torrid zone. So great indeed is the importance of the whale fishery to the United States, that our author, with an excusable degree of enthusiasm, pronounces it to be a source of wealth transcending all the mines of California.

Aleck, and the Mutineers of the Bounty.

This Book is mainly the production of the late Prof. N. W. FISKE, of Amherst College. In this edition some alterations have been made, so as to adapt the book to an older class of readers than those for whom it was originally designed. The revision of the book and the addition, bringing the history of Pitcairn's Island up to the present time—has been made by Rev. S. W. Hanks, Cor. Sec. of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society. It is now republished by Jno. P. Jewett & Co., Boston, with the hope that its perusal will impress salutary lessons upon the minds of its readers; especially, those "who go down to the sea in ships." It is believed to be the most accurate and complete account of the remarkable incidents of which it treats ever before published.

The reflections awakened by reading this interesting volume are sum-

marily stated in the conclusion. 1. Intoxicating drink the prominent cause of the dreadful tragedy therein recorded. 2. The evils of an uncontrolled temper. 3. The little gained by a wicked course. 4. Good out of evil. 5. The value of a good character; or innocence vindicated. 6. Influence of the Bible in making happy families and neighborhoods. 7. This narrative shows us what good it may do to give a Bible to a thoughtless sailor.

How happy for Aleck that a Bible was preserved from the *Bounty*!—Perhaps his mother or some kind friend gave him one, just before he sailed from England. Probably he rarely looked into it, until he began to feel himself an outcast on the lonely island. Certain it is, that he had not read it to any good purpose before the mutiny; for if he was not one of the foremost in guilt, he took a very active part, being one of those who stood with arms around Lieut. Bligh, threatening death to him if he should not keep silence. That Bible was, it is very likely, stowed away in his chest as a thing of little value. But how precious did he find the Bible when he began to come to his right mind! And what could he have done without it? Blessed book! this alone guided him to the Savior, and taught him that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. A most remarkable conversion, by the instrumentality of the Bible alone, a Bible carried from London half across the globe, and all the while held only as a worthless thing, and then in the midst of the Pacific ocean it was found by the solitary sinner to be the word of God and the power of God unto salvation! In desolation and loneliness, when all his companions had fallen, "thoughts came to him in visions of the night," and he was troubled so that he could neither eat nor sleep. In this state of mind, he thought of the Bible which had been saved from the *Bounty*. He made search, and at length found it. He had never been to school, and had learned to read but imperfectly from scraps of paper which he had picked

up in the streets of London when a boy. He commenced praying three times a day. He persevered in reading the Scriptures until his mind became enlightened, and Christ was revealed to him as a Savior. He then commenced instructing the children of the mutineers in the Scriptures, with such results as we have seen.

8. This narrative has a lesson of admonition to shipmasters. The occasion of the mutiny on board of the *Bounty* was the rash and provoking language of Captain Bligh. This roused the passions of a portion of the crew, and led to the determination to take the ship. Christian called to his help the men who had been flogged, and were ready to avenge themselves on their commander. Had Capt. Bligh, instead of abusing his men, by calling them scoundrels and rascals, and threatening to make them jump overboard, used dignified language, and maintained his authority by such a deportment as would have commanded the respect of the crew, the mutiny would probably not have occurred.—Neither oaths nor rough words, nor yet the lash, will produce subordination on shipboard. A dignified deportment, and the respect of the crew, will avail most to establish authority.

9. Young men and boys who are contemplating the marine service can learn some useful lessons from this narrative. On board the *Bounty* there was intemperance and profanity. Under such an influence, a "degeneracy of morals" was the natural result. "Evil communications corrupt good manners, and the companion of fools shall be destroyed." Let young men who are going to sea look well to the moral influences which are to surround them. On board many ships provisions are made for the intellectual and moral wants of the crew.—Boys are furnished with rooms separate from the common apartment, and such commanders are employed as will exert a salutary influence upon youth committed to their care.

10. This volume furnishes a strong argument in favor of efforts for the moral improvement of seamen. In his last days, John Adams expressed his fears that the morals of the Pit-

cairn Islanders would be corrupted by the influence of wicked sailors. Some years since, a shipmaster repaid the confidence and hospitality of the people by decoying an unsuspecting female on board his ship with the promise of carrying her to England, but shamefully left her at one of the Sandwich Islands, friendless and penniless. Seamen of depraved character are hindering, to the extent of their power, the efforts of Christian missionaries in all parts of the world. How important that their character be elevated! Seamen's Friend Societies are laboring for this result. By sustaining chaplains, furnishing religious reading and Sailor's Homes, and in various other ways, these societies are laboring for the spiritual good of the men who go down to the sea in ships. By these influences, a great change for the better has been wrought. The same truth which wrought such "a marvelous change" in the character of John Adams has been working out its blessed results in the hearts of many seamen; and who will not help forward the good work, until the abundance of the sea shall be converted?

Mariner's Church—New-York.

Extract from the Report of Rev. Charles J. Jones, Pastor of the Mariner's Church, Cor. of Market and Monroe. (late of Roosevelt st.) to the Society for promoting the Gospel among Seamen in the Port of New-York, Jan. 17, 1855.

Since the commencement of my ministration among the seamen in October last, I have noticed a continued and steady increase in the numbers in attendance, and a more than ordinary interest in the saving truths of the precious Gospel. The house is now densely crowded on the Sabbath, and it will soon be imperatively necessary to provide us with a larger place of worship.

Our Sabbath-school has become so much enlarged that we find it difficult to seat the children, and the teachers are confident that full double the num-

ber of scholars could be induced to attend, could we but find them accommodations.

A sewing circle has been organized, at the meetings of which from twenty to thirty ladies come together for the purpose of making garments to clothe such children and grown persons as would else be deprived of the privilege of attending divine service and Sabbath-school. This circle of benevolent ladies bids fair to become a useful auxiliary to the church.

During the three months last past, in addition to the duties of the Sabbath, and the weekly meetings for prayer, the pastor has made more than a hundred pastoral visits, praying with the families as opportunity offered, and distributing tracts to all.

A very large number of seamen has been supplied with tracts, sailors' magazines, and other reading matter, and with copies of the Scripture in several languages, where they were found destitute.

For the supply of the books and periodicals above named we are greatly indebted to the "American Tract Society," "American Bible Society," and the "Seamen's Friend Society." More than fifty seamen have been led to the pastor's study, and conversed with personally and privately on the importance of giving their hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ. These conversations have, in all cases, been accompanied with prayer and presentation of some book or tract adapted to the peculiar case of the individual.—Visits have been made to the Naval Hospital, and to many ships, brigs, schooners, sloops, and steamers, on which occasions the words of life have been dropped among the perishing souls.

Much of this effort is "bread cast upon the waters," which shall be "found after many days." But for our encouragement it has seemed pleasing to Divine Goodness to allow us to gather already some of the first ripe fruit. *Twenty-three* persons have been hopefully converted to Christ through these instrumentalities, and are now rejoicing in Christ their Savior. Of those, seventeen are seamen, most of whom have already gone

forth, for the first time, as the advocates of the principles of divine truth, and living witnesses to their shipmates that the Gospel is the "*power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.*" Three are members of the Sabbath-school, one is a seaman's wife, and one an aged man living on shore, and one a sick woman, who found her load of sin removed while on the bed of affliction. In addition to the twenty-three above mentioned, one has fallen asleep in Jesus; fourteen others are asking the way to Zion with their faces thitherward.

Of the seventeen seamen, one is occupying a position of usefulness in a sister city. One captain and his mate have promised to continue family worship on board with the crew during the whole voyage. One, a mate, writing from Attakapa, says: "I am very thankful to you for your kindness toward me since we became acquainted, and for the books you gave me, and for your very, very, very good advice for the welfare of my soul. It is growing very fast in my heart. I have very little time to myself, but what I have I spend with my Bible and Hannah More's Private Devotions, which you gave me. I very often think of your words; a Christian's course is 'full and by.' I find that we can't keep *too good* a watch over ourselves."

A few months ago the writer of the above was a drunkard and a blasphemer. He signed the pledge at the "Sailors' Home," was induced to go to the Mariners' Church. He was then a foremast hand. He is now chief mate.

Another seaman, who now loves Christ, said to the pastor, "I have not been in church for six years till I came to the Mariners' Church by your invitation on the last Sabbath in December '54. I was pricked in the heart. Determined to drive away the impressions, I went to the theater *Now Years'* night, but the Spirit would not leave me. I could not stay." After six days' fearful struggling he found peace in believing, and has gone to sea rejoicing in the Lord.

Another—an aged man, now in his sixty-fifth year,—came to the Sailors' Home, drunk, about three weeks ago.

He signed the pledge, was conversed with and prayed with, and encouraged. The result was that after five days and nights of agonizing prayer at the foot of the cross, spending *whole* nights in prayer, he wrestled like Jacob and prevailed as Israel. He is now a babe in Christ, and it is truly cheering to hear him plead with others to come to the Redeemer.

He is going to sea at his advanced age, hoping, as he says, "to be the humble instrument of inducing some poor sailor to leave the broad way of death for the narrow way of life."

In a note to the pastor he says, "You will please include me in your prayers (at the Bethel) when you address the mercy seat of Christ. I would also solicit the united prayers of the brothers and sisters in my behalf, that God may in his infinite mercy keep me steadfast in the path which leadeth to eternal salvation, and that I may be the humble means, through His divine assistance, of inducing others to seek the Lord. May that God, we so unworthily serve, have you all in his holy keeping is the earnest prayer of your unworthy brother in Christ."

Published by order of the "Port Society."

L. P. HUBBARD, Rec. Sec.

COMMENT.

Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest?—Behold I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. John 4: 35.

Letters from Polynesia.

DEATH OF KAMEHAMEHA III.

Character of his reign—The new King Kamehameha IV—The Annexation question quiet for the present—Court News—Conduct of the Natives, etc.

King Kamehameha III. is dead, and his successor, Alexander Liho-liho, under the title of Kamehameha IV., is now King of the Hawaiian people. The death of the late King occurred December 15th, at fifteen

minutes before 12 o'clock at noon. The melancholy event took place at the Palace of Honolulu. It had been for some days expected. His ministers and several of his chiefs were present. For several hours prior to his final departure, he had been in a state of insensibility. His remains now lie *in state* at the Palace, awaiting the funeral solemnities, which will take place on the 30th instant, when they will be deposited in the Royal Tomb.

He was nearly forty-one years of age, and had reigned twenty-one years in full authority, and for seven years previously under a regent. He was born in the dark and idolatrous period (March 17, 1814), six years before the arrival of the missionaries. Many corrupting influences were brought to bear on him in early life, and it is well known he fell into dissipated habits. Still, as king, as ruler, and as a public man, he possessed many noble and redeeming traits of character. He was naturally of a mild and amiable disposition, good judgment, and quick to discern the right and wrong of such subjects as were brought before his mind. In all measures of reform, tending to the welfare of the nation, and the elevation of his people, he was ever ready to follow the suggestions of the true friends of the nation. During his reign he has been often placed in trying situations, but posterity will award him the praise of having uniformly adopted a mild, pacific, honorable and dignified policy. When he ascended the throne his people were serfs, but he left them freeholders. When it is considered how difficult it is to change the land-tenure of any people, it is awarding the government of Kamehameha III. great praise to say, that a most beneficial change has taken place in this respect during the last few years at the Sandwich Islands.

I would merely remark in this communication, that Kamehameha II. and III. were both sons of Kamehameha I. They, however, left no children. The present King, Kamehameha IV., was adopted by the late Sovereign, many years ago. He is

the son of his Excellency Kekuanāʻoa, the present Governor of Oahu; while his mother was Kinan, a chief woman of very high rank, who died in 1839. He is now near twenty-one years of age, and a young man of decided ability; which has been displayed in the discussions of the House of Nobles during the last two or three years. With his brother, he visited the United States, France and England in 1850. It remains to appear, how he will rule as the chief magistrate of this nation. He commenced by issuing one good order, viz., that the old practice of Hawaiians when their kings died should be strictly *tabu*. The meaning of this is, that no person should show respect for the dead by getting drunk, knocking out their front teeth, or rioting in licentiousness.

The recent events which have occurred will doubtless put an end for the present to all negotiations upon the subject of annexation. The views of the present king are known to be opposed to the movement. This is certainly not to be wondered at, considering his youth, his ambitious disposition, and the fact that the Hawaiian kingdom is now free from debt, and fully acknowledged as a free, sovereign, independent, and Christian nation.

December 23d.—The following paragraphs relating to the death of the King, and his successor, I copy from the "Polynesian" of to-day:

"COURT NEWS.

"The Court has gone into mourning for three months, for the death of his late Majesty, King Kamehameha III.

"The funeral of his late Majesty will take place on Saturday, the 30th of December, agreeably to public notice, which will be given hereafter.

"At the Privy Council of the 16th, the Ministers of the late King offered their condolence, and placed their respective Port folios at the disposal of his present Majesty, King Kamehameha IV. The members of his Privy Council followed this example. All assured his Majesty of their loyal attachment and faithful allegiance. It pleased the King to address his Council in the following words:

"Chiefs—I have become, by the will of God, your Father, as I have been your Child. You must help me, for I stand in need of help.

"To you ministers, and other high officers of state of our late King, I return my sincere thanks for the expressions of condolence with which you have this morning comforted me. I request of you to continue your labors, in the several positions you have hitherto held, until when my grief shall have allowed me time for reflection; I make such new arrangements as shall seem proper.

"I thank the members of this Council, in general, for their condolence, who will also, I hope, assist me with their advice, as though they had been appointed by myself."

"It is a matter of just pride and congratulation that upon the death of his late Majesty, and since that event, the utmost peace and good order have reigned throughout Honolulu, and on the island of Oahu generally. Such an occurrence in the 'olien time,' would have been the signal for an almost unlimited degree of crime and debauchery, and for the practice of heathenish customs highly revolting to civilized men. Drunkenness and its attendant licentiousness would have offended the eye in every direction. Teeth would have been knocked out, the bodies of every class would have been tattooed, and the bridle thrown upon the neck of passion, to run riot at its will.

"But, thank heaven, no such disgraceful scenes have been witnessed, nor has the least countenance been given to acts so highly derogatory to a Christian people. There has been sincere mourning for the death of a King greatly beloved and revered; but its expression has been restrained within the limits of a proper sorrow, and the people have thus exhibited another evidence of their elevation to a civilized state.

"We greatly rejoice in this, as a feature full of hope for the future. A new era has dawned upon the islands. Promise of a still higher advancement is herein shadowed forth, which will most assuredly add dignity to the present reign, and prosperity to the nation at large. The respect of all

whose respect is worth having, can only be secured by such conquests as these, where passion is subjected to reason, and license is restrained by true liberty."

After the funeral solemnities have taken place, I will furnish your readers with additional particulars.

Yours truly,

S. C. DAMON.

Honolulu, Dec. 25. 1854.

P.S.—Donations for our new Sailor's Home are sent along encouragingly. I received \$50 yesterday, and \$50 to-day, for this purpose.

The Ocean the Home of the Orphan;

AND THE WORD OF GOD JUST THE BOOK FOR THE SAILOR.

SOME five years since I was on board one of the noble steamers then plying between Bangor and Boston. Wishing to be away from the noise on deck, I retired to the gentlemen's cabin. As I entered it, I saw a somewhat rough, but manly-looking son of the ocean, seated at a table reading the Bible. Passing him, I remarked, "You have an excellent book there." "Yes, *indeed*, I have," was his reply; "and would God I had always *loved* to read it as I do now." I saw at once, from the tones of his voice, and his earnest, honest look, that not only the true Tar, but the true Christian was there. Inviting me to a seat near him, he gave me the following account of himself, which, omitting his sailor phraseology, I will relate as briefly as possible: "I have lived," said he, "twenty-four years, yet I cannot truly say that I have *lived* more than *two years* out of the twenty-four. I have no recollection of my parents, my father being lost at sea, and my mother dying when I was quite young. I am sure I was the child of many prayers, for I have often heard my grandfather, to whose care I was left, speak, with tears in his eyes, of the great loss I sustained by being deprived of the example and prayers of such pious parents. The first thing I can remember was sitting on my grandfather's knee, while he read the Bible, before kneeling to

pray for 'his little orphan grandson,' as he used to call me. Aside from reading the Bible, and praying with me daily, he let me have pretty much of my own way. I was always fond of reading, though I had not much chance for schooling. Living in sight of the ocean, I soon imbibed an intense desire for a sea life. My grandfather, (and he was the only being, as I thought, who cared for me,) died when I was thirteen. A short time before his death he gave me a beautiful Bible, and then, with his dying breath, charged me to read it every day, and so prepare myself to meet Christ, himself and my dear parents, in heaven. After his death I had *no home* but the sea, and to this I betook myself with all the ardor of my wild young heart. I made a few voyages in the coasting trade, but I panted for a wider range, and shipped on board a brig for the West Indies. The second day out, I took my seat on my sea-chest, and began to read, as I had daily done, from my Bible. The mate jeered me, and the captain ridiculed. This brought down upon me the uproarious laughter of the crew. They told me the Bible was a lie—priestcraft. Had they declared themselves pirates, I should not have felt more surprise or horror; for till then I supposed everybody believed the Bible, and I trembled to find myself with those who did not. But a more kind, jovial set of men never had charge of a vessel. I now and then stole a chance to read a chapter, when one day the mate caught me at it. He did not ridicule me, as I expected, but came and sat down by me, and said—'Jim, I suppose you are just weak enough to believe what you read in that foolish book. I see you are a great reader, for you have devoured everything readable on ship-board *but my Bible*. If you will read that, it will cure you of all your whims.' '*Your Bible!*' said I, 'I thought there was but *one* Bible in the world.' 'That shows your ignorance,' said the mate. 'Bible only means a book. Every book is a bible. Which is true? Read *my* bible, and you will see that yours is only priestcraft and a lie.' He lent me 'Tom

Painc.' I had never heard of that book before. Oh! how many poor sailors that book has ruined for time and eternity! I read it, and my wicked heart but too readily believed it. And, then, how I pined my poor old grandfather, for I thought he might have enjoyed far more of life, had he not read his Bible and prayed so much. And yet, when I thought of his happy death, his glorious hopes, his songs of praise, I could not help wishing that my death might be like his; for I knew, that somehow he had found a kind of heart-felt happiness to which I was a stranger.— Sometimes I felt a good deal troubled, but, instead of going to the Bible, I read 'the Age of Reason,' 'Volney's Ruins,' everything I could get hold of against the Christian religion, till I gloried in my infidelity. I was always temperate. I was a regular teetotaler. In a storm I could be perfectly calm. But 'twas all show; for my grandfather would seem to rise up, all dripping out of the water, and tell me 'I was the Jonah; that God was after me for neglecting the Bible, and that if I did not return to it he would destroy me.' For three voyages in succession we had terrible weather, but in the last voyage the storm was the most terrible I ever saw at sea. The thunder, lightning, rain and wind were horrible. For hours we expected to be lost. My conscience said, 'No being but God Almighty could get up such a storm, or can save from it.' I cursed him in my heart, and then threw away my tarpaulin and my pea jacket, determined to keep out of his presence as long as I could, by swimming. But we were saved. Having suffered so much, I did not return immediately to sea. While on shore I one day met the old skipper with whom I first sailed. The first words he said to me were—'Jim, I am both glad and sorry to see you. They tell me you are an infidel.' 'I am,' I said, boastingly; and yet I said it with an aching heart; for I would willingly have given thousands, had I possessed them, for no more than the simple faith in the Bible which I had in my childhood. The skipper asked me to go and pass the night with him.

Seated in the cabin of his little sloop, I gave him an account of my feelings; told him all my difficulties; when he said—'Jim, I have a book which will remove all your objections against the Bible, and set you right again.' With eyes swimming in tears, I answered—'I'll give you ten dollars for any book which will do that. Why, sir, I would give the universe to feel toward the Bible as I did when I first went to sea with you.' He brought me '*Nelson's Cause and Cure*,' and never was a novel read more eagerly. I could neither eat or sleep till I had read it again and again. It did set both my head and my heart right, too; and I was not long, I assure you, in getting my head and my heart full of Nelson and the Bible. If in a storm, I have no fears now—for never does God or Christ seem so near as in a storm at sea. Ah, it is the Bible, firmly believed in, that gives a sailor real courage. A Christian has no reason to be afraid of anything but sin. I am no longer ashamed to be seen reading the Bible. I bless God that I ever saw Nelson. It has saved my soul. He was a real chap. I love Nelson, because it has made me love the Holy Bible. I don't care where I am, or who they may be—mate or skipper—if they say one word against the Bible, or religion, I go into them; I hit 'em one dig with something out of Nelson or the Bible, and I silence them in a minute. I tell you what, that Nelson was a real chap, and the Bible is the Word of God—just the book for the sailor.

S. L. G.

“All my Springs are in Thee.”

Psalm lxxxvii. 7.

Blessed thought! My soul, dost thou realize this comforting truth? Why then this barrenness? Why art thou cast down? Why this unallayed thirst? Why not drink of the “wells of salvation?” Arise, cast off thy fears. “Take of the water of life freely!” God has provided rich springs of comfort for thee.

In Zion are rich fountains of joy and peace. “All thy springs are in the Gospel Church, of which Christ

is the head." "Springs" of faith, hope, love, consolation; springs of un fading pleasure; of undying glory; of unending bliss. Oh! for a continual thirst! Praise, O my soul, the living God, who hath made the "desert" "become a pool, and a thirsty land, springs of water." He it is that leadeth thee "beside still waters." If in Zion, the type of the Christian Church, such rich sources of comfort were to be found, O how much greater the riches of the great antitype, the Church of the Living God! And how much greater still is He from whom all these springs proceed!

O, my soul, no longer hew out for thyself "cisterns," "broken cisterns, that will hold no water;" but fly to the fountain of living waters; to the "fountain opened for sin and uncleanness." Here at the fount, thou mayest not only *drink* but *wash* away the stains of sin that pollute—mayest cleanse the "garment spotted with the flesh." Here are springs of living water, whence rise the streams which flow from the throne of God." "Springs that never dry." The springs of this world dry up, and fail; worldly comforts flow from a bitter fountain; but *these* springs are sweetened with the tree of life, and rivers of life proceed from them.

"The cedars of the Lord are filled (*satiated*) with sap;" but they are dependent on these springs for their nourishment. Take courage then, my soul, and "the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thee in drought, and make fat thy bones; and thou shalt be like a spring whose waters fail not." The waters of Jericho need healing, but these are always pure. Jehovah casts in abundantly of the salt of his grace. He has made Zion the repository of his graces. It is "by the Church" that even to the principalities and powers in heavenly places may be known the "manifold wisdom of God." All his springs are in her. But Christ is head over all things to his Church; and in him *all* fulness dwells.

To them that seek him there shall be "in him a well of water springing up in everlasting life." But the wicked are like the troubled sea when

it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." "Come," then, "to the waters;" "drink, ye drink abundantly." O, beloved, thy Saviour has said: "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink. He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." Come, then, to this source of blessing, and exclaim, in the fulness of thrice adoring nature,—

"All my Springs are in Thee."
C. J. J.

"Infidelity has no temple, no altar, no sacrifice, no avowed, habitual and well defined worship to that glorious Being, from the near contemplation of whose character it shrinks with instinctive dislike and dread."

Morison.

"Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of a peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

Washington.

Capt. James Wilson.

God prepares men for eminent usefulness by a rigid discipline. He puts them in the lion's den, in the furnace, "in perils of waters," "in perils in the sea," to teach them *how to do and endure*. An illustration is found in the life of Capt. Wilson.

It appears that while coasting in India he was made prisoner by the French, under Admiral Suprein, who by a bribe from Hyder Ally, was induced to give up all the English prisoners into his hands to be marched off 500 miles to Seringapatam. On hearing of this he resolved to escape or die in the attempt. With his Hindoo boy, he succeeded in leaping down the battlements of the fort, but the shock was so great, it being about forty feet, that he was pitched into the river. All that part of Tanjore is low and intersected with a number of rivers, branching off from the great Calroon. This must

all necessarily be crossed. He was much embarrassed on finding that the boy could not swim. He resolved however not to leave him: but taking him on his back crossed the river.— They pushed forward toward Port Nevo, four leagues and a half distant. They passed three rivers, and proceeded as rapidly as possible, as their safety depended upon the distance gained before daylight. Not far from Port Nevo, a sentry challenged, Who goes there? on which they fled down the river and escaped. But the river here was of great width and being near the sea, the tide ran with great rapidity. He took the boy on his back, as he had done before, cautioning him to hold on only with his arms, casting his legs behind. But as soon as they entered the breakers, the boy became alarmed and clung his legs so tightly around him as almost to sink him.— With difficulty he managed to return to the shore, convinced that they must part, or perish together. He told the boy to go back to Dr. Meir, who would take care of him; but he never heard of him again after many fruitless enquiries. Again he plunged into the stream, but the tide was running so strong, that at length he was forced to return. Here he discovered a canoe, which he seized; and was drawing down to the river, when two black men rushed upon him with the paddles, demanding whither he was going with that boat? He seized the outrigger as a weapon of defence, and told them he had lost his way, and had business on the other side, whither he would and must go. He launched the boat into the river, when they good-naturedly laid down their paddles on the shafas and rowed him across. He continued his course at full speed, the moon shining bright, and before daylight reached the main branch of the Calroon. Exhausted with the fatigue he had undergone and dismayed at the great width of the stream he hesitated a while on the bank; but the approach of morning, and the danger behind him being so urgent, he stretched out his arms to the flood, and pressed for the shore. How long he was in crossing he could not tell, for near the middle of the river, he

came in contact with a tree or the mast of a ship, on which he reclined his hands and his head, and thinks he must have slept by the way, from some confused remembrance, as of a person awaking from sleep, which he thinks must have lasted nearly half an hour. With the morning light he reached the land, and flattered himself that all his dangers were passed, and his liberty secured; when after passing a jungle which led to the seaside, he ascended a bank to look around him; to his terror and surprise, he discovered a party of Hyder's horse, who were scouring the country; and being discovered by them, they galloped up to him, seized him, and stripped him naked; then tying his hands behind him, drove him to the headquarters of their chief, several miles distant, under a burning sun, and covered with blisters. The officer, one of Hyder's chieftains, interrogated the poor prisoner sharply, who he was, whence he came, and whither he was going; to all of which he gave ingenious replies. On hearing his replies, the Moorman looked up in him, and with wrath exclaimed, "Jute bat," (that is a lie) as no man ever yet passed the Calroon by swimming; for if he had but dipped the tips of his fingers in it, the alligators would seize him."

But after being satisfied that he told the truth, he lifted up both hands, exclaiming, "Gouda Adame," (this is God's man.) So Caiaphas prophesied. He was indeed God's man. The Lord had marked him for his own though as yet he knew him not.

He was marched back to the former house of his prison, naked and barefoot, and blistered all over. In this situation, chained to another soldier, with scanty allowance, he travelled five hundred miles to Seringapatam. Here after suffering from hunger, heat, and cold, inasmuch that they burrowed in the sand in order to gain some degree of warmth; and from sickness, to that degree that he once had his iron taken off, and laid on the ground to die, as many others had; he after twenty-two months was set at liberty. Only thirty-two out of one hundred and fifty-three, poor and emaciated creatures remained. He had many

narrow escapes from death by sickness afterwards, but finally returned to England, renounced his infidelity, embraced true religion and carried out the first Missionaries to the South Sea Islands. Who would have thought that a blaspheming Infidel, as he had been; or that a poor degraded prisoner, with his body and limbs swelled by disease almost to bursting, and laid on the ground to die, as he was at Seringapatam, was the very man God would provide to carry out the first missionaries to the South Seas?

—•—

**The Sailor's Happy
Return, or God's way the
best.**

Boston, January 26, 1855.

Rev. J. B. Ripley.

Sir:

I received yours yesterday, and I am sure I was better pleased than if I had found a treasure. On the whole we have had a pleasant passage. And I have cause to thank God for the many mercies so lately received.—That vessel that we left in Chester only arrived in Boston 48 hours in advance of us;—the Captain and all hands frost-bitten. Is it not true, God's ways are not our ways? for if I had not left that vessel and come back to Philadelphia, I shall always think that I would at this moment have been walking in darkness. But I was allowed to return to hear glad tidings. For I can truly say, all my peace of mind, and my expectation for the future, through Jesus Christ, was received in Philadelphia. I dare say you will be surprised when I tell you that I have banished those questions from my mind, that were always troubling me. For I found if I tho't of them till dooms-day, *thinking* of them would not save my soul. I found I must try something else. And when I begin to think of the way in which God has led me, of his many mercies

unto me, of his allowing me to live when many of my friends who never had such opportunities as I, have been cut off in their sins, and are now—*where?*—it is enough to make one tremble. But I have started (and may God grant that I may hold out unto the end) to travel in that narrow road, and already I find it is a hard road. But I feel that I have received a little strength from God, and I go on my way rejoicing, yet with fear and trembling. I often think of what I have been. When I look and find only one out of ten commandments unbroken, I tremble. Then I am reminded of what you told me the old woman said. She took God at his word, and I feel I can do the same. Why am I not in Eternity and Hell now? Because God is ever merciful. He has no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but rather I would turn and live. Then why should I die eternally, and even on this earth encounter nothing but trouble, when by coming to Jesus, believing on the Son of God, running the race set before me, and enduring unto the end, I shall receive a crown of glory through Jesus Christ? Yes, and I find that even things that before were always troubling me in this world, are now turned into a pleasure. So with God's help I mean to win Heaven, through the blood of Jesus, and I am sorry that I am not returning back, so as to be able to join the church where I have, I hope, received lasting impressions. I feel that if I was to live an hundred years I never could repay man the injury I have done him. Then how can I repay God? Have I not need of a mediator? and I have found one. But I am only a little child yet. Pray for me, that I may receive strength in time of need; that I may not (as once before) become a backslider, and lose an everlasting

soul. But I must conclude. I am shipped, and expect to sail for St. Johns on Monday; from there to Europe, and (if God willing) back to some port in the United-States, and if possible, back to Philadelphia. I should be very glad to hear from you in Liverpool. A letter would find me in the Sailor's Home, Liverpool; but I will write from St. Johns. My respects to Mr. and Mrs. Cassidy.—I wish there were more like them spread about this world. How much more at home sailors would be then.

My respects to yourself, and if it shall please God that we shall never meet on this earth again, I hope thro' Jesus Christ we shall meet in that kingdom where there is no more sorrow or death, but where God will be our Father, and wipe all tears from our eyes.

I remain

Yours truly,

J. C.

Sailors need the Gospel.

BY REV. HENRY M. PARSONS.

If man could know any thing savingly of the Author of his being from the works of nature and providence, surely the sailor would be among the earliest to acquire this knowledge.—None see greater manifestations of power and more special interpositions than those whose home is on the deep. The heavens above them, exhibit a variety, beauty and sublimity which proclaim the glory of their Maker.—The sea beneath them, displays in its differing phases and inhabitants, the wisdom and the majesty of God. Rescue from threatening danger discloses the agency of a kind and Almighty Protector.

But the gorgeous magnificence of a star-decked sky has no power in itself to lead the heart to devout adoration of

Him who has spread its glories over the mariner. The awful grandeur of a midnight storm upon the ocean may pale the cheek and unnerve the heart of the sailor, but it has no innate influence to bend his spirit to cordial acquiescence in God's will, or to imprint truthful impressions of His holy character. Nor does escape from alarming peril awaken of itself one feeling of pious gratitude to Him who has dispersed the clouds and stilled the surge.

Man might gaze for years on alternate scenes of natural beauty and splendor as beheld at sea—he might experience a thousand remarkable preservations from death on the ocean, and yet have no suitable views of Jehovah's attributes and no right affections towards Him. It is only from the Gospel that he can learn the character of the Most High, the duties which are due to Him and the way of approach to God with confident hope of Divine acceptance. Without the Gospel, the drapery of the heavens, the terrific aspect of the storm, and even the wonderful escapes of ocean voyagers, are referable to no moral agency but regarded by man as ascribable only to the elements or a blind and capricious fortune.

Statesmen may contemplate the sea as merely a highway of commerce. God looks upon it as floating invaluable cargoes of immortal souls.—Among them are the young, the erring, the tempted and the weak. It is the Gospel that must warn, reclaim, fortify and strengthen. Give the Gospel then, to those that go down to the sea. Sons are among them who may be restored to their parents with treasures richer than the gains of commerce. Give the Gospel to seamen. Husbands are among them who may be directed to Jesus and return to their

wives freighted with the deepest solicitude for their spiritual good. Give the Gospel to mariners. Fathers are among them who may listen to the truth and bear it with them to their homes to bring forth abundant fruit to the glory of sovereign grace. Give the Gospel to the sailor, for his soul must be washed in atoning blood or exiled forever from eternal rest. Give the Gospel to the sailor, that Christ may be glorified. And when the Gospel has revealed to him the Son of God, and the sailor has received Him as his Redeemer and King, no howling storm or dismantled and sinking ship will despoil him of serenity.—Amidst the turmoil of raging elements he will say triumphantly with the lamented COWLES, who sunk to an ocean grave in the steamer "Home," "He that believeth in Jesus is safe, even amidst the raging of the sea."

Pleasant Responses

*request for religious books
for Seamen.*

Northampton, Mass., Feb. 19, 1855.
Rev. J. B. Ripley,
Philadelphia.

Dear Sir:—

Enclosed please find \$10, with which we wish you to buy a ship's Library of good books and put it on board some ship. The cash was collected by the class in Sunday School of which I am a member, and by regulation of our Superintendent each class dispose of the funds as they see fit. We have for the past two or three years sent a library to some destitute place at the "West," but I have always felt an interest in sailors, and seeing your appeal in the *Sailor's Magazine*, have concluded to forward you the funds. Please acknowledge receipt, and let us know on what ship you have placed the library, and her

destination. If the Captain or any one of the sailors would correspond with us once in a while and let us know if any good is, or is likely to be accomplished—it would serve to increase our interest in it, and perhaps provoke us to new efforts. It being a new idea in our school to send a library to sea, we need some testimony to prove that the cause is a good one.

Permit me to say, however, that my faith in the thing is great.

Yours respectfully,
A. L. W.

Manchester, Mass., Feb. 20, 1855.

Rev. and Dear Sir:

I have taken the liberty to forward to you, or to order for you, fifty copies of "Thoughts on Prayer," to be used among Seamen as you think best.

Your Bro. in Christ,
R. T.

Rev. J. B. Ripley.

A Shelter for Shipwrecked Seamen.

Messrs Joseph Mayo and John Stone have built a marine house on the beach back of Provincetown, and furnished it with provisions, beds and bedding, to accommodate crews of wrecked vessels, where they can remain during the storms. During severe storms persons will travel the shore day and night in order to assist any that may be found in distress.

Sayings.

I endeavour to walk through the world as a physician goes through bedlam: the patients make a noise, pester him in his business; but he does the best he can and so gets through.—*Newton*.

If Nebuchadnezzar's image was of solid gold, and every worshipper was to have a bit of it, I fear our nation as well as his, would be ready to fall down before it.—*Id.*

NAVAL JOURNAL.

Anniversary of the Marine Temperance Society.

The twenty-second Anniversary of the New-York Marine Temperance Society was celebrated at the Sailors' Home, No. 190 Cherry-st., last evening. The room was filled with a very numerous company, of which one-half was composed of ladies and little children, many of whom were wives and relatives of mariners. Capt. Tracy, of the Home, occupied the Chair. Mr. L. P. Hubbard, Secretary.

The proceedings of the evening were commenced by singing a hymn—"The Pledge". A chapter from the book of Habbakkuk was next read. The Pastor of the Mariners' Church, the Rev. Chas J. Jones, followed with prayer. Next came the reading of the Temperance Pledge. The Allen Family, a company of amateur vocalists, sung "The Mountain Wre," with much spirit.

The following Report was then read by the Secretary:

REPORT.

The "Marine Temperance Society of the Port of New-York," whose Anniversary we have met to celebrate this evening, was organized by seamen and the friends of seamen, in faith and prayer, twenty-two years ago. It has pursued the even tenor of its way from that time to the present, always keeping in view the obligation to which every member is pledged—"to abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks and to make

special efforts to promote habits of temperance among seamen."

For several years our meetings were held only once a month, then once a fortnight; now they are held here every week, with increasing numbers and interest. At each meeting a portion of Scripture is read and the Divine blessing implored; after which, addresses are delivered by shipmasters, seamen and others.—These meetings are frequently of great interest. Within a few weeks past many, who but a month ago were intoxicated daily, have risen and stated that through this Society they have been saved from degradation and ruin. Others have not only become temperance men but have chosen the good part that shall never be taken from them.

We desire here to acknowledge our indebtedness to the indefatigable exertions of the ladies who have co-operated with us. It is to them that we owe much of our success. Mrs. Lambert, the sailors' friend, obtained on board the ship Contest, during the voyage to California, last November, twenty-two members, which included most of the officers and seamen.

That this Society occupies an important position will be apparent from a few considerations. In 1683 the vessels belonging to New York consisted of three barks, three brigantines, twenty-six sloops, and forty-eight open boats; now, we have an almost unbroken line of shipping in the North and East Rivers, of nearly ten miles in extent, which brings within the reach of our influence an-

nually, including the naval marine, about 125,000 seamen.

Such is a brief view of the past: the future is before us. We commence the year with over 29,000 members, who are carrying the blessings of temperance from ocean to ocean, and from sea to sea. The fruits of these efforts are seen in the improved condition, and more provident habits of seamen, who have now more than \$3,000,000 in the Seaman's Bank for Savings, in Wall-st.

I close, in the language of the President of the State Society: "The crisis of the Temperance Reformation is passed. The time for denouncing the reform as fanatical and impious, has gone by, and now it takes rank with the highest, if, indeed, it be not itself the highest, of the moral movements of the age."

The Report was accepted.

Capt. Tracy read a very touching temperance tale, after which

The Rev. John Marsh, Secretary of the American Temperance Union, was then introduced to the audience. After congratulating the Society on the good which it had achieved, he proceeded to give a history of the efforts made by temperance men to banish rum from on board ship, the difficulties which they encountered and the success which had attended their efforts. At the time of founding this Society a vessel on which no rum rations were served out, was not known—it was commonly held that a sailor could not do duty without his grog. Now not a single sea going nor coasting vessel that he knew of adhered to this practice; the vice is now confined exclusively to the Navy, and only through the Administration at Washington, for so far as he had been able to learn the best and most respected officers in the service opposed grog rations with all their power and influence. He hoped that this state of things would soon be altered for the better so far as the Navy is concerned. He then proceeded to review the condition of the Temperance cause throughout the country, and concluded with the hope that ere long Temperance would be universal throughout the Union.

The Allen Family then sang a temperance song, "Long, long ago," for which they were much applauded.

Capt. Tracy invited mariners present to sign the pledge, accompanying his invitation with some seasonable remarks. Several persons availed themselves of the opportunity, and enrolled their names among the "glorious twenty-nine thousand."

The Rev. Chas. J. Jones, and Mr. W. D. Harris then delivered addresses in behalf of the Society and its objects.

Some other business was transacted, and then the meeting adjourned.

Loss of the Ship Favorite.

The ship Favorite, Capt. Thomas, of and from New Orleans, for Boston, went ashore at four o'clock on Monday morning, on the South Breakers, about two miles from Baker's Island Light, near Salem Harbor, and soon after bilged.

The masts were cut away, but the vessel commenced breaking up, and the cargo was drifting about around the ship. The crew were all saved together with Mr. Knowles, a passenger, through the exertions of the Salem and Marblehead pilot boats. The vessel and cargo will probably be a total loss.

Capt. Thomas reports that when he struck the rocks he thought he was seven miles from land. No lights were visible. The weather was very thick, and the wind blowing a gale. When made acquainted with his true position, the captain attempted to wear ship, but was unable to do so, and the ship went on to her destruction.

The Favorite is the vessel which was at first incorrectly reported bark Buckeye, from Monrovia.

The *Salem Register* gives an interesting account of the above wreck, and of the rescue of a portion of the crew through the instrumentality of two noble young men, Mr. Stephen A. Powers and Mr. Samuel Knox, both attached to the pilot boat Effort. These young men, who were alone on board their boat at Gloucester, upon hearing of the disaster, immediately got their vessel under way. Arriving

in the vicinity of the wreck, although the weather was so thick that they were unable to see it, Mr. Powers put off alone in a little dory, and by following the line of drift stuff, soon reached the vessel.

"Those on board were not aware that their situation was known. They had been from four o'clock A. M., until near noon, in their perilous position, the ship breaking to pieces under them, the sea at times making a complete breach over them, and they themselves lashed to the wreck as best they could, without being able to see more than a few yards in any direction.— Suddenly, a sailor, leaning over the rail, clasps his hands and utters the joyous cry, 'A boat! A boat!' The sound is re-echoed through the ship, and the tempest-worn, weary, and almost despairing mariners, gather around and peer out into the mist, to see a frail cockle shell of a dory, guided by a single youth, tossed upon the raging sea, now far above them, now sinking out of sight. No other means of rescue are visible; but the heroic young man bids them be of good cheer and he will save them all. He tells them the pilot boat is near, and after placing her in a good position to receive them he will return and take them off."

Powers returned to his pilot boat, which he succeeded in finding after a long search, and with his companions brought the little vessel near the wrecked ship. He then put off in his little dory three several times, and running under the bow of the ship, removed two or three sailors at each passage, until he had placed seven in safety. He would probably have rescued the entire ship's company had not other hardy spirits arrived in time to share in the good work. The *Salem Register* says:

"We understand that there was a bear on board the wreck, whose conduct deserves notice. Bruin had been exceedingly fractious and unsociable during the entire passage, allowing no familiarity from the sailors. After the ship struck, however, he seemed to be as fully aware of the danger as any of the men, and attempted to make amends for his pre-

vious repulsiveness, and to secure favor, by such marked and constant efforts to invite caresses and assure means of escape, that he excited much interest. It was necessary to leave him on board, but we hope to learn that he was finally saved."

[From the Buffalo Democracy, March 1.]

A Noble Deed.

During the night of November 25th last, in a thick snow storm, wind blowing a heavy gale down the lake, the water chilled and making ice fast, the Canadian schooner *Conductor*, Capt. Hacket, struck on the bar, outside of Long Point Cut, on the island side, beat over and filled immediately, some distance from shore, the sea making a complete breach over her, driving the crew to the rigging for safety. In the morning at daylight they were discovered clinging to the wreck by Mrs. Margaret Becker, a trapper's wife, the sole inhabitant on that end of the island, her husband being over on the main land. She immediately went down abreast of the vessel, on the beach, and built a large fire of logs, made some hot tea, and prepared some food for them, in case they reached the shore, and to refresh and encourage their drooping spirits by showing them success was at hand.

All that long day, with the tempest raving around her, did that heroic woman watch the poor, suffering seamen clinging to the rigging of the wreck. Just at nightfall, the captain called to the mate, who was on the other side of the rigging, that they would all perish if they were to remain in the rigging another night, and that he was going to attempt to swim ashore. If he succeeded the rest could follow him; if he drowned they could cling to the rigging and run the chances. He leaped overboard and struck out. As he reached the undertow and backwater, his strength failing, and chilled, benumbed with cold, he would certainly have been drowned, had not the woman gone to the rescue. She waded in through surf up to her neck, grasping him and dragging him out safely. Then the balance of the crew followed him, one by one, with

the same result—this noble woman breasting the sea and meeting and dragging out each one of them as they came ashore—being, in the main, instrumental in saving the whole crew. Such noble conduct deserves more than a passing notice.

Notice to Mariners.

A new Light-vessel of about 250 tons burthen, painted cream color outside, with the words "Minot's Ledge" painted in large black letters on each side, was placed near Minot's Ledge, on or about the 25th of October last, to take the place of the Light vessel stationed there.

The vessel is about 102 feet long; 24 feet beam; rail 9 feet 6 inches above water; two masts; mast-heads painted white, with a hoop iron day mark at each mast-head painted red.

The mast heads are 61 feet above the level of the sea; hoop iron day marks 55 feet 6 inches. She is fitted with two lanterns, each having eight lamps and reflectors, and will show two lights 41 feet 6 inches above the level of the sea—one on each mast.

SCITUATE LIGHT-HOUSE.—At the time of exhibiting two lights on board the Minot's Ledge Light-vessel, the Red Light at Scituate was changed to a White Light (natural color.)

By order of the Light-House Board:

A. A. HOLCOMB,

Lieut. U. S. N., Inspector 2d L. H. District.

Office Light-House Inspector.

LIGHT AT POINT PINOS, MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.—A fixed light of the natural color will be exhibited for the first time on the evening of the 1st February, 1855, from the Tower at Point Pinos, on the southern side of the entrance to the harbor of Monterey, California, and on each succeeding day thereafter, from sunset to sunrise.

The illuminating apparatus is of the third order, catadioptric, of the system of Fresnel.

The light-house is a grey granite dwelling, one story in height, surmounted by a tower and lantern.

The light will illuminate *four-fifths* of the entire horizon; is 50 feet above

the level of the sea, and should be seen in ordinary states of the atmosphere, from an elevation of 15 feet above the water, at a distance of 12½ nautical or 14 statute miles.

The following is the approximate position of the light-house:

Latitude, 36° 38' 00" North; longitude, 121° 55' 00" West.

By order of the Light-House Board:

CAMPBELL GRAHAM,

L. H. Inspector, 12th District.
San Francisco, Cal., Jan'y 9, 1855.

BUOYS IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY.—BLOSSOM ROCK.—A spar buoy, painted *Red and Black horizontal stripes*, has been placed in four fathoms water, about a half-cable's length due south from the shoalest part of the Blossom Rock. Vessels should not approach this buoy from any direction nearer than the distance of one cable's length.

Buoys are to be placed, properly colored and numbered, at the following points, of which due notice will be given, viz:

On the Anita Rocks; on southwest spit of Southampton Shoal; on Invisible Rock; on Commission Rocks.

NOTE.—The Courses and Bearings are Magnetic. Red Buoys, with even numbers, must be left on the Starboard hand. Black buoys, with odd numbers, must be left on the Port hand. Buoys with Black and White perpendicular stripes are in mid-channel, and may be passed close to on either hand.—Buoys with Red and Black horizontal stripes are on obstructions, with channels on either side of them.

Other distinguishing marks are additional and special.

By order of the Light-House Board:

CAMPBELL GRAHAM,

L. H. Inspector, 12th District.
San Francisco, Cal., Jan'y 9, 1855.

REVOLVING LIGHT ON CAPE SAN ANTONIO, IN THE PROVINCE OF ALICANTE.—Official information has been received at this office, that the Spanish Government has given notice that on the 1st of January, 1855, a Revolving Light will be exhibited on the old tower of Cape San Antonio, in the Province of Alicante, in 38° 48' 30" N. and 0° 12' 42" E. of Greenwich.

This light will revolve every half

minute, and, being 580 feet above the level of the sea, will be visible, in clear weather, from the deck of a moderate sized vessel, at the distance of 19 miles.

By order of the Light-House Board:
THORNTON A. JENKINS,
 Treasury Department, Sec'y.
Office L. H. Board, Jan'y 22, '55.

VINEYARD SOUND LIGHT—VESSEL.
 —The Vineyard Sound Light-Vessel having been repaired and refitted with new illuminating apparatus, will resume her station near the "Sow and Pigs," on or about the 15th instant, (January.)

She is painted red outside, with a white streak, and the words "Vineyard Sound" painted in large black letters on each side.

The Vessel is about 78 feet long and 24 feet beam; rail 7 feet 4 inches above water.

She is schooner rigged; mastheads painted white, with a hoop iron day mark at each masthead, painted red.

She is fitted with two lanterns, each containing eight lamps and reflectors, and will show her lights 29 feet 6 inches above the level of the sea. Masthead 46 feet 6 inches above the level of the sea.

By order of the Light-House Board:
A. A. HOLCOMB,
Inspector 2d L. H. District.
 Boston, Mass., January 8, 1855.

1 LIGHT-VESSEL NEAR RATTLESNAKE SHOALS, OFF CHARLESTON, S. C.—A Light-Vessel will be anchored in 6 fathoms water near the Rattlesnake Shoals, off Charleston Harbor, on or about the 20th proximo, (February, 1855,) to guide vessels clear of those shoals.

The following is a description of the Light-Vessel:

Length, 98 feet; breadth of beam, 23 feet; rail, 8 feet above water; tonnage, about 250; hull, white, with the words "Rattlesnake Shoal" painted on each side, in large black letters.

Has two masts painted yellow; top mast black, with an open work oval iron day mark, 6 feet in diameter, on each, at an elevation of 54 feet from the water.

Two Lights, (one on each mast,)

will be exhibited from sunset to sunrise, daily, at an elevation of 40 feet from the water. Each light will be produced by 8 lamps and 12 inch parabolic reflectors; and should be seen in good weather, from an elevation of 15 feet, at a distance of 12 or 13 nautical miles.

The following bearings and distances indicate the approximate position of this vessel:

From Vessel to Rattlesnake Shoal, N. W. 2 1-2 miles. From Vessel to outer bar of North channel, W. 4 1-2 miles. From Vessel to Fort Moultrie, dist. 6 1-2 miles. From Vessel to nearest land, 4 miles.

Notice will be given when this Light-Vessel is moored, and the exact position and bearings stated.

By order of the Light-House Board:
D. P. WOODBURY,

Capt. Corps Engineers, L. H. Ins.
 Charleston, S. C., January 25, 1855.

BALTIC—KIEL FIORD—RED LIGHT AT DUSTERNBROOK.—Official information has been received at this office, that notice has been given by the Danish Government, that in the course of the present month, a Red light will be established at Dusterbrook, in Kiel Fiord.

The light will be exhibited on a small iron tower at the Bathing establishment in Dusterbrook, and will be visible on the starboard hand, to ships approaching Kiel, at the distance of 6 miles.

This notice affects the following Admiralty Charts: Baltic, No. 2292; Kiel Bay, 2117; also the Danish Pilot, p. 342, and Kattegat Light-House List, No. 105 a.

By order of the Light-House Board:
THORNTON A. JENKINS,
 Treasury Department, Sec'y.
Office L. H. Board, Jan'y 6, 1855.

Disasters

Schr. Mary, from Boston for Calais went ashore 17th December, on Cape Elizabeth, near Portland light, and bilged. She will probably be a total loss.

Schr. Gen. Worth while loading at Bayport, Fla, for New York, was

driven ashore on St. Martin's Reef, previous to the 9th Dec. during a heavy gale from N. and would be a total loss.

Schr. Augustus, of Lubec, went ashore about eight miles from that place night of 8th Dec. and went to pieces.

Br. brig Tuscan, from Boston, 1st Dec. for Port Medway, N. S. was totally wrecked on Port Ledge, Cape Sable in the S. E. gales of the 4th Dec.

Schr. Maria, from Boston, for Bath, was totally lost with her cargo 22d., Dec. on Cape Nedick, crew saved, badly frost bitten. Another schr went ashore and a lady passenger is said to have perished.

Schr. Mount Vernon, from Rockland for New York, with lime, struck on Watch Hill Reef 29th Dec. but came off leaking so badly that she soon after filled with water and went down.

Brig Flying Cloud, of New York owned by Harbeck & Co., dragged her anchors and went ashore at the head of the Bay of Aspinwall, Dec. 31, where she bilged and in a short time became a total wreck. The captain and seven of the crew perished in the breakers. Brig Alvaro of New York, owned by Francis Spies, Esq., also dragged her anchors during the same gale, was thrown on a reef, and became a total wreck.

Schr. Sequel, from Providence, for New York, parted her cable and drove ashore at Milford, Conn., 3d. Dec. where she immediately went to pieces.

Schr. Eastern Star, of Salem, went ashore on Linnekin's Neck, Me., near Fisherman's Island, 10th Dec. She will be a total loss.

Br. Brig Walden, from Port-au-Prince for New York, ran ashore on the reef at Sandy Point Harbor, Watlings Island, night of 13th Dec. where she became a total wreck.

Ship Aquinet was run ashore at Mentijo, a few days prior to the 12th Dec., in a leaky condition.

Portuguese brig Lizio, from Bahia for Lisbon, was fallen in with 5th Dec. by ship Henry Pratt, Emery,

from Liverpool for Baltimore, which vessel took off the captain and crew.

Barmouth, Dec 9—Am. ship Pride of the Sea, from New Orleans for Liverpool, struck on St. Patrick Causeway, and is likely to become a total wreck; crew saved.

Br. ship Isabella, from St. Domingo foundered at sea 16th Dec.—the officers and crew picked up by the Sp. steamer Tayaba, and taken to Manzanilla.

The packet ship Queen of the West, hence for Liverpool, went ashore on Longharne Sands, in Carmathem Bay, 16th Dec. Passengers and crew landed.

Br. schr. Reindeer, hence for St. John, N. B., with a general cargo, went ashore, on the night of the 12th Dec., on the Island of Petit Menan, coast of Maine.

The schr. Tennessee, for Vanilhaven, from Boston, went ashore 30th Dec. on Pond Island, Muscle Ridge. Vessel and cargo a total loss.

Brig Nehro, hence for Para, was wrecked at the mouth of the river on the 9th Dec. Vessel and cargo a total loss.

Br. barque Gipsy. Foggs, from St. Jago de Cuba, for Swansey, loaded with copper ore, was totally lost Dec. 25th on Fish Keys.

Brig Foster, from Frankfort, for Cardenas, went ashore on Cape Elizabeth evening of 10th Jan.

Brig Maratina, which sailed from Bucksport 15th Jan. for Pensacola, with stone, struck on Monomoy Beach, Chatham, about a mile from the Lighthouse, night of 17th inst., and went to pieces.

Brig Georgianna, from Alexandria for Boston, with 225 tons coal, went ashore on the South side of Long Island, near Speonk, 23d Jan. Vessel expected to be a total loss.

Barque Howling Wind, from Philadelphia 18th Jan., for Londonderry, with corn, &c., was abandoned 20th, having encountered a severe gale on the 19 h. during which she became water-logged. Crew and passengers were brought to this port by pilot boat A. J. Nielsen.

New York, April, 1855.

Notice.

Subscribers to the Sailor's Magazine in arrears, and Agents having funds on hand on account of the Magazine, would confer a favor by forwarding the same to us before the end of the month of April, at which time our Financial year closes.]

A Mother Wanted.

The mother of William Mulloy, who sailed in the whale-ship *Maine*, from New Bedford, in 1846, will hear of something to her advantage at the office of the American Seamen's Friend Society, 80 Wall Street, New York.

A Word to the Sailor.

"Stay thee! a word before you go"
SHAKESPEARE.

We have said much to our brethren of the sea to dissuade them from that which is wrong, and to persuade them to that which is right. When we have seen them going direct to destruction, we have shouted at the top of our voice,—*Down your helm!—Hard down your helm!*—and when we have seen them on the right course, we have always sent with them our

hearty cheer, and best wishes of success.

Particularly have we spoken on the subject of temperance, quoting both the precepts and examples of the wise and good; the subject of mutual fidelity and forbearance between the cabin and the fore-castle; the subject of aking the name of God in vain, a practice odious to God and hateful to man; the subject of a manly and virtuous conduct on shore as well as at sea; and on the various topics relating to the temporal and spiritual interests of seamen, both in the present and future life. And it gives us great pleasure to know that our voice has sometimes been heard and heeded.—The hearty thanks we have received, together with the manifest evidences of good accomplished, have been our ample reward.

Now we wish to speak again to the sailor.

"Stay thee! a word before you go."

First. *You owe it to yourself to distinguish accurately between your true and false friends.*

You have had a long and bitter experience. Your unsuspecting heart has confided often, and almost as often

been disappointed. So often indeed, that you have a thousand times resolved to trust nobody, as not one in a thousand could be safely trusted. Sadly have you learned that landlords and lions do not divide their prey; that fair promises are the most flattering falsities; that

"A villain may smile, and smile, and be a villain still."

No wonder your confidence in men is lost. Cheat a fox once and get him near the trap a second time if you can. One crack of the rifle is enough to keep some birds at a respectful distance from the hunter. The only wonder is that you have suffered the trap to catch, and the rifle to bore you so often, and so long.

But now as you have the best means you ought to know, and recognize, and acknowledge your true friends. *And who are they?* Those who within a few years have opened for your protection, accommodation, and comfort half a hundred Sailor's Homes at an expense of nearly a Million of Dollars! Those who, without expense to you or a dollar of pecuniary advantage to themselves, have established Banks for Savings, where your money is not only safe, but gives you a fair interest. Those who have put Bibles and good books into your hands at cost, or as a free gift; and have counseled you to save your money, and character, and soul.

Those who have taken a "Good Samaritan" care of your shipwrecked and destitute seafaring brethren:—an average of over 200 every year, thus taken care of at the Sailor's Home in New York.

Those who have sent and are supporting Chaplains and Missionaries, not only to preach to you the Gospel, but to minister to you when sick in the Hospital, and to do you all the

good in their power, in the Sandwich Islands, New Grenada, Chili, the West Indies, China, France, Denmark, Sweden, New Brunswick, as well as at various ports along our own shores.

These are your true friends.—And the fact that for a series of years they have thus *freely* and *gratuitously* spent their time and money for you, is evidence sufficient that their friendship is sincere. Such a fact ought to beget your confidence, your gratitude, and love; and fill every unreasonable grumbler's mouth with gravel.

Perfection is not claimed in any of these efforts for the benefit of your brethren. Probably in attempting to guard against imposition and fraud, sometimes a true sailor receives not the considerate treatment he deserves. Yet the general aim is to do what is humane and right. In pursuing this course it has invariably been found that the loudest grumblers are the least deserving, and that usually their discontent is based on ignorance.

For example:—they come to the Sailor's Home, or to the Seamen's Friend Society, with a claim for aid, because the State or the United States Government imposes on them a tax for Hospital purposes, and because their claims on that ground cannot be entertained, they grumble; when the Home or the Society has no more to do with *that tax* than it has with the grog ration in the Navy. The existence of both we deplore and heartily wish removed.

Search out then your true friends—*by their fruits ye shall know them*—and give them your confidence and love.

Secondly. *You owe it both to yourself and to your true friends to appreciate their efforts in your behalf.*

Some of these friends are poor.—

They are relatives of the poor widow of two mites memory, whom our Lord commended for casting into the treasury all her living. They give for your benefit perhaps no more than the price of a New Testament or a Bible, and yet they are among the very best friends you have. Their prayers are worth more than gold.

Others live remote from the sea among the hills and mountains, and seem to be no more related to it than the rivers which flow into it; and yet like the rivers finding themselves dependent on the sea for a full tide of blessings, they make their returns in expressions of kindness for its men.

Others dwell in the "haven of ships," and along the sea shore, and sustain to you a commercial, and it may be a family relationship. As they see you more than others; are more familiar with your perils and sufferings, with both the shady and sunny side of your character and condition, they feel the promptings of sympathy, of interest, of christianity, singly or combined, to lend you a friendly hand.

And among them all stand your prominent and permanent friends;—the mothers, the sisters, and daughters. Those who were first at the sepulchre and last at the cross, have been first and last in their efforts to benefit you. And what we now ask of you is that you duly appreciate the efforts of all these friends in your behalf. Do they open for you a comfortable Sailor's Home? Show that you appreciate it by becoming an inmate as often as you can. Do they put into your hand a Bible, and furnish a faithful Chaplain? Do not fail to read the Bible, and hear the Chaplain preach the Gospel as often as you can.

Do they counsel thee to buy gold tried in the fire that thou mayest be rich, and white raiment that thou

mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye salve that thou mayest see? By all means listen to their counsels for it is for your life. Avail yourself of all the means of social, moral and religious improvement, thus put within your reach, *for your own sake primarily*, and next by way of showing your gratitude to them.

Let it not be said that the friends of the sailor opened for him at convenient distances through the entire desert of this world, fountains of living water, and that he was either so heedless, or so self-sufficient, or so insane that he would neither turn aside to drink, nor thank his benefactors.

Let the sailor be the last man in the world to merit the charge of ingratitude; the very last not to reciprocate or even recognize a cup of cold water given him in the name of a disciple. Never, never let it be said that a price was put into the hand of a sailor to get wisdom, and that he was such a fool as to have no heart to it.

Letters from Polynesia.

Honolulu, January 17th, 1855.

Funeral of Kamehameha III.—Inauguration of Kamehameha IV.—Royal speeches, &c., &c.

The funeral of his late Majesty, Kamehameha III, took place on the 10th Jan., agreeably to the Programme which I forwarded in my last. The exercises were twice deferred—the first time because the preparations were incomplete; and the second time, on account of the unfavorable weather. The day finally fixed upon was uncommonly fine; and the entire population of the city laid aside all other occupations, to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed King.

Religious exercises were held at the Palace, and when they were concluded, the long procession, reaching more than half a mile, commenced its

march. The stores and places of business were all closed—the streets through which the procession marched were all strewn with fresh grass—all the flags were at half-mast—minute guns were fired—bells were tolled—the band performed in consonance with the scene. After the procession had reached the Royal Tomb, the several military companies, and marines from American English and French vessels, were drawn up in order and fired three salutes. The remains of the King were duly and becomingly deposited among the relics of a former age, distinguished in Hawaiian annals. In the Royal Sepulchre rest the mortal remains of Kihoriho, Kamehameha II, and his Queen, who died in England in 1834, but which were brought hither in 1835, on board the frigate "Blonde." There rest also the remains of Kaahumanu, Kinau, the Rev. Wm. Richards and several others, whose names are well known to the religious community in the United States.

From the last "Polynesian" I copy the following remarks:

"The band of Native Hawaiians consisting of 15 pieces, with their drums muffled, preceded the first division of Hawaiian Infantry; then followed the Purveyor, household servants, and the Physician of the late King; after whom and before the funeral car, was led the black charger of His late Majesty, whose vacant saddle and empty trappings spoke feelingly of their absent Lord and master.

The car was drawn by a large company of Hawaiians, who were preceded by two large yellow kahilis, and the late King's Standard draped in black. On each side, at the foot, and at the head of the car, were carried two large green kahilis, while on either side were carried sixteen smaller kahilis of various sizes and colors.

A canopy of black, rising in a small pyramid to a summit upon which rested a crown, was supported by four black pillars springing from the body of the car. Between these pillars and beneath the canopy, resting upon the ancient embroidered feather quilt of Kamehameha I, was the coffin

of His Majesty Kamehameha III, covered with crimson velvet and richly decorated with armorial paintings; at the head of which was a Silver Plate bearing this inscription:

KAMEHAMEHA III,
Hanauia 17 Maraki, 1813,
Mike 15 Dekemaba, 1854,
He 29 Makahiki Kona
Noho Alii Ana.

At the foot and in front of the coffin was the Royal Crown, covered with crape, resting upon a velvet cushion; magnificent tassels were suspended from each corner, while the Royal Feather Cloak of Kamehameha I was thrown, as a Pall, over the coffin.

The High Chiefs, both male and female, accompanied the Car.

Her Majesty the Queen, Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria, His Royal Highness Prince Kamehameha followed the remains in a carriage led by two footmen.

His Majesty the King, Kamehameha IV, and Keoni Ana, the Premier, also followed the remains in a private carriage led by two footmen."

I am most happy to report that the utmost order and quiet reigned throughout the whole day. The becoming and appropriate style in which everything passed off, called forth the admiration of the numerous foreigners and strangers within the city. It was truly a memorable day in Hawaiian history. During the reign of his late Majesty great and important changes have transpired in his Kingdom, and in this part of the world. It seemed highly becoming to pay the highest respect to the mortal remains of one who had been called in the providence of God to act so important a part.

On the day following the funeral, took place the Inauguration of Kamehameha IV, who, it will be recollected, is the son of the present Governor of Oahu, and the Illustrious Chief Kinau, but the adopted son of the late King. The exercises of the Inauguration took place at the King's Chapel, where in the presence of a vast assembly, the following oath was administered to His Majesty, by Chief Justice the Honorable W. L. Leo.

"I solemnly swear, in the presence of Almighty God, to maintain the Constitution of the kingdom whole and inviolate, and to govern in conformity with that and the laws."

I should have remarked, however, that previous to the administration of this oath of office, the last Will and Testament of his late Majesty was opened and read. I copy the following extract:—

"*First.* I hereby appoint and proclaim my adopted son Alexander Liholiho, to be the heir and successor to my crown; provided he shall not be disqualified to sit upon the throne, under the provisions of the 26th Art. of the Constitution. And I request that the House of Nobles will join with me in appointing and proclaiming him as my heir.

"*Second.* It is my will and command that, in case my adopted son Alexander Liholiho shall not survive me, or, surviving me, shall not be qualified to sit upon the throne, that his brother, Lot Kamehameha, shall be the heir to my crown; provided he is not disqualified by the Constitution: and in case he shall not come to the throne, then his sister, Victoria Kameamalu, shall be my successor, provided she shall be qualified by the Constitution. Beyond this, I have no wish respecting my successor to the throne."

This Will was signed on the 2d of April, 1853.

THE KING'S SPEECH.

The King was pleased to make an address to his native subjects, of which the following translation is a copy.

"*Give ear Hawaii o Keawe! Maui o Kumu! Oahu o Kuihewa! Kauai o Manu!*

In the providence of God, and by the will of his late Majesty Kamehameha III, this day read in your hearing, I have been called to the high and responsible position of the Chief Ruler of this nation. I am deeply sensible of the importance and sacredness of the great trust committed to my hands, and in the discharge of this trust, I shall abide by the Constitution and laws which I have just sworn to maintain and support. It is

not my wish to entertain you on the present occasion with pleasant promises for the future; but I trust that the close of my career will show that I have not been raised to the head of this nation to oppress and curse it, but on the contrary to cheer and bless it, and that when I come to my end, I may, like the beloved Chief whose funeral we yesterday celebrated, pass from earth amid the bitter lamentation of my people.

The good, the generous, the kind hearted Kamehameha is now no more. Our great Chief has fallen! But though dead he still lives. He lives in the hearts of his people! He lives in the liberal, the just, and the beneficent measures which it was always his pleasure to adopt. His monuments rise to greet us on every side. They may be seen in the church, the school-house and the halls of justice; in the security of our persons and general prosperity that prevails throughout the islands. He was the friend of the Mākauana, the father of his people, and so long as a Hawaiian lives his memory will be cherished!

By the death of Kamehameha III, the chain that carried us back to the ancient days of Kamehameha I, has been broken. He was the last child of that great Chieftain, but how unlike the father from whom he sprung. Kamehameha I, was born for the age in which he lived, the age of war and conquest. Nobly did he fulfil the destiny for which he was created, that of reducing the islands from a state of anarchy and constant warfare to one of peace and unity under the rule of one King. With the accession of Kamehameha II, to the throne, the tabus were broken, the wild orgies of heathenism abolished, the idols thrown down, and in their place was set up the worship of the one only living and true God. His was the era of the introduction of Christianity and all its peaceful influences. He was born to commence the great moral revolution which began with his reign, and he performed his cycle. The age of Kamehameha III, was that of progress and of liberty—of schools and of civilization. He gave us a Constitution and fixed laws; he secured the

people in the title to their lands, and removed the last chain of oppression. He gave them a voice in his council and in the making of the laws by which they were governed. He was a great national benefactor, and has left the impress of his mild and amiable disposition on the age for which he was born.

To-day we begin a new era. Let it be one of increased civilization—one of decided progress, industry, temperance, morality and all those virtues which mark a nation's advance. This is beyond doubt a critical period in the history of our country, but I see no reason to despair. We have seen the tomb close over our Sovereign, but it does not bury our hopes. If we are united as *one individual* in seeking the peace, the prosperity and happiness of our country, we shall not be overthrown. The importance of this unity is what I most wish to impress upon your minds. Let us be one and we shall not fall!

On *my* part I shall endeavor to give you a mild, and liberal government, but at the same time one sufficiently vigorous to maintain the laws, secure you in all your rights of persons and property, and not too feeble to withstand the assaults of faction. On *your* part I shall expect you to contribute your best endeavors to aid me in maintaining the Constitution, supporting the law, and upholding our Independence."

It further pleased His Majesty, in accordance with a suggestion made to him, to make the following *impromptu* remarks, in English, to foreigners, owing allegiance to him, and others residing in his dominions:

"A few remarks addressed on this occasion to you, the foreign portion of the assembly present, may not be inappropriate.

You have all been witnesses this day to the solemn oath I have taken in the presence of Almighty God and this assembly, to preserve inviolate the Constitution. This is no idle ceremony. The Constitution which I have sworn to maintain has its foundation laid in the immutable principles of Liberty, Justice and Equality, and by

these, and none other, I hope to be guided in the administration of my Government. As the ruler of this people, I shall endeavor, with the blessings of God, to seek the welfare of my subjects, and at the same time to consult their wishes. In these endeavors I shall expect the hearty co-operation of all classes—foreigners as well as natives.

His Majesty Kamehameha III, now no more, was pre-eminently the friend of the foreigner; and I am happy in knowing he enjoyed your confidence and affection. He opened his heart and hand with royal liberality, and gave till he had little to bestow and you but little to ask. In this respect I cannot hope to equal him, but though I may fall far behind I shall follow in his footsteps.

To be kind and generous to the foreigner, to trust and confide in him, is no new thing in the history of our race. It is an inheritance transmitted to us from our forefathers. The founder of our dynasty was ever glad to receive assistance and advice from foreigners. His successor, not deviating from the policy of his father, listened not only to the voice of a missionary, and turned with his people to the light of Christianity, but against the wishes of the nation left his native land to seek for advice and permanent protection at a foreign Court. Although he never returned alive, his visit shows plainly what were his feelings towards the people of foreign countries. I cannot fail to heed the example of my ancestors. I therefore say to the foreigner that he is welcome. He is welcome to our shores—Welcome so long as he comes with the laudable motive of promoting his own interests and at the same time respecting those of his neighbor. But if he comes here with no more exalted motive than that of building up his own interests at the expense of the native—to seek our confidence only to betray it—with no higher ambition than that of overthrowing our Government, and introducing anarchy, confusion and bloodshed—then is he most unwelcome!

The duties we owe to each other are reciprocal. For my part I shall

use my best endeavors, in humble reliance on the Great Ruler of all, to give you a just, liberal and satisfactory government. At the same time I shall expect you in return to assist me in sustaining the Peace, the Law, the Order and Independence of my Kingdom."

The preceding is the address, as it was taken down at the time, by a practised stenographer.

His Majesty afterwards, from the portico of the church, addressed, in native, a crowd of several thousands, who had not been able to find room in the church, and who had congregated in front thereof, outside the military. The crowd listened in breathless silence, and when the King concluded, cheered His Majesty most rapturously.

The whole solemn proceedings were conducted with admirable order, and His Majesty throughout appeared calm, collected and dignified.

If any apology is necessary, for asking the privilege of inserting this long communication, in the columns of the Magazine, I would remark that the "American Seamen's Friend Society," is under special obligations to the Chiefs of these islands, and especially to some of those whose names have been mentioned. The land upon which the "Parsonage" is situated, was the free gift of the late King, and the land upon which the "Bethel" is located was the free gift of Kinau, mother of the present King.

But I must close.

Yours,

S. C. DAMON.

Mobile Bay Chaplaincy.

To the Secretaries of the American Seamen's Friend Society, New York. }

Gentlemen,

The mission of the Bethel Ship, in Mobile Bay, was opened this season, the first week in December; and it was hoped that a commencement thus early, would conduce to the convenience and profit of the large fleet which had already arrived. It was nevertheless found, after a lapse of eight or ten days, that repairs were indispen-

sable to the bottom of the ship; she leaking so badly as to require pumping several times a day. Measures were accordingly taken to have her brought up to the city, and placed in the Dry Dock; which the officers of the Dock Company generously offered to permit to be done, at the first opportunity that might present, with no other charge than what might accrue for actual repairs made. Several weeks however elapsed before a vacancy occurred in the Dock; and then it was through the courteous indulgence of Messrs. Cox, Brainard & Co., who yielded their claim to occupancy on behalf of the ship.

In this connection, it is suitable also to mention that the "Chambers Line" of steamers, with great liberality, towed the vessel to, and from the city, a distance of twenty-five miles, without charge to the Bethel Committee.

On examination it was found, that a portion of the copper upon the ship's bottom was abraded; and the "sea worm," that terror to uncoppered bottoms in these waters, had found the vulnerable point, and had penetrated, and cellulated completely, a portion of the plank, causing the vessel to leak so that without relief she would probably have sunk in three or four days.

This fact reminds one of an analogous case in morals, where the integrity of an individual, being assailed by the power of evil, with a dire temptation—if there be a point vulnerable, it will most probably be found, and the enemy enter and disgrace, if not destroy him.

This interruption to the work of the mission did not however, entirely suspend public worship in the Bay on the Sabbath, as through the gentlemanly offer of Capt. Powers, of the British ship "Wasp," your Chaplain was enabled a portion of the time, to have service on board that vessel.

Since the Bethel Ship has returned to her moorings, she appears in a sound state, as well as improved in condition generally. The season thus far, though much of the time cold and boisterous, has been very healthy in the Bay; only a few persons have found it necessary to enter our Hospital for any length of time, though we

have prescribed for some sixteen or eighteen individuals.

One case, in illustrating a gracious Providence in a remarkable manner, is worthy of particular notice. Early on Sabbath morning, February 11th, two seamen from the ship S——, who had fallen into the hold of the vessel, were brought to the Hospital. One of these men had received a flesh wound upon the knee of the left leg, fracturing the Patella or knee pan; had sprained the right wrist, and inflicted a wound upon it; and had also penetrated the socket of the right eye, through a wound made in the external cañthus or corner, with a piece of wood which broke off, leaving about three-fourths of an inch in length, and some three-eighths of an inch in width in the socket. Contrary to my expectations, on extracting the wood, it was discovered to have passed between the ball of the eye, and the Supra Orbital plate, without serious injury to the eye or the brain. It may not be uninteresting also to mention, that but for our Hospital being open here in the Bay, these men must necessarily have waited until Monday night, and perhaps Tuesday morning, before they could have received medical assistance. The individual alluded to is now in a fair way to recover.

The attendance at the Chapel on the Sabbath has thus far been very good in pleasant weather; numbering from six to twelve boats, in one of which were eighteen persons. Several masters of vessels, have set the good example of attending themselves, and bringing a portion of their crew with them.

It seems to us there would be a great fitness and propriety in a still more general attendance, on the part of the masters who may spend their Sabbaths in the Bay, and thus encourage their men to attend Divine service, as well as receive, perhaps, personal benefit themselves.

We have seen no reason to change the plan we adopted last season, in respect to those on board with us, in endeavoring to impart to them religious instruction, in addition to preaching twice on the Sabbath. Our custom is to have every day religious worship,

morning and evening, with reading of the Scriptures, and remarks upon them. This latter, as we have had occasion to say in a former Report, is an extremely interesting feature of our Mission. It tends to occupy the attention of all engaged in it, and to fill the mind often with an entirely new train of profitable reflections. Is it not God's appointed way to enlighten the soul?

We are enabled also, through the liberality of the Mobile Bible Society to give Bibles to many a destitute seaman, who always receives them thankfully. A liberal circulation of religious and temperance tracts is also practiced among the ships, as opportunity presents. I am also happy to be able to state, that but few if any whether of American or British ships, serve the ordinary grog ration on board, among the crews. We have a numerous list of names of seamen who have taken the "Bethel Ship's Temperance Pledge."

In conclusion, we will take the liberty to add, that the current and occasional expenses of this Mission are considerable, aside from the salary of the Chaplain, which is paid by the American Seamen's Friend Society. The proportion of that part of the fleet, which chiefly patronize our Hospital, is far smaller this year, than it was last, the large portion having a claim to admit their sick and disabled seamen *without charge* into the Marine Hospital in the city. Hence it is obvious that the resources from our Hospital *may* be diminished more or less. If so, it is also apparent that the Mobile Bethel Committee, who have already made large advances to sustain the enterprise this year, will be compelled to look to the Christian liberality of the friends of seamen in Mobile for pecuniary aid.

Yours truly,

JOHN GRIDLEY,
Chaplain and Physician.
Mobile Bay, March 1, 1855.

The Seamen's cause in Maine.

The Rev. William Bushnell having honorably terminated his useful agency for the American Seamen's Friend

Society in the State of Maine, the Rev. James R. French, the faithful and successful Chaplain of the Mariner's Church in Portland, has consented to devote a part of the year to the general interests of the cause in the same service. As he is not a stranger to the churches, he needs neither introduction nor commendation from us. We trust he will be welcomed as a messenger of good—leaving, in the information communicated, and the hallowed impressions made, far richer blessings than the Bank Notes he bears away: and that these borne to the treasury and converted into means of grace may both in amount and in the results desired, greatly exceed those of any former years.

Marine Temperance Society of the Port of New-York.

At the Twenty-second Annual Meeting of this Society, held at the Sailor's Home, 190 Cherry St., on Tuesday evening, March 6th, 1855, the following officers were elected for the year ensuing:—

CAPT. DANIEL TRACY, PRESIDENT,
Capts. Morris Osborn, E. Richardson,
A. W. Welden, Thomas Wardle,
James Hart, E. H. Chisole, Samuel
Brown, Esq., Vice-Presidents.
REV. CHARLES J. JONES, Cor. Sec'y.
L. P. HUBBARD, Rec'g. Sec'y.

DIRECTORS.

Capt. — Fader, Capt. H. A. Curtis,
Charles M. Anderson, William S.
Wilder, Mahlon Hewitt, Alfred Shad-
bolt, Hugh Aikman, Ira Buckman,
Wm. D. Harris, Peter Augustus,
William Gurney, Obadiah Alibee,
Wm. D. Murphy, George Bucking-
ham, J. P. Bonnell, David Allen.

Intrusion.

Last month, February, long known for its *short* and *crusty* character, crowded March out of its place on the cover of the Sailor's Magazine. We are happy to say that although March *blustered* somewhat at the intrusion, all is quiet now.

Account of Mourqs,

From Feb. 15, to March 15, 1855.

Directors for Life by the payment of Fifty Dollars.

Captain Oliver Potter, New-	
port. R. I.,	50 00
John R. Murray, Mount Mor-	
ris, N. Y.,	50 00

Members for Life by the payment of Twenty Dollars.

John Bouton, by Con. Soc.,	
South Norwalk, Ct.,	20 00
John West Mason, Big Grove,	
Ill, by Mrs. Mary E. Mason	
of Greenwich, Ct. (am. ack.	
below.)	
Mrs. Dr. Linsley, Greenwich,	
Ct., by a Friend, (amt. ack.	
below.)	
Charles H. Sabin, Lee, Mass.,	
by Wm. J. Bartlett, (bal.)	
(amt. ack. below.)	
George W. Platner, Lee,	
Mass., in part, (amt. ack.	
Below.)	
S. H. Talbot, by friends of	
Seamen, E. Machias, Me.,	
(balance.)	13 00

Donations.

From First Con. Soc., East	
Haddam, Ct.,	16 00
" First Evang. Con. Soc.,	
Townshend, Vt.,	13 25
" Bap. Ch. and Soc. do do.,	2 75
" Pres. Ch., Flemington,	
N. J., (in part.)	40 38
" Pres. Ch., Mendham, N. J.	50 00
" Clinton Avenue, Con.	
Soc., Brooklyn, N. Y.,	38 34
" Con. Soc., Greens Farm,	
Ct., (balance)	8 00
" Mrs. J. W. Gibbs, New	
Haven, Ct.,	5 00
" Rev. John G. Pierson,	
Chaplain at Lima,	
Peru,	4 85
" Cong'l Ch. and Soc'y,	
Greenwich, Ct.,	140 00
" Ladies Association, Bar-	
rington, R. I.	5 50
" Gentlemen's do do.,	7 50
" Ref. Dutch Ch., Market	
St., New York,	102 97
" Con. Soc., Newbury, Vt.,	18 00

" Sabbath S. of Pres. Ch., Mays Landing, N. J.,	11 00
" General Benev. Soc., 1st Parish Hadley, Mass.,	7 00
" Third Pres. Ch., Brook- lyn, N. Y.	63 00
" Con. Ch., Lee, Mass.,	74 07
" Boston S. Fr'd Soc.,	1,040 86
" Pres. Ch., Chester, N. Y., (in part)	20 01
" Second Con. Soc., Nor- wich, Ct.,	118 25
" Con. Soc., North Ston- ington, Ct.,	20 00
" Ninth St. Ref. Dutch Ch., New York,	45 33
" Con. Soc., North Brain- tree, Mass.,	24 20
" Con. Soc., South Brain- tree, Mass.,	8 50
" Union Church, Salis- bury and Amesbury, Mass.,	7 00
" Sabbath School, in First Ch., Bangor, Me.,	65 00
" Con. Soc., Hampden, Me.	6 86
" North Church, Newbury Port, Mass.,	20 00
" Christian Baptist, do do.,	3 56

\$2,120 18

Sailor's Home, New York.

Ladies Seamen's Friend Society,
Concord, N. H., 9 striped shirts, 10
red do., 8 sheets, 22 pillow cases.

*Receipts of Money and Books by
the Boston Seamen's Frd. Soc'y.*

South Reading, Mrs. Lydia E. Hawks, to make herself L. M.,	20 00
West Medway, Con. Soc.,	16 59
Medway Village,	4 46
East Medway, to make Mr. James Mitchell and Paul Daniels L. Ms.,	43 57
Bradford, Con. Soc.,	30 00
Cambridgeport, Mrs. Eliza Harlow,	5 00
Weymouth, Rev. Mr. Park- in's Soc.	17 77
West Randolph, (\$20 by Mrs. Anne K. Alden, to make herself L. M.,)	42 00
Wrentham, box of valuable Books and tracts, making 71,700 pages, and (ad'l)	2 00

Danvers, South Con. Soc.,	49 00
Danvers, 1st Ch., \$19 75, S. School, \$10,	29 75
Acworth, N. H., Ladies S. F. Soc., to make Rev. E. S. Wright, L. M.,	20 00
Lawrence, Christian Free Gift Association,	5 00
Lawrence, Mrs. Charles A. Colby,	5 00
Abington Centre, Con. Soc.,	15 50
East Randolph,	16 30
Lowell, Appleton Ch. add'l,	1 05
Pepperil, Con. Soc.,	4 75
South Hadley, A Friend,	2 00
Boston, Pine st. Soc.,	34 27
Boston, Essex st. Soc.,	187 17
Chelsea, Winnesimmet Soc.,	160 10
Acton, A Friend,	2 00
Bedford, box of valuable books and tracts.	
Leicester, from Mrs. Mary Denny, box of Books.	
Westford, Con. Soc., Rev. Thomas Wilson, L. M., in part,	15 00
Freeman H. Myrick, L. M., by Collection from Appleton St. Ch., Lowell, and Daniel Brainard Tilton, L. M., by collection from John St. Soc., Lowell, (amt. ack.)	
Whilinsville, Con. Soc.	54 12

Sailor's Home.

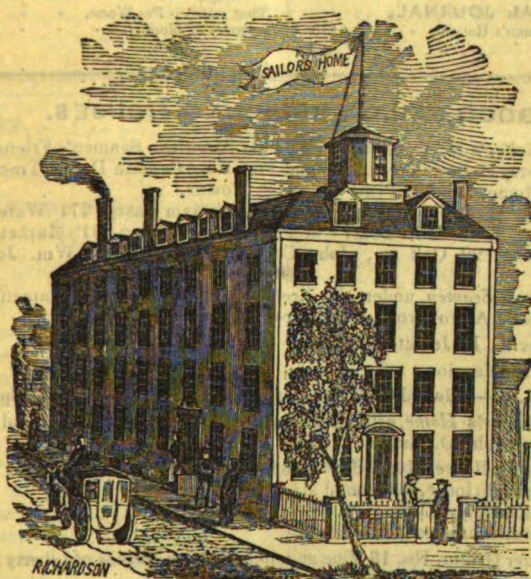
From Rev. E. B. Dowse Sherburne,	10 00
Seamen's Concert,	4 25
Mrs. Dunbar, (Easton,)	1 00
Barry, Mrs. E. Bennett, S. S. Class,	2 00
Longmeadow, Box of Cloth- ing from the Young Ladies Missionary Soc., for their Room.	
Saxonville, S. School Collect- ors, in full, to make R. E. Pullen L. M.,	15 69
Worcester, Salem st. Soc.,	17 82
Danvers, 2d Con. Soc., ad'l,	10 50
Danvers, S. School Collect- ors, to make Rev. James O. Murray L. M.,	29 00
Also box of Books.	
Fitchburg, Calvinists Con. Ch.	17 75
Plymouth, Juv. Collectors,	7 00
Northampton, John Clark, to make himself L. M.,	25 00

Vol. 27.

MAY, 1855.

No. 9.

THE SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.



SAILOR'S HOME, PORTLAND, MAINE.

New York :

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

No. 80 WALL STREET.

\$1 Per Annum—Postage, in N. Y., in ADVANCE, 3 Cts., a Year ; Elsewhere, in the U. S.
6 Cts. ; Single Number 1 Ct.

STEPHEN HALLET, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER, 122 NASSAU STREET.
Spanish and French Printer and Translator.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

MISCELLANEOUS.		Page.
Twenty-Seventh Annual Report of the	Page.	
American Seamen's Friend Society, -	289	
Havre Chaplaincy, -	302	
NAVAL JOURNAL.		
The Sea, -	805	
Wrecking and Wreckers, -	808	
Notice to Mariners, -	310	
Disasters, -	311	
NEW YORK DEPARTMENT.		
Anniversary Meeting, -	313	
Sailor's Home—New Orleans, -	316	
Mobile Shore Chaplaincy, -	317	
Philadelphia Chaplaincy, -	318	
Poor's Railroad Map of the United States, -	319	
Account of Money, -	319	

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW-YORK—*Sailor's Home*, Established by the American Seamen's Friend Society No. 190 Cherry st. between Market and Pike sts. Captain Daniel Tracy.
NEW SAILOR'S HOME, No. 338 Pearl st. J. S. Towne.
Other Boarding-Houses in New-York city.—William Sharp, 271 Water street; William Huelat, 334, 336, Pearl street; Peter Obeig, 91 Market street; Mrs. Alice Perry, 22 Oak st.; Benjamin Buck, 322 Pearl st.; Wm. Johnson, 9 Carlisle st.
Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society, kept by Albro Lyons, Vandewater st.
SANDUSKY—Rev. C. R. Jewitt, Chaplain.
BATH—Seamen's Mansion.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Edward C. Myers, corner of Market and Bow sts., Spring Hill.
BOSTON—The *Sailor's Home*, established by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society, 99 Purchase st. John O. Chany.
BOSTON—Mariner's House, North Square, by Mr. N. Hamilton.
 " Richmond House, Richmond st., by Mr. Clark.
 " John Kennaley, Clark-st.
 " Murdock Matherson, Fleet-st.
SALEM—Ebenezer Griffin, No. 16 Vine st., clothing store, corner of Liberty and Vine sts.; and Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket st. near Derby st.
BRISTOL, R. I.—Mrs. Ann Pearce.
NEW-BEDFORD—Wm. Cranston, 14 Bethel Court; A. C. Davenport, 25 Middle st. *For Colored Seamen*, by Marshall L. Potts, corner Sixth and Bedford sts.
PHILADELPHIA—Sailor's Home, 204 South Front st., by J. H. Cassidy under care of the Pa. Seamen's Friend Society.
BALTIMORE—New Seamen's Bethel Home and Shipping Office, Edward Kirby, 65 Thames Street.
ALEXANDRIA, D. C.—Sailor's Home, by John Robinson.
CHARLESTON—Sailor's Home, by Capt. Wm. White, Market st., opposite State St.
SAVANNAH—Foot of Jefferson st., O. C. Parker.
MOBILE—Sailor's Home, by Lewis Lawson.
NEW-ORLEANS—Sailor's Home, F. Rickerst, corner of New Levee and Suzette str
ST. JOHNS, N. B.—Seamen's Home, by Capt. Chas. C. Petch, keeper.
HAVRE, FRANCE—Mrs. Johnson, Rue Royale, 21.

THE

SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. 27.

MAY, 1855.

No. 9.

St. Thomas Chaplaincy, W. I.

GENERAL VIEW.

12th Feb. 1855.

I commenced my labors in the harbor the middle of November, in connection with others in the Ref. Dutch Church. Your readers may be aware that on the departure, in May, of the Rev Mr. Knox, pastor of that church, which ultimately resulted in his resignation and settlement in the States, I was invited by the Council to spend the summer with them, and act as pastor till such time as they should receive another man. The shipping season did not open the past fall as early as usual by a month, so that until the time above specified I did not feel authorised to commence working for your society. Being relieved of the church the end of December, by the arrival of the Rev. Theo. F. Wyckoff to be its pastor, I then devoted myself wholly to the duties of the Chaplaincy. But, by a mysterious providence of God, Mr. Wyckoff was cut down by yellow fever the 24th ult., and from the 1st instant I have again been acting pastor of the church. I do not, however, perform the same amount of

labor in the town, my duties being confined to preaching once on the Sabbath, and attendance on the sick and funerals. Consequently I have more time than when before engaged in the church to visit shipping and prepare myself for my Sabbath services.

There has been a large number of American vessels the past fall and winter; since the first of January I think not less than twenty or thirty. A circumstance favorable to my mission has been that the same vessels have lain a longer time in port than they generally do here. This has been owing to the present dullness of freight, in consequence of which vessels coming here in great numbers from the Windward Islands for homeward or European freights have been obliged to wait a long time before anything would offer. A large fleet of such are now lying at anchor in our beautiful harbor.

There has been some sickness and deaths among seamen by yellow fever, though not much in American vessels, principally among English, French, and German.

WORKS OF FAITH.

I will not profess to have anything very wonderful or encouraging to re-

Was the government at sea, to some extent, a degrading despotism—rendering and keeping the sailors servile, and deficient in all the elements of a noble manhood? It was shewn that the iron age of the sea was passing away, and that commanders are learning in their own self-government the true way of controlling others.

Were the wages paid to seamen no fair equivalent for their toils, exposures, and sufferings, and hence their dishonorable reprisals and desertions? The demand for their services, it was believed, would regulate this matter, except the *practice of paying the advance*. This was justly regarded as one of the greatest hindrances to the sailor's elevation; and this is still his unalleviated curse.

Was the sailor's general deprivation of the social and religious privileges enjoyed by others, an obstacle to his manly and christian development? Such deprivation, to a great extent, was incidental to his calling, and with such modifications and appliances as the nature of the case would admit, need not abate from his manhood, nor exclude him from the kingdom of God.

Such were the aspects of the cause a year ago; and such are their leading features now; the obstacles gradually decreasing in number and strength, and the fruits increasing with the amount of seed sown.*

What if the "march of Providence is slow?" "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

The Directors present a sketch of the Society's operations at home and abroad the past year, as a suggestive chapter for seamen and their friends to study, and a memorial of the goodness of Him who is "the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea."

FOREIGN OPERATIONS.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

HONOLULU.—REV. S. C. DAWSON, *Chaplain*.

Such are the relations of these Islands to the great whaling fleet, and the principal ports of the Pacific, as to invest them every year with new interest.

During the three months of the last fall season, 133 whale ships entered the port of Honolulu. Their crews, together with those of the merchant vessels, men-of-war, and steamers, continue to receive the highly appreciated and useful services of the Chaplain. And, as in former years, he has frequent gratifying evidence that his labors are not in vain.

Of late, the enterprise of establishing a Sailor's Home on a liberal scale, has been started with every prospect of success; the late King, Kamehameha III, having donated the most eligible site in Honolulu for the purpose, valued at \$6,000, and both citizens and seamen, as well as some in the United States, subscribed generously for the purpose. The estimated cost of the buildings is \$15,000. In the distribution of Bibles, good books, and tracts, in the promotion of temperance, as well as preaching the gospel, and personal intercourse with seamen in the hospital, in the street, in his study, and on ship-board, the Chaplain is indefatigable, and in a late communication says: "It is instructive to watch the silent and progressive influence of the gospel among those who go down to the sea in ships."

LAHAINA.—REV. S. E. BISHOP, *Chaplain*.

This station approximates Honolulu in importance, having been visited the season above named by 137 whale ships, between 90 and 100 in the spring season, and during the year by a considerable number of other vessels. The

* See note at the end of this report.

Chapel has been refitted, and rendered more attractive as a place of worship and been well attended. The Chaplain's study, like Mr. Damon's, is a place of frequent resort by seamen for social intercourse, serious conversation, and reading matter. "Tell the Tract Society," says Mr. Bishop, "I can scatter their publications, and the Bible Society, their Bibles, in as many languages, and as widely over the world, as almost any agent they have. Portuguese, Spanish, French and German, are most in demand." In one of his letters he speaks of three young seamen who had died in the Lord at the hospital, and of another awakened on the sea, who there passed from death unto life: and in another, of preaching to an audience of about 75 souls, on board the "Saratoga." "The Holy Spirit has been at work upon some of the crew of this ship." One of the hopeful converts, in the teeth of much opposition, set up a prayer-meeting in the fore-castle, and presently there were four willing to take part in the exercises. "One of the crew proposed to fight him when he began to pray, and now is ready to fight any one who interrupts him, and seems deeply serious." Another sailor, from Hilo, (REV. T. COAN, Pastor of the Native Church,) called on Mr. Bishop, saying, he was led to Christ last Spring by the Rev. Mr. Coan. Thirty-one whale ships arrived in this port during the last fall season. For the spiritual good of their respective crews, the Pastor of the largest evangelical church in the world did what he could; and doubtless more than a single young sailor of their crews will be reported at the last day as having been led to Christ by him.

CHINA.

CANTON.—————. *Chaplain.*

This Chaplaincy is now vacant, the Rev. E. H. Harlow having returned to the United States, and the Board deeming it inexpedient to supply his place while the revolutionary and commercial difficulties there continued. In the meantime the Floating Bethel is in the care of a physician, who has fitted up a portion of it for hospital purposes.

FRANCE.

HAVRE.—REV. E. N. SAWTELL, *Chaplain.*

At the date of the last Report the services in the Seaman's Chapel were conducted in the evening only, by an English Clergyman, resident in Havre. But since that time Mr. Sawtell, who built the Chapel, and served the seamen in it with much acceptance and success for seven years, has returned to his old station, and been received by seamen and citizens with much joy. Much good is anticipated from his faithful and well adapted labors. His first report, just received, finely illustrates his tact and energy, and usefulness in that important field.

MARSEILLES.—REV. M. JOHN MAYERS, *Chaplain.*

During the past year, Mr. Mayers has visited the United States, and with the pecuniary aid here received, has opened a Sailor's Home in Marseilles.—In a recent communication he says:

"The Home is going on very satisfactorily, and is fully answering my expectation. The house has been full for the last three weeks. It is quite evident, even to the worldly minded, that our undertaking is, through God's blessing, productive of great good; in the first place, to keep men away from those dens of iniquity and destruction, the gin-shops, and to bring them within reach of the means and ordinances of grace. All those seamen who are lodged in the Home, attend on the Sabbath the ordinance of public worship."

BORDEAUX.

From this place, as well as from the ISLAND OF ST. HELENA, no Reports have been received from the Chaplains, and, consequently, no appropriations are continued to them.

DENMARK.

COPENHAGEN.—PETER E. RYDING, *Sailor Missionary*.

It will be remembered that this Missionary was introduced to this field of labor by Rev. F. O. Nelson, who is now a successful Home Missionary among the Swedes in our western country. In Copenhagen, as well as in other European ports, the spirit of war so fills the public mind, as generally to rule out the precepts and spirit of the Gospel. Yet in the harbors, on board the vessels, and many places in the country, our Missionary has continued his work; like his Divine Master, one day preaching to a single individual in the house or by the wayside, and the next to a multitude on the deck of a ship. His success is marked both by a violent opposition, and by signal conversions to God. In a recent report he says, "During the last year I have distributed 446 Bibles and Testaments, and about 10,000 religious Tracts."

SWEDEN.

"Of late," says the above Missionary, "there has been a great awakening in Sweden, particularly in the eastern and northern valleys. They seceded from the State Church, and formed themselves into separate churches in conformity to the word of God. In Stockholm are said to be about 6000. During the last two or three months about 300 have become Baptists. Thus powerfully does the spirit of the living God work."

GOTTLAND.—JOHN LINDALIUS, *Missionary*.

The reports from this Sailor Missionary not only give assurance of his fidelity, but certainty of the progress of the Gospel, among his benighted countrymen. So this must be numbered among the prophetic isles which should wait for God's law.

GOTTENBURG.—E. ERICKSON, *Missionary*.

This Missionary, having faithfully executed his commission a part of the year, has tendered his resignation, and followed his predecessor, F. O. Nelson, to America. Emigration of pious Swedes, who could not enjoy religious liberty at home, has been large of late; furnishing an illustration both of the folly and wickedness of an intolerant, persecuting Church and State policy.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

ST. JOHN.—REV. E. N. HARRIS, *Chaplain*.

This City, including Portland, has a population of 35,000, and is visited annually by about 16,000 seamen. Till within the last two and a half years, no systematic and effective efforts were made, either for their temporal or eternal welfare. But the changes which this short period has wrought, are equally surprising and gratifying.

The first necessity, next to the preaching of the Gospel, was met by fitting up and opening in May 1853, a "Seamen's Home," at an expense of \$2,319, sufficiently large to accommodate sixty boarders. These accommodations were soon found to be too limited, as in the following September eighty applicants were rejected for the want of room. Hence another movement for a Home that will accommodate one hundred and thirty boarders; for which subscriptions and donations, including \$6,000 from the Provincial Parliament, have been made, amounting to \$22,000.

Next a place of worship was required, and the "Marine Hall," which seats comfortably three hundred hearers, was erected. But this place also proved too strait. And now the ladies—never last in any good work—are again on the alert, and have raised over \$200, towards purchasing the site for another Bethel. But best of all, the Lord is with them, giving them spiritual mercies also—the first convert in the new hall being a shipmaster.

The Mariner's Temperance Society and Lyceum, the Mariner's Conference on Friday, and the Popular Lectures on Wednesday evenings, are yielding their legitimate and precious fruits. We congratulate the friends of the cause in St. John, and our joint Chaplain on the zeal and energy manifested in the good work, and unite with them in thanking to him who has crowned the work, thus far, with signal success.

WEST INDIES.

ST. THOMAS.—REV. E. WHITTLESEY, *Chaplain*.

With the approbation of the Board, their Chaplain has divided his labors of late in St. Thomas, between the seamen and R. D. Church. Having recently been bereaved of two ministers, the one by removal to the United States, and the other by death, it was deemed by all concerned a providential favor that Mr. Whittlesey could thus serve them, till they could secure another pastor.

He regards his work among seamen as "one purely of Christian love, and pre-eminently of faith." Yet in the difficulties and discouragements attending it, he finds motives which "justify the enterprise to every Christian heart, and urge to increased and unremitted effort." Now and then a diamond turns up, when he not only wonders at his faint heartedness, but thanks God, and takes courage.

NEW GRENADA.

ASPINWALL.—REV. D. H. WHEELER, *Chaplain*.

Our Chaplain has occupied this field nine months, dividing his labors between the seamen and the citizens. Occupying a position where men die fast—more from sinful habits than a sickly atmosphere—he has aimed directly at their conversion to God. Hence a considerable number have given pleasing evidence of a spiritual change. Of about fifty who died in one of the Hospitals, *three* departed in a rational and scriptural peace. Another sung joyfully the night before he died, having in prospect a glorious resurrection morning.

Travellers too, have enjoyed the ministrations of our Chaplain; as Mrs. Pesse, on her way from Michigan to join her husband in California, here stopped to die, and enter into the rest that remaineth to the people of God. Mr. Wheeler here finds ample facilities for a general circulation of the word of God. He is now gathering the materials for a chapel.

PANAMA.—REV. J. ROWELL, *Chaplain*.

Within the last year, Mr. Rowell has secured a better place of worship in a better location; so situated that the gate and the Bethel flag are visible in two streets and the chief plaza, or square of the City. He visits Taboga oftener than ever before, and has larger congregations there than in the City. He finds sailors more accessible and impressible than other men.—Hence he says, "I always preach easier and better to sailors than to landmen, and that because I preach with higher hopes. And what is true of preaching is equally true of personal labor." He finds an *affectionate, cordial, frank approach*, quite sure to receive a similar response. He has known one well trained in childhood, who had broken away from the restraints thus imposed, and lived in sin till past middle life, brought to Christ by less labor than might have been spent on him in a single Sabbath in his earlier years. And another, who spent the years of his minority under the best religious influences, an impenitent sinner; but yielded his heart to Christ as soon as presented by the sailor's preacher in a foreign hospital, and died a triumphant death.

The railroad connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific having now been completed, and put in successful operation renders the termini—Aspinwall and Panama—places of increasing importance for the labors of the Chaplains, not only on account of the large number of seamen which a growing commerce brings there, but on account of New Grenada, which must receive the Gospel from these two radiating points.

PERU.

CALLAO, AND THE CHINCHA ISLANDS.

On the 10th of June, the Rev. F. W. Bill, Chaplain, sailed for this important station. At Panama he paused a few weeks for the double purpose of supplying the place of Mr. Rowell, then on a visit to the United States, and of qualifying himself for his field of labor.

Here, as wherever he had previously labored, he was much respected and esteemed.

Going down the coast at Guayaquil, he contracted a severe cold, which terminated in fever, and death on the 31st of October, the week of his arrival at Callao. Our only consolation in this painful event, is in the assurance of his preparation for the rest above, and in the ever comforting truth—*the Lord reigneth.*

Measures are in progress for supplying the place.

CHILI.

VALPARAISO.—REV. D. TRUMBULL, Chaplain.

Here the Chaplain's labors are divided between the Superintendence of a large School, preaching the Gospel, the distribution of a religious literature, and visiting the sick. In the Hospital he directs many sick sailors, and many sorrowful ones, to Him who alone can heal both soul and body.

An eligible site has been obtained for a Seamen's Chapel, and \$11,400 raised, including \$1,000 paid by the American Seamen's Friend Society, towards its completion.

BRAZIL.

RIO DE JANEIRO.

It gives us pain to announce this important Chaplaincy vacant, by the return of the excellent Chaplain, Rev. J. C. Fletcher, to the United States, on account of the continued illness of his wife. He has returned to Rio for the settlement of his affairs, accompanied by a devoted young man, from Princeton Theological Seminary, who may enter into his labors.

AFRICA.

CAPE TOWN.

In former years this place received attention and aid from the American Seamen's Friend Society, and is now recalled to mind by a recent communication from Capt. Gideon S. Holmes, U. S. Consul at the Cape of Good Hope. He writes in behalf of the Committee of a Society formed there last October, for the benefit of Seamen, soliciting our counsel and renewed aid. About £700 have been subscribed on the spot; and a Sailor's Home, with other measures are contemplated for securing the objects of the Society.

PRESIDENT,

COMMODORE H. D. TROTTER.

TREASURER,

W. BROADWAY, Esq.

SECRETARY,

REV. GEORGE MORGAN.

These gentlemen, together with the names of an efficient Committee of eighteen members, are a sufficient guaranty that the interest which has thus been expressed, will be developed in the best, practical results.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

SIDNEY.—REV. L. E. THRELKELD, Chaplain.

During nearly five years, while Rev. T. Adam was Chaplain, the American Seamen's Friend Society contributed towards sustaining this Chaplaincy.

It is gratifying to know that the Sidney Bethel Union, are still prosecuting the good work in that port, through the services of Mr. Threlkeld; that a new Bethel, a Sailor's Home, and other measures are contemplated for the spiritual good of seamen.

DOMESTIC OPERATIONS.

As the action of the American Society is connected more or less with that of the local and auxiliary Societies; and as a knowledge of their respective doings is desirable, both as a bond of union and a means of promoting a greater efficiency, we give as usual a sketch of their prominent acts and results.

NEW-ORLEANS.—REV. MESSRS. WHITALL and TAMPET, *Chaplains*.

Laborers for the benefit of seamen have been continued in this City, but with what apparent results the last year we are not advised.

The Sailor's Home, destroyed by fire, we have been informed has been rebuilt and is doing great good.

MOBILE.—REV. A. MC GLASHAN, *Chaplain*.

The people of this City, having for a long time made commendable efforts for the benefit of the 20,000 seamen annually visiting their port; and having found their present accommodations and facilities insufficient, have purchased an eligible lot, and are making an effort to raise \$20,000 to build thereon a new Sailor's Home and Bethel Church. Gratifying success has attended the Home under the judicious management of Mr. Gardiner, as well as the Chaplain's labors in the Bethel. As a result of a special religious interest which commenced about the 1st of January, ten have united with the Bethel church on the profession of their faith in Christ; while a number of new born souls left before they had an opportunity to confess Christ before men, or to unite with churches to which their friends belong at home.

MOBILE BAY.—REV. JOHN GRIDLEY, M. D., *Chaplain of A. S. F. S.*

The importance of the Floating Bethel and Hospital in the Bay, is frequently illustrated by significant facts; the excellent Chaplain having all his skill taxed as a minister of the Gospel and a medical practitioner, to save both the souls and bodies of the sailors.

The attendance at the Chapel on a pleasant Sabbath is good; numbering from six to twelve boats, in one of which he counted eighteen persons. Several of the shipmasters set the good example of attending themselves and bringing a portion of their crews with them. In addition to preaching twice on the Sabbath, the Chaplain has daily, morning and evening religious worship, accompanied by a brief exposition and practical application of the Scriptures. This he regards as a very interesting and useful feature of the mission.

CHARLESTON.—REV. WM. B. YATES, *Chaplain*.

This much esteemed Chaplain reports:—"We have reason to know that the general influence of the Bethel has been of a very salutary kind, and not a few have had cause to rejoice and thank God that the Bethel flag continues to wave in Charleston."

After giving some interesting illustrations of good accomplished, he again calls attention to one of the greatest obstacles to the improvement of seamen, and makes to insurance companies the following important suggestion:—"In my general intercourse with seamen, I continue to receive from them their entire confidence, and they often take my advice, and I am persuaded that they begin to feel that the month's advance is one of the greatest evils connected with their

profession; and I am more and more persuaded that it is the greatest obstacle in the way of doing good to the sailor, and would respectfully suggest to the insurance offices to refuse to insure on any vessel which gives the advance. The system of advance is often the means of shipping men who are altogether incapable of performing those duties which are so necessary to the safety of the vessel and cargo, and I am confident that many of the numerous shipwrecks are to be attributed to the want of these vessels being properly manned. It is not unfrequently the case, that in a crew of fifteen not more than five are sailors, and very few capable of taking their trick at the helm.

These evils are to be attributed to the manner in which men are procured and shipped, a captain seldom seeing or knowing his crew before the steamer is alongside of his vessel to take her to sea."

The Sailor's Home is admirably answering the end of its establishment. Says the Superintendent,—"I rejoice to say that the conduct of the boarders for the past year has been an improvement on former seasons. During the past year 670 have been received as boarders, and I have received during the year, from boarders, for safe keeping, \$2,626.

WILMINGTON, N. C.—REV. W. I. LANGDON, *Agent*.

This is the fifth port in the number and tonnage of vessels entering it, south of the Delaware, and increasing ten per cent. annually. The value of its exports the past year was \$10,000,000; entrusted to the care of from 8 to 10,000 seamen. With a praiseworthy liberality the citizens are making provision for their physical and spiritual benefit.

They have established a good Sailor's Home now, under the superintendence of Mr. Geo. W. Williams, at an expense of about \$15,000. The number of its boarders the past year was 532, of whom 111 were received as shipwrecked, destitute, and sick. Forty-nine of these were entitled to relief from the Government, while the rest were thus provided for by private liberality. The citizens have memorialized their legislature for relief, and a committee of the same has cordially recommended it.

Under the influence of the Home, while many have had their general habits and principles improved, five of the worst kind of drunkards have been reformed, and continue good temperance men; and seven have been hopefully converted to God, two of whom have been lost at sea. A colporteur has sold to the inmates \$85.30 worth of good books and tracts, and given them to the amount of \$67.75.

The superintendent gives the following inventory of what may be found at the Home:—"A family altar—a quiet, social fireside—a hearty meal—a regard for the opinions and convenience of others—self-respect—a good book—promptness in business—economy in outlayings—a neat dress—clean face and hands—a clean shirt—a pleasant smile—a man able to take care of his earnings, and enjoy social society." The entire receipts of the Wilmington Seamen's Friend Society the past year were, \$6,540.93 1-2; from American Seamen's Friend Society, New York, \$500; Individuals, \$1,040; Boston, \$2,136; Fayetteville, \$187; Salisbury, \$108 10; Perry Davis, Providence, R. I., \$75; Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society, Millford, N. H., \$30, and the balance from citizens of Wilmington.

SAVANNAH, NORFOLK and BALTIMORE.—No recent reports have been received from these cities.

PHILADELPHIA.—REV. R. S. TRAFIER, REV. ALLEN JOHN, REV. J. R. RIPLEY, *Chaplains*.

The attendance of seamen in either of the three Chapels, and at the social meetings, is said to be not large, yet of a serious, encouraging aspect.

About thirty hopeful conversions among them, within the past year, are reported. The number of Bibles and Testaments distributed among them, about 8,000; good books, 1,500; pages of religious tracts, 15,000.

The number of boarders at the Sailor's Home, 1,000, of whom 58 were shipwrecked and destitute, here obtained relief. This institution is doing great good under the judicious management of Mr. J. H. Cassidy.

The Female Seamen's Friend Society continues to meet monthly for its beneficent purposes; and the Pennsylvania Seamen's Friend Society has forwarded \$300 within the past year to aid the American Seamen's Friend Society in sustaining its foreign chaplaincies.

NEW YORK.—REV. B. C. C. PARKER, REV. I. R. STEWARD, REV. D. V. M. JOHNSON, REV. O. G. HEDSTROM, REV. CHARLES J. JONES, *Chaplain*, and REV. E. F. REMINGTON, *Missionary at Large*.

In addition to these Preachers of the Gospel to seamen, Mr. G. S. Pearson, Mr. L. P. Hubbard, and Mr. J. Harris, are employed respectively by the New York Bible, Port, and Tract Societies, in furnishing them with the Scriptures and an evangelical literature. Their labors and success correspond with those of former years. Mr. Jones, in the employ of the Port Society, succeeds the late lamented Henry Chace. He has been greatly encouraged by the manifest presence of the Holy Spirit, both in the Bethel and his boarding house—the Sailor's Home. About thirty, two-thirds of whom are seamen, have given evidence of a radical spiritual change, while many have gone to sea deeply impressed by divine things. The old Mariner's Church, in Roosevelt street, having been sold on account of its bad location as a place for worship, the Port Society has just purchased a good house and lot on the corner of Catharine and Madison streets.

SAILOR'S HOMES.

THE HOME IN CHERRY STREET, CAPT. D. TRACY, Superintendent,

Has had, within the year ending May 1st, 3,800 sailor boarders, and during its thirteen years' existence, 43,856. Of the above 3,898, ninety-eight have been shipwrecked and destitute, and have received aid in board, clothing, &c., to the amount of \$389.86, or an average of \$3.99 each.

The morning and evening family worship, as well as the weekly temperance meetings in the house, have been well attended. Its boarders have deposited in the Savings' Bank, within the year, about \$10,000, and on the whole its influence and prospects were never more gratifying.

THE MARINER'S HOME IN GREENWICH STREET.—MR. JOSEPH F. TOWNE, Superintendent,

Has been recently exchanged for a more commodious house in Franklin Square, which has been fitted up by the Protestant Episcopal Missionary Society, at an expense of \$22,218. The number of sailor boarders since October last, when the house was opened, has been 526. It is hoped that under its new and improved auspices, this house will be eminently useful to the men of the sea.

THE COLORED SAILOR'S HOME.—MR. ALBRO LYON, Superintendent.

Under the direction of the Society, has changed its location from Oliver st., to No. 20 Vandewater st., and has opened with new prospects of usefulness. The number of its boarders, from Sept. 22, 1851, to Feb. 1, 1855, was 1,573; of whom 161 were shipwrecked and destitute; to meet whose wants the American Seamen's Friend Society, in addition to former aid, has appropriated \$400.

Other good boarding houses are also co-operating with these in the work of protection and reform; and yet others are expected, under the benign influence of the recently enacted Prohibitory Liquor Law.

BOSTON.—REV. E. T. TAYLOR, REV. P. STOW, REV. E. KELLOGG, REV. G. P. ROBINSON, *Chaplains*, and CAPT. SULLIVAN, *Marine Missionary*,

Laborers for the benefit of seamen in this city, and their results do not materially differ from those of former years. The Rev. Mr. Kellogg is the successor of Rev. G. W. Bourne, as pastor of the Mariner's Church, on the corner of Sea and Summer streets. The Sailor's Home, in Purchase street, has had 2,458 sailor boarders within the past year; 135 of whom, being shipwrecked and destitute, have received aid in board and clothing to the amount of \$774; or an average of \$5.73 each. The amount of money deposited by seamen in the Boston Savings Banks the past year, is about \$49,000. Much good is anticipated to seamen, as well as others, in the faithful execution of the Massachusetts Liquor Law.

Other expected statistics, we regret to say, have not come to hand in season to be embodied in this Report.

PORTLAND.—REV. J. R. FRENCH, *Chaplain*.

Among other good things done by the benevolent of Portland within the past year, is the establishment of a good Sailor's Home, at an expense of about \$16,000, and placing it under the superintendence of Capt. C. T. Bailey, late of Boston. Rev. Mr. French has made arrangements for the supply of his pulpit in the Mariner's Church a part of the coming year, so that he may present the claims of the American Seamen's Friend Society in the State of Maine, in the place of the Rev. William Bushnell, who has honorably terminated his useful agency.

Other Ports are necessarily omitted in this sketch for the want of recent definite information.

LIBRARIES AND GOOD BOOKS FOR SEAMEN.

This department of the Society's labors is continued, but not with the efficiency which its importance, and the earnest wishes of the Directors demand, and simply for the want of funds. The handsome legacy of the late A. G. Thompson, for this purpose, is still contested by the heirs before the Supreme Court. In a similar manner, other legacies left to the Society, are law-ridden for years, and if not lost utterly, so diminished as to frustrate in part or entire the benevolent designs of the dead.

SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

This monthly periodical is now in its 27th year of publication, and being extensively a favorite, is an important auxiliary. Its present monthly issues number 8,500.

SEAMEN'S BANKS FOR SAVINGS

Every year adds to the number and usefulness of these valuable institutions. They both induce and preserve provident habits. Excellent proof-texts are they to confound, if not to convince the sceptical on the subject of the improvement of seamen. If seamen are as prodigal, dissipated, and reckless as ever, how account for the strange fact, that after clothing themselves better than ever before, and sending large sums to their families and friends, they have deposited in a few years so much in their various banks for savings, and

is one in New York alone, two and a quarter Millions of Dollars, and during the last ten months sea-going men exclusively, an average of \$28,000 per month!

SEAMEN'S CEMETERY.

Seamen dying in the port of New York are no longer in danger of being hurried to the Potter's Field for burial. In addition to the plot generously donated to the American Seamen's Friend Society by the Trustees of the Greenwood Cemetery, spacious grounds have been purchased four miles from Fulton Ferry, on Long Island, beautifully laid out, and ornamented with trees, shrubbery, and monuments, and called "The Seamen's Cemetery," located in the "Cemetery" of the Evergreens. It contains four acres. Its plots are so laid out that those of the same nation may sleep side by side, and each grave is registered so that it may be recognized by relatives and friends.

For this object a grant was made by Congress of \$5,000, to which has been added over \$5,000 more by the merchants and ship-owners of New York. It has been placed in charge of the following gentlemen as a Board of Trustees, viz:—The Collector of the Port of New York, the President of the Board of Governors of the New York Hospital, the Presidents of the American Seamen's Friend Society, the Marine Society, and Board of Underwriters, as *Ex-officio Trustees*.

Capt. Edward Richardson, Capt. Elisha E. Morgan, Capt. Charles H. Marshall, Capt. Nathaniel Briggs, Walter R. Jones, Esq., P. Perit, Esq., Caleb Barstow, Esq., and William H. Macy, Esq., as *Trustees for Life*.

INLAND SAILORS.

The three Societies occupying this field for improving the social and spiritual condition of sailors and boatmen, are the American Bethel Society, Rev. T. Stillman, Secretary, Buffalo, N. Y.; Western Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. R. H. Leonard, Secretary, Cleveland, Ohio; Philadelphia Sabbath Association, Rev. J. Miller, General Agent, Philadelphia, Pa. They have lately held respectively their 19th, 7th, and 14th Anniversaries, having employed 21, 23, and 8 Chaplains and Missionaries, and expended \$8,000, \$10,000, and \$2,728. The effects of these labors on the men and boys which thread the rivers and canals, and navigate the inland seas of the United States, are such as amply reward all past costs and expenditures, and encourage increased efforts in the future.

NAVAL AND MERCANTILE APPRENTICES.

Agreeably to promise, in his late excellent Report, the Secretary of the Navy has published a system of regulations for the enlistment of apprentice boys for the Navy of the United States, and hopes by this system to furnish a body of intelligent, educated, and efficient American sailors.

No doubt such a system is demanded both in the Naval and Mercantile service. Yet, so far as we are advised, the suitable youth between the ages of 14 and 21 cannot be obtained for the Navy. And why? Any number can be secured for the merchant service. When Capt. McKay advertised for a few boys to go out with him in the "Great Republic," he had at least 500 applicants. When Capt. N. Briggs consented to take ten boys with ten able seamen, in the ship "Hope," he might without difficulty have procured ten times ten. The officers of the American Seamen's Friend Society have constantly on hand applications in behalf of worthy American boys who want to go to sea. But why do they avoid the Navy? Among the reasons the following is prominent, viz: *No judicious parent or guardian will place his son or ward where he must daily be exposed to the demoralizing influence of the Grog Tub.* It gives us pleasure to know that more have entered the mer-

chant marine service of late than for a long time previous; the merchants feeling the necessity of having young men in a course of training for positions of command and trust on shipboard. A system having this end in view has been repeatedly advocated in the pages of the Sailor's Magazine.

FINANCES.

Large amounts raised and expended by auxiliary and local Societies for their own purposes, are not included in this report; but simply those which have come into the hands of the Treasurer, who gives a detailed statement over his own signature. The sum total of receipts for the year ending May 1, were \$22,845 50, and the Expenditures \$22,816.

SUMMARY REVIEW.

A review of past efforts for the improvement of seamen renders two things increasingly obvious:—

1. *That it is a work of Faith.*

As much so as the passage of the Red Sea, or the patient waiting for a harvest. And the only reason why some men demur, and deny any palpable or possible progress, is that they neither believe nor obey Him who has commanded the use of appropriate means, and has promised as a consequence the conversion of the abundance of the sea.

The duty of exercising faith and fidelity is ours. Results belong to God.

2. *That it is a work of most encouraging fruits.*

With the improvements in the structure and sailing of ships, there has been a corresponding improvement in the men of the sea. Not to speak of other evidences, this appears in the following three-fold aspects:

1. *In their improved temperate and provident habits.*

First in the world, in the tonnage of her mercantile marine, America has been first to set the example of abolishing therefrom the daily spirit rations. Her Navy alone enjoys the doubtful honor of sanctioning the practice under the Stars and Stripes. How much the use of intoxicating liquors has contributed to the fate of the many missing vessels, we cannot tell; but ten thousand facts attest the truth of Judge Kane's remark in a recent trial before the U. S. District Court, Philadelphia,—“Rum has sunk more seamen than all the tempests that ever blew.”

On shore it is manifest that comparatively few drunken sailors are now seen where scores staggered a few years ago. And as to their earnings, we appeal to their comfortable clothing, to their comforted friends at home, to the large numbers who have signed and keep the temperance pledge, and to the large amount deposited by them in banks for savings, to determine whether they are squandered as formerly. The Marine Temperance Society in New York numbers nearly 29,000 members; and the deposits belonging to seamen in their bank, at 78 Wall street, exceed two and a quarter millions of dollars.

This is also evident,

2. *In their increased desire to procure and distribute Bibles and good books.*

The testimony of our Chaplains and others on this matter is explicit and often repeated. In view of it, Rev. S. C. Damon, at Honolulu, says, “To meet the moral and religious wants of seamen, when they arrive in port, the religious community at the Islands is somewhat awake;” and adds, that they had resolved to raise \$1,000 for this purpose. What is said by a book agent on board an Italian bark in New York, is true of a multitude of vessels:—“The call of the crew was for Protestant books—genuine Protestant books.” And these books, in the hands of seamen, are carried wherever commerce goes, and into countries inaccessible to the truth in any other way. One Captain, trading to a Spanish port, says:—“The Testaments and Tracts are never long in hand;” and alluding to D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, adds:—“I have had a hundred applications for it.”

A vessel trading in the Pacific ports of Central America, in three voyages, conveyed to those regions more than one hundred dollars' worth of Spanish Scriptures and Tracts. "These the Captain has taken in charge, selling or giving, as the opportunity presented, to the merchant with whom he had business, to the planter whom he was visiting at his farm far up among the mountains, to the village school in the interior, and sometimes to the village 'padre' himself." The practice of a Danish sailor, who, in visiting the ports of Old Spain, has long been in the habit of filling his pockets with Testaments and Tracts, and giving them to the laborers and others who could read, has been adopted by many sailors going to all parts of the world. Thus the word of the Lord has *free course*. Thus a desire to obtain and give currency to evangelical truth, shows a great improvement in progress among seafaring men.

But most of all it is seen,

3. *In the frequency and number of seamen converted to God.*

Speaking of the officers and crew of the British ship-of-war "Trincomalee," says one of our Chaplains,—“They often meet for private social worship in the gunner's room. It is a good sign when Lieutenants and seamen meet together in a prayer-meeting.”

Happily, there are many such *good signs*. It was a “good sign” when a sailor on board the U. S. ship-of-war “Saratoga,” brought to Christ by means of good books put on board by the same Captain, as he could have no other place for secret devotion, before getting into his hammock at night, knelt down on the berth deck and offered up his prayers to God. And when the laughter and jeers of his ship-mates would drive him from the mercy-seat, saying,—“That if he was ashamed of Christ, he must expect that Christ would be ashamed of him.”

It was “a good sign” when another sailor, in the same ship, who had been awakened by reading Baxter's Call, was asked how he got into the kingdom of God, replied,—“I made an effort, and the Lord hove me through.”

It was “a good sign” when a sailor, who had found peace in believing in Jesus, in a foreign hospital, smiled upon the Chaplain as he came to visit him, saying—“God has been with me.”

It was “a good sign” when a captain and mate, lately brought to an experimental knowledge of the truth, resolved to maintain daily the worship of God with their men at sea. If Joshua served the Lord with his family, why should not they with their crew?

It was “a good sign” last winter, to see the old sailor of sixty and the young one of sixteen, and others to the number of two hundred more, at the Mariner's Church and Sailor's Home in New-York, asking the Chaplain *what they had to do to be saved?* and before they left for the sea, giving pleasing evidence of having passed from death unto life.

Such signs are of frequent occurrence now; and as they are the crowning excellence of our labor—the richest fruits which Heaven bestows—they should impart strength to faith, courage to fidelity, and call forth devout thanksgiving to God.

But while faith gains strength, and fidelity courage from these signs of life on the sea, it must not be forgotten that death is doing its work there. Sad are the thoughts connected with the four thousand or five thousand seamen, annually buried in the deep. And strong the motives thence derived for increased efforts to prepare them for a world where there shall be no more sea.

Moreover, these motives have a personal and weightier significance to the Directors of this Society, in the circumstance that two of their number have gone to their account and reward, within the past year—Elisha D. Hurlbut and Thomas Hale, each at the age of fifty-three. Greatly beloved in their lives, they were greatly blessed in their death, being sustained by the hopes of that Gospel which they had long labored to impart to the men of the sea. Also Walter R. Jones, a Vice President of the Society, distinguished not

less as the President of the Atlantic Insurance Co., than for his humane efforts in behalf of seamen, has finished his earthly course. He was chiefly instrumental in the reduction of Insurance premiums on vessels sailing without liquors; and also in the extensive Life-saving measures established on the coast of Long Island and New Jersey, so important to the interests of humanity.

Thus as "deep calleth unto deep," so motive answereth to motive—the voice of Providence and the Word of God, calling to fervent prayer and energetic efforts, for the conversion of the abundance of the sea.

Note.—To a person standing on the bank of a river, and noting its sweeping current strike projecting obstacles and eddy back the whirling drift, it sometimes seems stationary; or actually returning to its source.

So to some persons appears the career of seamen. They mark its obstacles and eddies, its counter-currents and calms, and despair of progress.

But the river speeds on.

Within the last five years, four causes have been prominent in producing this discouraging impression:

1. About 1,500 energetic seamen, within that period, have left American vessels for the gold mines of Australia, and probably twice that number to dig gold in California.

2. Many ex-sailors with nautical skill—Swedes, Danes, &c., who had served in American vessels for higher wages than they could get elsewhere, have been drawn off to the eastern war.

3. Many of the best men on the sea have lately left it for a home on the land; prompted, some by better prospects of a pecuniary livelihood, and some that they may enjoy social and religious blessings which they cannot have on the sea.

4. Combined with the above causes producing a scarcity of seamen, the tonnage of American vessels has increased seventy-five per cent, within the last ten years, and called for a corresponding increase of sailors; so that in order to man the vessels, there has been a necessity for shipping many incompetent, worthless, and wicked specimens of humanity.

But the careful observer will see in all this n-thing but the eddying friction of the banks, while the main current of the river speeds on to make glad the City of God.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Havre Chaplaincy.

Deeply interesting Letter.

HAVRE, April 3, 1855.

My Dear Brother:—It is just two months *to-day*, since I glided into this port, beneath the congenial rays of a smiling sun, which was in perfect harmony with the smiling faces, and warm hearts of a grateful people—and entered at once into the field of my former labors.

It is difficult to realize that the sixth part of a year has already passed, and now numbered with the years beyond the flood—"Swift as an Indian arrow flies," so is the flight of Time, and with what lightning speed are we borne upon her untiring wing to our final account! Ah, and how many poor, deathless souls, in that short time, may have leaped the barriers, and plunged into the abyss of woe, where the voice of mercy is

never heard! I tremble to think of it, and *not* to think of it is impossible, amid the delirium and death struggles of poor sailors, with whom I have spent much of my time the last month.

The extraordinary weather we have had, and the cold easterly winds, which have so long prevailed, and which kept us out at sea *forty days*, held back also a vast fleet of other American ships, so that when we finally reached port, in despite of head winds, we found but two American ships in the Havre docks; but the first change of wind brought this whole fleet in with a rush—forty-eight American ships, many of them of the first class, with about eight hundred seamen, came into port within a very few days. Many of these ships came from the warm sunny south. Sailors lightly clad, and being held windbound for fifteen and twenty days upon the French coast, encountering cold rains, sleet and snow, with icy decks and

slippery ropes, produced an unwonted harvest of diseases and casualties; no much so, that one of the large wards of the French Hospital, was immediately filled with the sick and the dying. In this ward, what distressing, heart-rending scenes have passed before me! One is frantic with a burning fever, another is a putrid mass of the small pox—one is raving in a state of the wildest delirium, suffering the vengeance of his own sins, another is bruised to a jelly, and is grappling with death, from the vengeance and tyranny of others—here is one just brought in, who has fallen from the masthead: thirty years he has followed the seas, without an accident; now, the blood issues from his mouth and nostrils; he cries for help, but there is none that can save.—There is another, borne upon a litter through the hall, with a broken back; others with broken ribs, broken legs or broken arms, and too frequently, with such *broken English*, as to render it almost impossible to hold converse with them, or to impart any instruction that might console or do them good.

In moving from couch to couch around this moral Maelstrom, I found here and there one quiet, calm, and apparently resigned to his fate; and well might he be, for the sunken, glassy eye, the hectic flush, the quick, short breath, but too plainly revealed the secret, that his days were numbered and that the King of terrors already held him fast in his icy arms. When nothing more could be done, I have for a while withdrawn myself, stepped into the open air, sometimes turned my face toward home, trying hard to forget the past; but no, this condensed picture of human woes would unroll itself before me, and like a panoramic vision, haunt me where ere I went, until a kind of delirium has, at times, seized my own brain, and I seemed to myself like one whose every muscle and nerve, and every fibre of the soul, had been drawn out, stretched and strained to their utmost tension. Can it be a wonder then, that I tremble at the responsibility of standing as a watchman amid such perils, such wrecks

of human hopes, human bodies, and human souls? But when I took up my pen, it was to give you some specifications, some facts in detail, I shall now make room only for a few.

On entering the Hospital for the first time, there was lying upon the first bed I approached, a venerable looking colored man, with a large head, a sprinkling of gray hairs, and almost blind with swollen eyes. He was in great agony, from internal and external bruises.* I asked him a few questions, and learned that he was from New Bedford, Mass., where he had a family. I also found that he was entertaining a good hope through Christ, and while he felt submissive to the will of Providence, he expressed with much emotion, the most ardent desire, once more to see his dear family. When I told him I had often preached in New Bedford, and named a number of Christian families that I knew, his countenance brightened up, "Oh," said he, "I know them well, dear good people, the Lord spare me to see them *again*." But poor man, his petition was not to be granted, *he died the next day*.

The next case had to be passed by as incurable, and unapproachable; small pox, with its burning fever had driven reason from the throne, he was lying in a state of wild delirium, and the next day he also was numbered with the dead.

The next was an old sailor, from Sweden, over forty years of age, a large muscular frame, a fine intelligent eye, and an intellectual Weberian head. He had fallen from the masthead upon deck; was terribly broken and mangled—his look was agony—his sufferings unutterable.—I put to him a few questions, he answered me in broken English, but with sufficient clearness to excite the hope, that he was not entirely ignorant of Christ and his great salvation.

*I have been told since he died, that he was almost beaten to death, by one of the mates of the vessel on which he came into port, and immediately on the arrival of the ship, the mate fled to England. The poor old man never uttered a complaint to me, nor do I know the name of the ship: Rev. Mr. Woolf is my authority; I have good reason to believe it is true.

My very soul yearned to know more and better his state of mind, but impossible; and when the poor man was gasping in the last agony of death, I turned around, and without addressing myself to any one, involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh, that I knew more of this man, and of his preparation for death!" "Ah," replied a sailor near me, "you need have no fears about him, he was a good Christian, I knew him well." This sailor's testimony is the chief evidence I have, that the noble old Swede had his lamp trimmed and burning, and was "also ready."

Another, and the last case I shall mention, was that of a young man from Vermont, Horace B. Hadley, so kind and gentle in his look and manner, that you lost sight of the sailor in your sympathy for the youth. On his passage from N. Orleans, he was attacked with diarrhæ, and was taken to the Hospital immediately on his arrival. I was sent for in haste to see him, and my first impression was, he could not live through the day. He however rallied, and for some ten days or more he continued to improve, so that even his physician thought he might recover. In the frequent conversations I had with him, I learned that he was blessed with pious parents; spoke feelingly, and with tearful eyes of his early religious training; mourned that he had profited but little by it, and whilst in health had not prepared for sickness and death. But he exhibited so teachable and docile a temper, so sensitive and child-like that it was no difficult task to touch many a tender chord, that seemed to vibrate sweetly and harmoniously with Gospel truth. In a word, he seemed daily to become more and more like another John, leaning upon the *promises*, if not upon the *bosom* of Him, "who will not quench the smoking flax, nor break the bruised head." He seemed to have but one earthly wish or want, and that was to gain sufficient strength to attend the chapel, and his last words to me, on parting with him were, "I hope to be at the chapel next Sabbath." But alas! the uncertainty of all human expectations! On returning the next day, I found his couch

vacated. "Where is my young friend?" I enquired, as I entered the Ward; the answer was, "He died in about *one hour* after you left him yesterday. When he found he was dying, he cried out most piteously to see you, and begged us to send for you, but before we had time to do it, he breathed his last." Oh! with what power did the question come home to my heart—"Hast thou been faithful to that soul, as one who must give an account?"—and under the pressure of this momentous question, I turned from the dead to the living, and seeing some dozen or more sailors, who were convalescent, seated around the stove, I poured out my very soul to them, warning them "flee from the wrath to come, and lay hold on eternal life," "in this the day of God's visitation." And with a power and earnestness of expression and manner, that drew tears from eyes unaccustomed to weep, and which so arrested the attention of the Sister of Charity, that she paused, in passing through the Ward—opened her eyes with apparent astonishment—and when I stopped speaking, she approached me with great kindness of expression and manner, and said, "I wish you would talk in French." Whether she wished to introduce me to the other Wards, or was excited only by a very natural curiosity to hear what this babbler had to say, I have no means of knowing. I cannot but hope, however, that this kind-hearted, amiable young sailor, had made his peace with God, and his calling and election sure. The effect of his religious education, and early training was so apparent, that I would say to every anxious, pious mother: take encouragement, be faithful unto death in training your children, and bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

I have many more things to say, but my letter is already too long.

Let Christians pray for sailors, and for those who labor among them.

In great haste,

but truly and sincerely
yours,

E. N. SAWTELL.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

(From the New-York Evangelist.)

The Sea.

Letter from Lieutenant Maury.

OBSERVATORY, Wash., Jan. 22, '55.

The Bible more frequently refers to the sea in evidence of the power of the Creator, than to any other part of the physical world. His wonders are in the deep, and truly they are many, mighty and great, and it is very profitable to study "His ways" there.

You ask about the "Harmony of Science and Revelation," and point to the winds and the sea. Creation is all harmony, and neither earth, air nor sea is ever out of tune; their adaptations are perfect and exquisitely sublime. Take the lesson which some attention to the sea and its laws has given me, and let us consider together the evidences of design and unity of thought in creation, afforded by one of the minutest animals of the sea, the little coralline.

This insect is the architect of islands. It builds up from the bottom of the ocean the most stupendous works of solid masonry. The greatest structures ever erected by the hand of man are but the works of pigmies in comparison. It is without the power of locomotion, yet the obedient currents of the sea are its hod-carriers; the wind waits upon it, the rains and the dews cater for it on the land. They collect its food from the mountain, the soil and the rock; they deliver it to the rivers which run into the sea, there to be put into the channels of oceanic circulation, that this piece of organism, almost too low in the scale to come within the domains of the animal kingdom, may receive its meat in due season.

As it secretes from sea-water solid matter for the formation of the coral islands, the specific gravity of the drop which yields up its salts for this structure is altered, and the equilibrium of the whole ocean is thereby disturbed. Forthwith that exhausted drop rises to the surface and commences to flow off, charged with tropical heat, to temper hyperborean climates through which it may pass in its eternal round; and thus the whole ocean is set in motion, that the wants of one single insect of the sea may be supplied.

As this emptied drop rises to the surface, the winds take it up in streams of invisible vapor, and bear it away on their wings to the mountains. Here it is precipitated as rain or dew, to dissolve the lime from the rock, or the magnesia from the soil, and return to the sea with another hodfull of mortar for the little mason in the great deep. Thus the Mississippi supplies carbonate of lime for the insects of the sea; the Amazon with coloring matter from Potosi for their cells; the Nile with metals for cement, and all the fresh water rivers with salts of some sort. f

Now when the waters were commanded to "bring forth abundantly the living creature that moveth," the sea did not bring forth the coral insect until the force of the chemical affinities between the water and salts of the sea had been tried, and power given to this insect to overcome them. At its creation, the dimensions of the earth, from pole to pole, and from centre to circumference, had to be taken into account and measured, that power might be given it to cement to the bottom of the sea its coral bed, and build

it up with strength to resist the waves.

Thus were we to look no further nor longer, it would appear from this point of view, that sea, earth and air were ordained especially to minister to the corals of the sea, and for nothing else. But when we do look a little further and longer, the sea-shells and marine insects present themselves to us in a new light; they too are among the agents employed to give effect to cosmical arrangements; and they do it by operating through the solid matter of sea-water, called salts, thus imparting dynamical force to the circulation of the ocean; but they assist also to regenerate climates by sending through those currents that they help to establish, water freighted, as in the Gulf Stream, with heat, to mitigate temperatures, and adapt them to the well-being of plants and animals that the Creator has planted in far distant lands.

Very curious are the offices of the insects of the sea, and marvelous are the contrivances by which the physical agents of the universe are enabled to bring about those results which make the face of this world precisely as we see it. Let us follow up the operations of these animate and inanimate agents of the sea a little farther, and see how they are dovetailed, fitted and adapted to each other.

When we consider the salts of the sea in one point of view, we see the winds and the marine animals operating upon the waters, and in certain parts of the ocean, deriving from the solid parts of the same, those very principles of antagonistic forces which hold the earth in its orbit, and preserve the harmonies of the universe.

The sea-breeze and the sea-shell, in performing their appointed offices, act in such a way as to give rise to a reciprocating motion in the waters; thus they impart to the ocean dynamical forces for its circulation.

The sea-breeze plays upon its surface; it converts only fresh water into vapor, and leaves the solid matter behind. The surface water thus becomes specifically heavier and sinks. On the other hand, the little marine architect below, as he works upon his coral

edifice at the bottom, abstracts from the water there a portion of its solid contents; it therefore becomes specifically lighter, and up it goes, ascending to the top with increasing velocity, to take the place of the descending column, which, by the action of the winds, has been so loaded down with fresh food and materials for the busy little mason in the depths below.

Seeing, then, that the inhabitants of the sea, with their powers of secretion, are competent to exercise at least some degree of influence in disturbing equilibrium, are not these creatures entitled to be regarded as agents which have their offices to perform in the system of oceanic circulation, and do they not belong to its physical geography? It is immaterial how great or how small that influence may be supposed to be, for be it great or small, we may rest assured it is not a chance influence, but it is an influence exercised—if exercised at all—by design, and according to the command of Him whose "voice the winds and the sea obey." Thus God speaks through sea-shells to the ocean.

It may therefore be supposed that the arrangements in the economy of nature are such as to require that the various kinds of marine animals, whose secretions are calculated to alter the specific gravity of sea water, to destroy its equilibrium, to beget currents in the ocean, and to control its circulation, should be distributed according to order.

Upon this supposition—the like of which nature warrants throughout her whole domain—we may conceive how the marine animals of which we have been speaking may impress other features upon the physical relations of the sea, by assisting also to regulate climates, and to adjust the temperature of certain latitudes.

For instance, let us suppose the waters in a certain part of the torrid zone to be 70 deg., but by reason of the fresh water which has been taken from them in a state of vapor, and consequently by reason of the proportionate increase of salts, these waters are heavier than waters that may be cooler, but not so salt.

This being the case, the tendency

would be for this warm, but salt and heavy water, to flow off as an under-current toward the Polar or some other region of lighter water.

Now if the sea were not salt, there would be no coral islands to beautify its landscape and give variety to its features; sea shells and marine insects could not operate upon the specific gravity of its waters, nor give variety to its climates; neither could evaporation give dynamical force to its circulation, and they, ceasing to contract as their temperature falls below 40 deg., would give but little impulse to its currents, and thus its circulation would be torpid, and its bosom lack animation.

The makers of nice astronomical instruments, when they have put the different parts of their machinery together, and set it to work, find, as in the chronometer, for instance, that it is subjected in its performance to many irregularities and imperfections—that in one state of things there is expansion, and in another state contraction among cogs, springs, and wheels, with an increase or diminution of rate. This defect the makers have sought to overcome; and with a beautiful display of ingenuity, they have attached to the works of the instrument a contrivance which has had the effect of correcting these irregularities, by counteracting the tendency of the instrument to change its performance with the changing influences of temperature.

This contrivance is called a compensation; and a chronometer that is well regulated and properly compensated, will perform its office with certainty, and preserve its rate under all the vicissitudes of heat and cold to which it may be exposed.

In the clock-work of the ocean and the machinery of the universe, order and regularity are maintained by a system of compensations. A celestial body, as it revolves around its sun, flies off under the influence of centrifugal force; but immediately the forces of compensation begin to act; the planet is brought back to its elliptical path, and held in the orbit for which its mass, its motions, and its distance are adjusted. Its compensation is perfect.

So, too, with the salts and the shells of the sea in the machinery of the ocean; from them are derived principles of compensation the most perfect; through their agency the undue effects of heat and cold, of storm and rain, in disturbing the equilibrium, and producing thereby currents in the sea, are compensated, regulated and controlled.

The dews, the rains, and the rivers are continually dissolving certain minerals of the earth, and carrying them off to the sea. This is an accumulating process; and if it were not compensated, the sea would finally become as the Dead Sea is, saturated with salt, and therefore unsuitable for the habitation of many fish of the sea.

The sea shells and marine insects afford the required compensation.—They are the conservators of the ocean. As the salts are emptied into the sea, these creatures secrete them again and pile them up in solid masses, to serve as the bases of islands and continents, to be in the process of ages up-heaved into dry land, and then again dissolved by the dews and rains, and washed by the rivers away into the sea.

Thus from studying the works of the physical agents of the universe, we are led to perceive that the inhabitants of the ocean are as much the creatures of climate as are those of the dry land; for the same Almighty hand which decked the lily and cares for the sparrow, fashioned also the pearl and feeds the great whale.—Whether of the land or of the sea, they are all his creatures, subjects of his laws, and agents in his economy. The sea, therefore, we infer, has its offices and duties to perform; so may we infer, have its currents, and so, too, its inhabitants; consequently he who undertakes to study its phenomena, must cease to regard it as a waste of waters. He must look upon it as a part of the exquisite machinery by which the harmonies of nature are preserved, and then he will begin to perceive the developments of order, and the evidences of design, which make it a most beautiful and interesting subject for contemplation.

To one who has never studied the

mechanism of a watch, its mainspring or the balance-wheel is a mere piece of metal. He may have looked at the face of the watch, and while he admires the motion of its hands, and the time it keeps, or the tune it plays, he may have wondered in idle amazement as to the character of the machinery which is concealed within.

Take it to pieces, and show him each part separately; he will recognize neither design nor adaption, nor relation between them; but put them together, set them to work, point out the offices of each spring, wheel, and cog, explain their movements, and then show him the result; now he perceives it is all one design; that notwithstanding the number of parts, their diverse forms and various offices, and the agents concerned, the whole piece is the product of one thought, the expression of *one* idea.

He now perceives that when the mainspring was fashioned and tempered, its relation to all the other parts must have been considered; that the cogs on this wheel are cut and regulated—adapted—to the ratchets on that, &c., and his conclusion will be that such a piece of mechanism could not have been produced by chance; the adaptation of the parts is such as to show it to be according to design, and obedient to the will of *one* intelligence. So, too, when one looks out upon the face of this beautiful world, he may admire the lovely scene; but his admiration can never grow into adoration, unless he will take the trouble to look behind and study, in some of its details at least, the exquisite system of machinery by which such beautiful results are accomplished. To him who does this, the sea with its physical geography, becomes as the mainspring of a watch; its waters, and its currents, and its inhabitants, with their adaptations, as balance-wheels, cogs and pinions, and jewels. Thus he perceives that they are the expression of *One Thought*, & unity with harmonies, which *One Intelligence*, and *One Intelligence* alone, could utter.—And when he has arrived at this point, then he feels that the study of the sea, in its physical aspect, is truly sublime. It elevates the mind and ennobles the man.

The Gulf Stream is now no longer, therefore, to be regarded by such an one merely as an immense current of warm water running across the ocean, but as a balance-wheel—a part of that grand machinery by which air and water are adapted to each other, and by which this earth itself is adapted to the well-being of its inhabitants—of the flora which deck, and the fauna which enliven the surface.

You see I have taken you out to sea before I was aware of it, calling your attention by the way to many interesting and beautiful points of view, but hurrying along without time to contemplate them.

I have thought a popular and familiar account of such "wonders of the great deep" as my investigations concerning the winds and currents of the sea have cast light upon, might contain matter that would be profitable to the old and good for the young. It would help the cause of improvement among seafaring people. I have accordingly sent to the publishers a little work of the kind, under the title of "Physical Geography of the Sea,"—perhaps you may come across it some of these days; if so, you will find in it the answers to your questions, much more carefully and fully drawn out than I have the time now to do.

Yours respectfully,
M. F. MAURY, Lt. U. S. N.

Wrecking and Wreckers.

The number of vessels wrecked on the Florida Reef, and the arrivals in distress at the port of Key West, the wrecking emporium of the Union, during the year 1854, were 64. The aggregate value of these vessels is stated at \$974,000, and the value of their cargoes at \$1,263,454. The expenses of the cargoes while in the port of Key West, were \$19,988 68; and the expenses of the vessels, \$49,148 25—total, \$69,036 93. The amount of salvages awarded the wreckers, \$88,921 87, and the total losses on vessels and cargoes, \$432,167 42.

The Florida Archipelago consists of a chain of islands along and around the southern point of Florida, extend-

ing from Cape Florida to the Tortugas—a distance of about two hundred miles. Outside of these islands, and at a distance from them of about eight miles, lies the Florida Reef—a ledge of rocks lying underneath the surface, at depths averaging in different places from two to eighteen and thirty feet. This reef may be properly regarded as the northern wall or bank of the Gulf Stream—having Cuba and the Bahama Islands for the southern and eastern banks. Between Key West and Cuba this oceanic stream is about eighty miles wide; at Cape Florida it is narrowed to about forty-five miles. It is the outlet of the great Bay or Gulf of Mexico, and the commerce of New Orleans and the other Gulf ports, with much of the gold of California, passes through it. The value of this commerce has been estimated at not less than 400 millions annually. A current commences in the Gulf Stream, off Tortugas, and runs easterly and northerly, at the rate, commonly, of three or four knots an hour, but it is very irregular in its rapidity and direction; and in consequence of these irregularities, the narrowness of the channel, bad weather, and probably, in some instances, the carelessness of navigators, many ships and vessels get ashore upon the reef, and are either totally lost, or are lightened and got off by wreckers. Many vessels also put into Key West in a leaky and disabled condition.

The persons employed in saving this property are technically called wreckers, and about two hundred and fifty of them are constantly and exclusively employed in sailing about the islands and reefs, in little sloops and schooners of about sixty tons burden. Some one or more of them visit every dangerous reef every day, so that a vessel does not long remain in trouble before a helping hand is extended to her. If the assistance of wreckers be accepted, they generally lighten the ship, carry out her anchors, and get the vessel off; or if she be lost on the rocks, they save the cargo, the passengers and crew, and carry them to Key West, where salvage is awarded by the United States District Judge,

for the saving of the vessel and cargo, but no charge is or can be made, or any salvage allowed, for saving the lives of crews, passengers and their baggage.

Considering the large amount of property saved from total destruction, and the many lives of passengers and crews rescued from death, by these wreckers, no one can fail to be impressed with the importance and heroic daring of their vocation. To the cause of humanity and to the interests of commerce, their services are invaluable. And no other class of men are exposed to greater temptations to embezzlement and fraud, for large amounts of property are constantly committed to their possession, without any receipt or proof, in the haste and confusion of shipwreck, and yet no complaints are ever made of depredations on the property, or the commission of any rudeness or discourtesy to passengers by these wreckers—a fact creditable to them in an eminent degree, although it may, perhaps, be attributable in part, to another fact, that the compensation for their services is awarded them by the Court, and that their conduct is rigidly investigated and scrutinized.

The National Government has erected several Lighthouses, at different points, along the Florida Reef, which are of immense benefit to navigation on this dangerous coast; and the United States Coast Survey is now employed in surveying, and locating upon charts, the exact position of every island and reef lying between Cape Florida and the Tortugas Islands, which will be an invaluable guide and security to the four hundred millions worth of property that annually floats along this ocean stream.

The Hon. William Maroin is now, and has been for nearly twenty years, the United States District Judge at Key West; and we have before had occasion to speak of his high judicial integrity and ability. He has exclusive jurisdiction in all admiralty cases, and his decisions are final in all cases where the amount is less than \$2,000. The business of his Court is almost entirely devoted to matters growing

out of wrecking. He awards salvage and the amount thereof; he settles consortiums, and apportions the salvage moneys among the owners, masters and crews of vessels; he supervises and audits the commission and wharfage charges—and all without the intervention of a Jury. His official position, therefore, is not simply a responsible one, but it has a direct and personal responsibility, which is neither shared nor relieved by the interposition of a Jury between himself and the parties litigant. Nearly every man upon the island is directly or indirectly interested in every wreck, and in the award of the most liberal salvage, and it requires a Judge of great moral courage and incorruptible integrity to resist the influence surrounding and assailing him. And it is due to Judge Maroin to say that his honest, fearless and able administration of the wrecking jurisprudence at Key West, has had a most potent and remedial influence upon the wrecking business.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Notice to Mariners.

BEACONS AND STAKES IN MOBILE BAY.—Under the act of Congress providing for the Buoyage and Stakeage of Mobile Bay, the following Beacons have been erected:—

Two beacons ranging through Choctaw Pass, as formerly, and lighted at night.

One beacon at the site of the "Wreck Stake."

One beacon at the site of the "Upper Stake."

One beacon at the site of the "Lower Stake."

Two beacons to the south of the above, prolonging the line of channel at Dog River Bar.

All the foregoing, except the range stakes, are to be left on the port hand when coming in.

A day beacon has also been placed on the end of the Oyster Bar, which runs out easterly from Cedar Point.

A beacon on the west end of the spit at the entrance to Navy Cove.

A beacon on the end of the shoal which runs out westerly from Point Clear, and

A beacon on the west end of the small detached shoal south of the last named point.

Each of these beacons is composed of several piles driven together in a solid clump.

Vessels should take care not to run into them, not only for the Beacon's safety, but for their own.

D. LEADBETTER,

Light-House Inspector.

Inspector's Office, 8th L. H. District, Mobile. April 10, 1855.

A fixed light will be exhibited about the 1st May, 1855, from the tower at Point Boneta, on the northern side of the entrance to the Bay of San Francisco, California.

The illuminating apparatus is of the 2d order catadioptric of the system of Fresnel.

The structure will be a brick tower, surmounted by a lantern painted black.

The light will be about 200 feet above the level of the sea, and should be seen in ordinary states of the atmosphere, from an elevation of fifteen feet above the water, at a distance of more than 20 nautical miles.

The following is the approximate position of the Light-house:—Lat. 37° 49' 10" North. Long. 122° 30' 50" West of Greenwich.

By order of the Light-House Board, CAMPBELL GRAHAM, *Light-House Inspector, 12th Dist.* San Francisco, March 22, 1855.

Notice is hereby given that the Light on Fort Point, at the entrance of San Francisco Bay, California, will be displayed at sunset on the 21st day of March, inst., and on each succeeding day, from sunset to sunrise.

The light is a fixed one, of the Fresnel illuminating apparatus of the 5th order, and is 52 feet above the level of the sea, giving a range, from an elevation of fifteen feet above the sea, of 12 1-2 nautical miles.

The position of Fort Point, as determined by the Coast Survey, is:—Lat. 37° 48' 26". 75 North. Long. 122° 27' 33". 18 West of Greenwich.

R. E. DE RUSSY,

Lieut. Col. of U. S. Engineers. San Francisco, March 12, 1855.

On or about the 10th of May, the present Red Fixed Light of the Delaware Breakwater will be discontinued, and will be replaced by a Fresnel lens of the 4th order of 360 degrees, exhibiting a White Light, Fixed varied by Flashes.

By order of the Light-House Board.

JAMES S. BIDDLE.

Light-House Inspector.

Philadelphia, April 10, 1855.

A large Iron Buoy has been placed on the eastern part of Davis' Ledge, in five fathoms at low water. It is painted black, with a four armed signal of black tin. The words "Davis Ledge" are painted on the round in large letters.

By order of the Light-House Board.

A. A. HOLCOMB,

L. H. Inspector, 2d Dist.

Boston, April 7, 1855.

A Fixed White Light, of the 6th order Fresnel system, illuminating 270 degrees of the horizon, has been substituted for the illuminating apparatus heretofore in use at Cedar Island Light-House, entrance to Sag Harbor, N. Y. It will be lighted for the first on Friday, 27th inst., and exhibited nightly thereafter from sunset to sunrise.

By order of the Light-House Board.

A. LUDLOW CASE,

L. H. Inspector, 3d Dist.

New York, April 25, 1855.

Disasters.

Pilot boat Walter Francis, Schander, arrived at San Francisco 4th ult. from the wreck of the whaling barque W. T. Wheaton, lately wrecked about 3 miles of Santa Cruz, brought up all the crew of the barque, and reports her to be a total wreck.

Ship William Layton, of this port, hence to Antwerp, was lost 22d February.

PARIS, March 21.—The schooner Active, of and bound to Yarmouth, N. S., Baker, from St. Thomas, was abandoned, totally dismasted, and in a sinking state, 27th February; crew saved by the Statesman, Watts, arrived at Havre.

Ship Golden Mirror, Maguire, from

New York for Toulon, sprang a leak on the 8th March, and was abandoned on the 9th, with 9 feet six inches of water in her. The crew were taken off and carried to Cardenas.

Br. barque Flying Childers, from Philadelphia about December 8, arrived at Montevideo Feb. 3, was driven ashore in a violent pampero the same night, and it was supposed would be a total loss.

Brig Florida, at Portland from Cardenas, fell in with and boarded, March 1st, schooner Miranda, of Norfolk, full of water, and both masts cut away, and rigging alongside.

Whaleship Miantonomi, last reported at Ascension, Oct. 10, with 300 sp., has been lost, no date or other particulars. Captain Clement and 14 men were taken to Hong Kong, Jan. 26th, by Br. steamer Unicorn, from Sydney, N. S. W.

Br. schooner Elizabeth, from Boston about 1st inst., for St. Pierre, Miq., went ashore at Arichat recently.

Br. brig Nisibia, from New York for St. Johns, N. F., was wrecked on Sable Island, night of Jan. 17.

Ship St. Bernard, Webster, from this port for New Orleans, was totally lost 23d March, on Berry Island, Bahamas. Captain and crew saved, and carried to Nassau.

Ship Hudson, from New York for New Orleans March 6th, was totally lost morning of 14th March, on Elbow Key, near Green Turtle Key.

The officers and crew of schooner Sarah and Lucy were taken from the wreck of that vessel in the Gulf 28th March, and brought to this port in the brig John Alfred.

Captain Collier and crew of schr. L. F. Rogers, arrived at New Orleans 9th April, in schr. Venice, from Brazos Santiago—the L. F. R. having been abandoned 2d April, on the voyage from Mobile to Brazos.

Schr. Buena Vista grounded on the bar off Aransas 26th March, and the vessel and cargo became a total loss. The crew were rescued on the 27th by Capt. Arnot, of the schooner Major Barbour.

Br. barque *Letitia*, from Belize, Hond., for Boston, water-logged and dismantled, was fallen in with 11th of March, 500 miles south of N. York, by ship Charles Crooker, Moorshead, hence, who took off the Capt., crew, and one passenger, eighteen in all, and carried them to New Orleans.

Schr. *Reunion*, from Hampden, bound to Rockland, was sunk morning of 4th April, in the Penobscot river, near Mill Creek, the ice having stove in her ports.

Schr. *Elliptic*, from Kingston, Jam., for this port, was totally wrecked near Cape Antonio 26th March. The captain, crew, and five passengers reached Havana on the 8th April.

Schr. *Frederick Howell*, at this port from St. Domingo City, experienced heavy weather. 3d April saw a schooner with signal of distress flying; ran down to her and found her to be the *Matilda Ann Thompson*, of Camden, N. J., Capt. Parker, hence for Philadelphia, in a sinking condition; took off the captain and crew, in all five men, and brought them to this port.

Brig *Duncan*, from Philadelphia 27th March, for Bath, Me., encountered a violent gale the 1st April, off Cape, and on 2d, at 11 A. M., the schr. *Elvira*, from New York, hove in sight, and remained until 3 P. M., without being able to render any assistance, when the brig went down, together with all on board.

Schr. *Martha*, for Plymouth, with salt, &c., struck on Minot's Ledge 17th April, and sunk; crew saved.

Brig *Florence*, at this port from Boston, for Darien, Geo., was fallen in with 2d April, 10 P. M., having been dismantled and otherwise injured the day previous, in a severe gale from S. S. E. to W. Captain and crew taken off and carried to Savannah, by ship *Ellen Austin*, Tucker.

Brig *Boston*, from Surinam for Salem, went ashore on the S. W. point of Nantucket 11th April, and is supposed to have bilged; she was full of water.

The schr. *William Smith*, which cleared from this port 11th April, for

Savannah, came in collision with the schr. *M. E. Pharo*, of Tuckerton, N. J., same night, off Barnegat. The *W. S.* struck the *M. E. P.* abaft the fore rigging, when the latter sunk in about five minutes afterwards; captain and crew all saved.

Schr. *Melville*, from New York for Pembroke, went ashore at Long Island, near Mount Desert, 11th April, and became a total wreck.

Schr. *Boston*, from Philadelphia for Boston, went ashore on Cold Spring Bar, near Cape Island, 20th April, and would probably be a total loss.

Daniel C. Waterman, who arrived at New Bedford from the Sandwich Islands, reports the loss of the ship *William T. Wheaton*, of New London, on the night of the 28th March, 60 miles south of San Francisco.—The ship was a total loss.

Br. brig *Laura*, from Halifax for Portland, which had been ashore in Sambro Harbor, got off and sailed again, went ashore on Misery Beach, near Port Medway, 13th April, and became a total wreck.

Barque *Cherokee*, from Boston 28th March, for St. Jago, when fourteen days out ran on the N. E. end of Mayaguana Reef, during a fog, and would be a total loss.

Schr. *Virile*, Rice, of and from Digby for Boston, was totally lost previous to 4th April, on Brier Island.

Br. brigantine *Fanny*, from Wilmington, N. C., bound to Halifax, N. S., on the 13th April, at 11 A. M., was run into by the American brig *Forest*, of Warren, R. I., and sunk. Capt. and crew got aboard the *Forest*.

Brig *Westport*, from Georgetown, S. C., for Damariscotta, sprung a leak on the 10th and was abandoned on the 21st April, leaking badly and full of water. Capt. McCobb, mate and four seamen taken off by schr. *Z. Secor*, Keen, from Maracaibo, arrived at this port.

Schr. *Henry Atkins*, from a port in Maine for Jacksonville, in ballast, went ashore on the beach at Berlin, Md., on or previous to 1st May. Her keel had come off, and she had bilged. Would be a total loss.

New York, June, 1855.

Anniversary Meeting.

American Seamen's Friend Society.

The Twenty-Seventh Anniversary of this Society, was celebrated at the Broadway Tabernacle, on the evening of May 7th, 1855.

The evening was delightfully pleasant, and the house well filled at an early hour.

P. Perit, Esq., President of the society, occupied the Chair.

The exercises were commenced by a voluntary on the organ, after which prayer was offered by Rev. J. R. Steward, pastor of the Mariner's Church, Cherry-st., New-York.

An abstract of the Twenty-Seventh Annual Report was presented by Rev. J. Spaulding, one of the Secretaries.

The President then made a brief address. Alluding to the bereavements of the year he said:

It is our painful duty to announce the death during the year, of three valuable members of this Board.

Walter R. Jones, the distinguished President of the Atlantic Insurance Co., and President of the Board of Underwriters, now a Vice President of this Society. He was called suddenly to the eternal world in the month of April. He was the warm

and devoted friend of seamen. He labored earnestly for their welfare, and it was owing chiefly to his influence that the extensive life saving arrangements on the Coasts of New-Jersey and Long Island were made by the Government of the U. S. He was active also in the arrangement of the Cemetery for Seamen within the Cemetery of the Evergreens, on Long Island, where seamen of all nations can now have a decent interment.

Messrs Hale and Hurlbut also, who for many years were members of this Board, and have always manifested a warm interest in the welfare of seamen

Rev. Charles Jones moved the acceptance of the report and its publication, sustaining his motion by a very interesting and appropriate address of about fifteen minutes.

He said that in 1840 he had been a seaman, "a blasphemer and a persecutor;" now he was a minister of God's word, and could gladly say that many who had been such as he was, were now devoted and consecrated to the service of the living God. These men are earnest propagandists, who would scatter abroad the words of divine truth, by which their own minds had been enlightened. In many instances, seamen who had come to

Bethel churches to scoff, remained and returned to pray. Those who had been thus impressed were grateful to the ministers who had aided them in their conversion, and in every port they visited took every occasion to induce others of their craft to do as they had done. Seamen, owing to their simple and earnest energy, are peculiarly fitted to be propagandists of any truth which takes hold so firmly on their minds as the truths of salvation. Until seamen, with their knowledge of languages and customs of the world, become propagandists of the truth, the spread thereof can never be so rapid as it might be otherwise. Let a missionary study the language of a heathen country for two years, land there and preach, and then let a sailor land on the same shore, to curse in the same tongue, and all the efforts of the missionary are frustrated.

He recited several incidents connected with the Bethel in New-York, of which he is a chaplain. The position of the sailor among the hosts who are to convert the world, is in the van. Unless converted, the sailor interferes with the spread of the gospel abroad; but when he becomes a disciple, he is a coadjutor in the salvation of the world. His remarks were listened to with great interest and were warmly applauded.

Rev. O. G. Hedstrom, also one of the chaplains in New-York, seconded the motion with an exceedingly interesting address.

Mr. H. is a Swede, and has labored many years among sailors from the north of Europe. He left his home when twenty years of age, in a Swedish vessel bound to South America, to help Bolivia in securing her independence, and finally landed in N. York, where he was robbed. He was then converted; and has labored with great success for the salvation of Swedish sailors particularly. Seventeen missionaries have been raised up and sent out into Scandinavian fields. The common remark that this Society is doing no good, was shown to be untrue by a reference to the report read, as well as by statements of facts

within his own observations and experience.

In a pecuniary point of view the good which has been done can be more easily appreciated. Within the last ten years the Scandinavian seamen have deposited more than half a million of dollars in the banks in this city. Many of them have sent home drafts to a considerable amount. One sent home from his earnings, after he was converted, between six and seven hundred rix-dollars, to restore it to two persons from whom he had stolen money in his native country—Finland. Within ten years, Mr. H. said he had sent home for sailors one hundred thousand rix-dollars, for the benefit of relatives there. God elevates all men when they receive the Gospel, and this is seen emphatically in the case of sailors. They then become zealous advocates of religion, and do not go around with their mouths closed on the subject. They are so situated that they must be bold, and make their light shine. Therefore we ought to pray for them, and use all tender and earnest means for their salvation. He had been at work for them ten years, and had had a protracted meeting all the time in the Bethel ship. He did not believe in stopping.

The resolution was then adopted.

The choir, composed of invited vocalists, conducted by Geo. Andrews, Esq., then sung in a very effective manner the Anthem, Denmark—

"Before Jehovah's awful throne," etc.

Rev. A. Peters, D. D., of Williams-town, was next introduced.

He said he was not a sailor, and had never been one like the gentlemen who preceded him; nor was he the son of a sailor, but he had a sailor son, far away on the world of waters. He had had the trial of seeing a son educated for other pursuits, deliberately choose to expose his life to the perils of the deep. He had consequently been led to reflect much on those who are sailors. Where is the sailor's home? It is said it is on the world of waters,

"Far as the breeze can bear or billows foam,
Survey their empire, and behold their home."

But this is not their home. It is a thing of passage; it is a life of single men hurled away from their homes. There is nothing that constitutes a home for man but wife, children, and friends, with whom he may dwell in daily communion in settled habitations. The wisdom and importance of the marriage relation were then dwelt upon at length. Without it the intellectual and moral development of man is defective. For the enjoyment of this relation fixed habitations are necessary. To them is the world indebted for all its progress in civilization and moral culture.

Piety may make the ship a Bethel; souls may be saved there, but it is not a home. This state of things is a necessity of commerce, but not to that degree in which it now exists in the maritime world. Ships are constructed for the sake of profit, so as to make it necessary that men should be alone in them. The speaker closed with some suggestions as to the practicability of conducting commerce in such a way that sailors might have homes to which they could return after their voyages. He said he presumed he exposed his own ignorance of the conditions of commerce by such a suggestion, but it might be worth thinking of.

Can not sailors of a better class, married men, be employed more permanently in the same ship and especially on the short voyages, so as to spend a part of their lives at home, and know like other men the comforts and endearments and elevating influences of home?

Let it be remembered that marriage is a divine institution; and those whom God has brought together, let no man, for the sake of mere gain, put asunder.

Rev. J. H. Towne, of Bridgeport, followed, commencing his remarks by offering the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the establishment of quiet and safe homes for sailors when on shore, is an important part of

the system of means employed for their improvement."

He said he had some peculiar claims to a hearing on this occasion. He was a sailor's son; his father was sleeping the cold sleep of death beneath the ocean billows. He described a fact connected with his personal history also, which gave him a peculiar interest in the condition and welfare of sailors. After he left college he commenced the study of the law. While prosecuting it, it pleased God to change the great aim of his life, and he then desired to become a Christian minister. He hesitated to tell his father, fearing he would think him inconstant and fickle. But at length when he disclosed his wish, his father exclaimed, while the tears streamed down his cheeks, "The great prayer of my life is answered. On the day of your birth I went alone and with all the earnestness of my heart, though not then a professor of religion, I devoted you to that God who had so often preserved me amid the perils of the deep. You not only have my consent, but you will, in so doing, gratify the cherished wish of my heart."

The Rev. speaker then recited the incidents connected with his father's last voyage to Calcutta, and the return of his ship into port with its colors drooping; the opening of the old sea-chest, so long the companion of his voyages, and finding in it many a token of fond remembrance, which had been stowed in it for the loved ones at home. These early impressions had given him a peculiar interest in seamen. The exposures of sailors on land are the great cause of their depraved morals; but these exposures are not a necessary concomitant of their profession. There is no reason why life upon the ocean should not be as elevated as life upon the land. What has the land of pious story, of hallowed associations, of sacred treasures, of solemn foreshadowings, that the sea has not? Jesus has walked upon it, saints are enshrouded in it, nations lie buried in it, waiting for the blast of the final trumpet.—God is there; and there is religion there as well as on the land.

The dangers of the sailor were

then depicted. One of them is in consequence of the fact that they are strangers in the ports they visit; and another is that they are regarded as a proscribed class. When the first ship that sailed on temperance principles reached Havre the sailors endeavored in vain to find a place on shore where they could be boarded without exposure to the temptation to drink. This want of sympathy with the rest of mankind has led one to say,

"I am alone; the wide, wide world,
Holds not a heart that beats for me;
I've seen my brightest hopes grow dim
As fades the twilight on the sea."

This is not quite true now. Sailors are not quite alone; and it is the determined purpose of Christian hearts to change this state of things till Sailor's Homes are provided in every land. To show what many of the present places are where sailors board, and what their money is expended for, the speaker read from an account-book of one of them. The first charge made to one William Wilson was for a pair of boots, \$3.50; then nine glasses of grog; cash; seven glasses of grog; twenty-seven glasses of grog; cash; one bottle of wine; five glasses of grog; nine ditto; bottle of wine; tobacco; a bottle of wine. They seemed to have nothing to live upon but grog. They were in fact drugged with grog, that they might be rifled.

Captain Hudson, of the Navy, seconded the resolution, and it was adopted.

Rev. B. J. Bettelheim, M. D., of the Loo Choo Islands, Japan, then made a brief address, in which he spoke of his services for nine years to sailors of the United States at the Loo Choo Islands, as a preacher, and as a doctor of medicine, and a commissariat. He exhibited to the audience a handsome silver vase, presented to him by the officers and crew of the U. S. Ship Plymouth, as a token of their esteem for him. He urged also the necessity of Sailor's Homes abroad, and testified that the seamen on temperance ships were far less likely to be sick in foreign ports, or to quarrel and get into trouble than way, than others.

The services were closed by singing the doxology, and with the benediction by Rev. B. C. C. Parker, Chaplain of the Floating Bethel, foot of Pike-st., N. Y.

The Society was then called to order, and Trustees elected for the ensuing year. A resolution of thanks was passed to Geo. Andrews, Esq., who led the singing, and the choir composed of invited vocalists, for enlivening the exercises of the evening with their excellent music.

The following interesting articles were designed for the Annual Report, but came too late to be incorporated into it. We publish them, however, in this number of the Magazine, as a sort of Appendix to the Report, hoping our good friends will be a little earlier another year to communicate the good news of souls converted, and the work *progressing*.

Sailor's Home---New Orleans.

New Orleans, April 17th, 1855.

Dear Sir-

In reply to your letter of inquiry concerning the seamen's cause in this city, we furnish the following condensed statement of our condition.

The number of boarders received in the Seamen's Home, for the year 1854, is 1,426. The general deportment of the boarders for the past year has been better than any previous year. There is a marked improvement going on among those who visit the Home, which is extremely gratifying.

The great calamity which befel us on the 7th of September, the burning of this noble edifice, the Home, has been entirely overcome. The building was reconstructed and opened again on the 1st of January, 1855.—We regret, however, to state that the library was wholly destroyed, and as yet has not been replaced. This we consider quite a serious loss.

In consequence of the burning of the Home, the services on the Sab-

bath, which were conducted by Dr. J. W. Harmen, were discontinued, and up to this time we have had no religious services.

Through the agency of the Tract Society, a large number of tracts and other religious books have been distributed among the sailors with happy effect. With pleasure we record the fact, that some forty or fifty have become members of the church and a temperance society.

Were it not for the wretched influence of rum boarding houses that line our levee, and entice away the sailors through their unprincipled agents, we might expect a radical change among the sailors that visit our port.

These dens of infamy and vice lure thousands to destruction, and block up our way in effecting good among the seamen. There is a decided advance made in the temperance cause, and we have strong hopes that the present common council will close them up on the Sabbath. A powerful effort is being made to accomplish this desirable object.

Yours truly,

T. J. RICKETTS.

Mobile Shore Chaplaincy.

Mobile, April 25th, 1855.

Secretary of A. S. F. Society,

Dear Brother—

Your favor, requesting a statement relative to the seamen's cause in this place, is before me, and I reply with pleasure.

The city of Mobile is fast growing in commercial importance, and ought not our efforts for the good of seamen be in proportion to her growth. Last year she received into her bosom for exportation, by her vast rivers, extending like arms, hundreds of miles through the States of Alabama and Mississippi, more than twenty millions of dollars' worth of cotton alone, besides turpentine, pitch, and lumber of various kinds, from the immense forests with which the State abounds, thus giving employment to more than twenty thousand boatmen and sailors for the importation and exportation of these productions. Situated at the

head of Mobile Bay, which is the largest and safest harbor on the Gulf of Mexico, sufficiently large to hold all the navies of the world, she occupies a commanding position,—and will doubtless hold her rank as the third port of exports in the United States. With the bright prospects that lie before her—the inexhaustible beds of coal and iron, and quarries of the finest marbles, which lie contiguous to her rivers, and which will soon yield an immense exportation, her railroads now in progress, and especially the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, which is rapidly advancing to completion, and when done will open up the “Great West,” and unite with it the commerce of the Gulf of Mexico and South America—I say with these prospects before her, may we not safely conclude that the commerce of this port will more than double in a few years, and consequently, the number of seamen for whose temporal and spiritual welfare we must provide, will also greatly increase? How suitable provisions can best be made, becomes an important question. Our present Bethel Church and Sailor's Home are in many respects inadequate to the wants of seamen who now throng this port. We greatly need a new Bethel Church and Sailor's Home. For this object some collections have been made.

But notwithstanding the disadvantages under which we have labored, we have been much encouraged in our work. The Lord has blessed us in the diligent use of the poor facilities which we now possess.

The Sailor's Home has been well attended, and under the judicious management of Mr. Gardener, much good has been done by bringing many seamen under a moral and religious influence. A large proportion of the boarders at the Home were temperance men, or became such before they left. The Bethel Church has been well attended, especially the night meetings. An old sailor said that he had attended nearly all the Bethel Churches in the world, but that he had never seen so many sailors attend so regularly on religious services any where, as attended at my night meetings.

About the first of January a deep seriousness pervaded the meetings. The word preached fell "like the rain on new mown grass." At the close of the night service I invited those who felt deeply concerned for the salvation of their souls, to follow me to my study, when eight or ten fine young sailors followed me. This was the beginning of good things, which continued all winter. Several hopeful conversions soon took place, which revived our hopes, strengthened our faith, and quickened our zeal. A few backsliders were restored again to peace; and while the young convert spoke in the fervor of his first love of the boundless mercies of God, and of the fulness and freeness of salvation through Christ, the backslider mourned over his wanderings from Christ, and confessed that it was an evil and a bitter thing to depart from the Lord. Ten united with the Bethel Church on the profession of their faith in Christ; others, who found the Saviour precious to their souls, had to leave before we could receive them into the church; others left, intending to unite with their friends in churches at the North, but they went to sea renewed in the spirit of their minds, and blessing God for bringing them to the place where they found peace in believing. Although their path is across the rolling billow, and some of them may be uncared for by the world, yet they have a hope which is an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, which entereth into that within the veil. What will their influence be upon the world? I preach twice every Sabbath, morning and night. In the afternoon I have a Bible class for sailors, in connection with my Sabbath School. On Tuesday night we maintain an interesting prayer meeting at the Sailor's Home. On Wednesday I lecture at the Marine Hospital, and visit the sick—at night, of the same day, I lecture in the Bethel Church. On Friday night is my weekly Temperance Meeting. We often administer between twenty and thirty pledges a night. Most of those who were converted, first signed the pledge at these meetings. They first became *sober*,

then *serious*, and then *happy in the Lord!*

I sometimes exchange with the Rev. Dr. Gridley, who is physician, and holds forth the Word of Life on his "Rolling Dominions" in the Bay, some thirty miles below the city. The Bethel Ship is a noble enterprise, and must be sustained. But our unavoidable expenses to keep up the Bethel operations have been so great, that unless we get speedy help from the North, to take care of Northern seamen, we cannot weather the storm of pecuniary difficulties much longer. Indeed, we are almost water-logged already for want of means to carry forward the work. Praying that the Lord will open your large hearts to help us liberally, and that he will hasten the time when the "abundance of the sea shall be converted to God."

I remain, very fraternally,
Your fellow-laborer,
ALEXANDER MCGLASHAN,
Chaplain.

Philadelphia Chaplaincy.

ANOTHER YEAR.

"Shut up the Words, and Seal the Book, even to the time of the End."

This was the text for the first Annual Sermon of the present pastor of the Mariner's Church, Water street, above Walnut, Philadelphia, May 6th, 1855.

In the discourse the following Report was made of the doings of the year.

Congregation has been doubled, with a larger average attendance of sailors, than at the beginning of the year.

Sabbath School enlarged, by the organization of seven new classes, two of them Bible classes, in one of which are gathered from time to time, more or less sailors, for the time they are on shore—in all, 40 new scholars; and an infant school organized under the care of the wife of the pastor, and Mrs. Cassidy, of the Sailor's Home, having 70 scholars.

Mariner's Church Dorcas Society.

Cash collected from members, - - - -	\$28 57
Cash from proceeds of two concerts, - - - -	95 05
	<hr/>
	\$123 62
	<hr/>
Garments distributed, -	410
Pairs of shoes, -	43
Cash and Groceries, -	\$18 00

CHURCH.

We have had a quiet revival all the year. Twenty-three have been added to our membership, twenty-one on examination—eight of the twenty-one are sailors. Some ten are now waiting to join, six or seven of whom are sailors.

We do not hurry persons into our membership—it is good to try applicants a little.

LABORS OF PASTOR.

Sermons and discourses, 206. Letters to the unconverted, mostly sailors, 68. Bibles and Testaments given to sailors, mostly in the Hospital, 47.

Our diligent co-laborer, Mr. Gardner, relieves the pastors of Sailor Churches from this work.

Books put on board vessels, and given to individual sailors, 528 vols.

These, be it noted, were all *New Books*, bought by the pastor with money given him by friends. The pastor will not give old trash to sailors.

Cards, advertising the church and residence of the pastor, and containing rebukes to swearers, and other admonitions, distributed, 5,000.

Tracts, one of which was written and printed by us, distributed, 46,972 pages.

Many delightful effects from this distribution, and that of the cards, have been heard of.

VISITS.

Vessels, 47. In this I propose a change this year, visiting more vessels, to come in contact with the officers.

Very few officers visit our church, or any other. In a great measure, *like officers, like crew*. I mean to seek more for the conversion of officers, if spared, this year than last.

Visits on shore, over 900. Sailor's Home, every day. Hospital, once a week. Sailor boarding houses, once a week.

Visits to me of sailors, 35, with all of whom, with three or four exceptions, I prayed before we parted.

REFLECTION.

While engaged in this work of the past year, my soul has been much enlarged, as I have thus stood, as if one foot on land, and one on the sea.

I have mingled with all nations, and am now, emphatically, A Citizen of the World.

Beloved, let us this year more than ever before, seek out the sailor, that his soul may be saved.

J. B. R.

Poor's Railroad Map of the United States.

We have received a beautiful Pocket Map of the Railways in the United States and Canada, projected, in progress, and in operation. The *pathways* of commerce in land. A *network* of iron bands to bind these jostling States together. The Map is published at No. 9 Spruce-st., New York, at One Dollar a copy.

From the official tables just published of the state of the Prussian Mercantile Navy, it appears that the total number of their ships amount only to 839, of an aggregate tonnage 123,600 lasts, equal to 267,000 tons. The greatest ship-owning port is Stettin, with 157 vessels; Stralsund owns 108; Dantzic 106; Barth 84; and Memel 76. The rest are distributed among twenty-one other ports. The average size of the vessels is about 320 tons.

Account of Monkeys,

From April 15, to May 15, 1855.

Members for Life by the payment of Twenty Dollars.

Miss Mary A. Shaler, by Ladies Union Soc., Madison, Conn.,

20 60

Miss S. M. Hill, by do. do., (balance)	9 00
Mrs. C. A. Smith, by do. do., (in part)	6 00
Fred. Wolcot Whitehead, by Hon. J. O. Whitehead, Morristown, N. J., (amt. ack. below)	
Rev. R. P. Stanton, by First Con., Derby, Conn.	21 11
Mr. Bloomer, of Amherst, Mass., by Gen. Williams, Norwich, Ct., (amt. prev'y rec.)	
Levi B. Marsh, Burrville, Ct., by Mrs. Lucy De Forest, Watertown, Ct.,	20 00
Miss Janette C. Wilford, Elba, N. Y., by A Friend,	20 00
Mrs. Janette Dickey, by Sea- men's Friend Soc., Milford, N. H.,	20 00
Miss Mary Flint, of Woburn, Mass., by do. do.,	20 00
Rev. John Woods, by Con. Soc., Fitzwilliam, N. H.	20 00

Donations.

From Ref. Dutch Ch., Har- lem, N. Y.,	33 22
" A Friend, New-York,	2 00
" Rev. Dr. Patton, Hart- ford, Ct.,	20 00
" Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, N. Y. (balance)	78 14
" Second Ref. Dutch Ch., Pokeepsie, N. Y.,	14 05
" Con.Soc., West Killing- ly, Ct.,	8 84
" First Con. Soc., Shef- field, Mass.,	20 00
" Pres. Ch., Violetia, N.Y.	5 51
" Greenwich, N. J., New- ton Presbytery,	11 00
" E. J. Woolsey, N. Y.,	50 00
" Anson G. Phelps, N. Y.,	100 00
" A Friend, N. Y.,	1 00
" High-st. Con. Soc., Providence, R. I.,	84 60
" Con. Soc., Boscawen, N. H.,	14 00
" Ladies in First Parish, Northampton, Mass.	32 23
" First Pres. Ch., Morris- town, N. J.,	98 33

" A Friend, Philadelphia, Pa.,	10 00
" Miss P. Durfee, Bristol, Vt.,	2 50
" Theoron Fisk, Warsaw, N. Y., for Tracts,	1 00
" North Ch., Newbury- port, Mass., (ad'n.)	10 00
" Rev. W. T. Herrick, Candia, N. H.,	1 00
" Chas. Jewett, Ashburn- ham, Mass.,	2 00
" Rev. Dr. Barstow's Ch., Keene, N. H.,	23 29
" Dr. Adams, do.,	5 00

Legacies.

Late P. J. De Witt, of the County of Warren, N. J.,	1,000 00
	<u>\$1,783 82</u>

Sailor's Home, Honolulu, S. I.

Two Friends in Windsor, Mass.,	2 00
-----------------------------------	------

*Receipts of the Boston Seamen's
Friend Society.*

Enfield Ben. Soc.	100 00
Charlestown, Wiathrop Ch , and Soc.,	96 15
Westboro' Evan. Soc., (Mar.)	64 44
S. Weymouth Union Ch., to make two L. Ms.	40 00
S. Reading Con. Soc., to make Daniel Norcross, L. M., also box of Books.	29 11
Meredith Bridge, N. H., Con. Soc.,	8 21
Grafton Con. Soc.,	23 00
Amesbury and Salisbury Mills Village,	15 58
Winchendon 1st Con. Soc.,	9 31
" Mrs. R. J. Wyman,	3 00
North Amherst Con. Soc.,	28 42
Abington, (ad'l)	1 30
North Hadley Con. Soc.,	11 60
Medford Mystic Soc.	12 57
Northboro' Evan. Soc. A Friend, to make Rev. H. Patrick, of Bedford, L. M.,	20 00
Franklin Con. Soc.	33 29

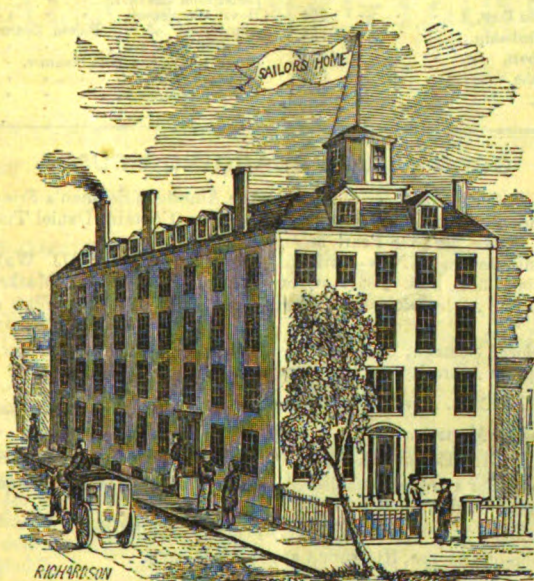
Soc. of Relig. Eng.

Vol. 27.

JULY, 1855.

No. 11.

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.



SAILOR'S HOME, PORTLAND, MAINE.

New York :
PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,
No. 80 WALL STREET.

\$1 Per Annum—Postage, in N. Y., in ADVANCE, 3 Cts., a Year ; Elsewhere, in the U. S.,
6 Cts. ; Single Number 1 Ct.

STEPHEN HALLET, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER, 122 NASSAU STREET.
Spanish and French Printer and Translator.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

MISCELLANEOUS.	Page.	NAVAL JOURNAL.	Page.
Second Quarterly Report, . . .	321	Ships of the World, . . .	339
Letter A,	323	Dreadful Sufferings of a Shipwrecked	
Letter B,	324	Crew,	340
Letter C,	324	Exploit of a Privateersman, . . .	342
Letter D,	325	Notice to Mariners,	343
Extracts,	325	Disasters,	344
Mobile Bay Chaplaincy, . . .	329	Poetry,	345
Ten Days in the Ice,	331		
Choice of pursuit in Life, . .	333	NEW YORK DEPARTMENT.	
How to Believe,	333	Arctic Expedition,	346
The Rich and the Poor, . . .	334	Letter from Panama,	346
Wreck of a Whaleship,	335	Havre Chaplaincy,	347
Colporteur's Report,	335	Anniversary of the Boston Seamen's	
Temperance in the Navy, . . .	338	Friend Society,	349
Collision at Sea,	338	A Great American War Steamer, .	351
		Missing Vessels,	351
		Account of Moneys,	351

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW-YORK—*Sailor's Home*, Established by the American Seamen's Friend Society
No. 190 Cherry st. between Market and Pike sts. Captain Daniel Tracy.

New Sailor's Home, No. 338 Pearl. st. J. S. Towne.

Other Boarding-Houses in New-York city.—William Sharp, 271 Water street;
William Huelat, 334, 336, Pearl street; Peter Oberg, 91, Market street;
Mrs. Alice Perry, 22 Oak st.; Benjamin Buck, 322 Pearl st.; Wm. Johnson, 9
Carlisle st.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend
Society kept by Albro Lyons, Vandewater st.

SANDUSKY—Rev. C. R. Jewitt, Chaplain.

BATH—Seamen's Mansion.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Edward C. Myers, corner of Market and Bow st., Spring Hill.

BOSTON—The *Sailor's Home*, established by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society,
99 Purchase st. John O. Chany.

Boston—Mariner's House, North Square, by Mr. N. Hamilton.

“ Richmond House, Richmond st., by Mr. Clark.

“ John Kennaley Clark-st.

“ Murdock Matherson, Fleet-st.

SALEM—Ebenezer Griffin, No. 16 Vine st., clothing store, corner of Liberty and Vine
sts.; and Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket st. near Derby st.

BRISTOL, R. I.,—Mrs. Ann Pearce.

NEW-BEDFORD—Wm. Cranston, 14 Bethel Court; A. C. Davenport, 25 Middle st.

For Colored Seamen, by Marshall L. Potts, corner Sixth and Bedford sts.

PHILADELPHIA—Sailor's Home, 204 South Front st., by J. H. Cassidy under the care
of the Pa. Seamen's Friend Society.

BALTIMORE,—New Seamen's Bethel Home and Shipping Office Edward Kirby, 65
Thames Street.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C.—Sailor's Home, by John Robinson.

CHARLESTON.—Sailor's Home, by Capt. Wm. White, Market st., opposite State st.

SAVANNAH—Foot of Jefferson st., O. C. Parker.

MOBILE,—Sailor's Home, by Lewis Lawson.

NEW-ORLEANS—Sailor's Home, F. Rickerts, corner of New Levee and
Suzettes sts.

ST. JOHNS, N. B.—Seamen's Home, by Capt. Chas. C. Petch, keeper.

HAVRE, FRANCE—Mrs. Johnson, Rue Royale, 21.

THE

SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. 27.

JULY, 1855.

No. 11

Second Quarterly Report,

OF REV. CHAS. J. JONES.

*Pastor of the Mariners Church,
New York. Presented April 26,
1855.*

Gentlemen of the Committee:

In presenting to you, and through you to the Board of Managers of the Port Society, the following Report, I am filled with a sense of Divine goodness. I feel, like the restored captives of old, ready to exclaim, "Jehovah hath done great things for us:—We are glad."

Since my last communication to your Committee, there have been continued evidences of the operations of the Spirit vouchsafed unto us.—The Bethel has been, as a general thing, well filled; in some instances it has been quite crowded, so much so, indeed, as to render it necessary to place seats in the aisles.

Among the worshippers have been many seamen, who have gone to sea with the seeds of Divine grace implanted deep in their hearts. One, who came from a boarding house on Cherry-st. to one of our weekly meetings, said to me subsequently that he came to scoff, but went away to pray. Another remarked, "I thought the minister meant every line

for me." Another, "I feel that there is a load on my soul." Another—weeping—said, "I can't go to sea in this condition." And still another, with tears in his eyes, and with great emotion, said, "I thank you, sir, very much, for you are the first person who has spoken to me on this subject since I left home." He had been from home eight years.

Much of the fruit, springing from the seed which has been sown in this field, will doubtless be gathered by some other hand than mine, for "One soweth and another reapeth." But there are not wanting evidences—indeed there are *many pleasing* evidences—that my labor "has not been in vain in the Lord."

Of the numbers that have been reached by the Bethel operations since the last Report, thirteen have given cheering manifestations of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Five of these are seamen, and eight of them members of our Sabbath School.

There has been for some time past a work of grace going on among the young of our congregation and the scholars of our Sabbath School, and special efforts have been made by the Superintendent and Teachers to awaken them to a sense of their danger and their refuge too. The result

structive influence of despair, and to invigorate and prepare the mind for future usefulness and enjoyment.

The embarkation from the hulks took place exactly in the style I wished; with the solitary exception of one of the prisoners of the *Justitia* having been allowed by the petty officer in charge, to play his violin until the boat came within hail of my voice from the Earl Grey, when the ill-timed music was instantly stopped. Such a practice appeared to me to be highly indecorous, wholly at variance with the position of the prisoners, and of injurious influence, not only on *them*, but on all the observers on shore,—especially that class of persons to which convicts belong. This incident became a subject of seasonable instruction, not only to the prisoners, but to the petty officer, who acknowledged on the quarter-deck that the fault was wholly chargeable on him, as he had *désired* the prisoner thus to act. Such embarkations as these, it is almost unnecessary to observe, ought ever to be conducted with the greatest possible solemnity.

The prisoners having been received on board, duly arranged, and disposed of in their respective berths, they were assembled on the quarter-deck, and received their first address in the Earl Grey.

But before we proceed further in our narrative, it will be profitable to pause a little, and consider who they are that are thus assembled on the quarter-deck of a transport. Every one of these men is in possession of a spirit of immense value—a spirit on which He alone who called it into being can set the fair, the proper price: that price which He himself paid to redeem it from sin, pollution, and death, unto pardon, holiness, and life.

Let it also be remembered that these men, with very limited exceptions, are the victims of the darkest ignorance of Scripture truth; and although it would be unkind and destructive to the *prisoner himself* to palliate crime, and we are ever to regard all manner of sin either in ourselves or others, with the most perfect abhorrence,—yet are we to look upon

the transgressor with Christian pity and the tenderest compassion, to recollect who it is that maketh us differ, (wherein we do indeed differ!) and to bear in mind, that no man acquainted with the depths of deceitfulness in his own heart, as discovered in the light of God's word and Spirit, will take up the stone to throw at the convict. The man who, in the presence of the holy Lord God, can say to the prisoner, "Stand by thyself; I am holier than thou," gives but fearful demonstration of his own moral distance from God, and would probably be nearer the truth, were he to regard himself as more guilty and polluted in the sight of the Searcher of hearts, than the self-degraded and despised convict.

These prisoners assembled on the quarter-deck of the Earl Grey, have not only, however, in common with all men, violated the law of God, but they have despised and trampled upon the laws of their country, stained themselves with crimes committed against society and the state; rendered themselves a burden and a curse to those to whom they were bound to prove a help and a blessing,—and, notwithstanding all the untoward circumstances that may mark their lot in the world, some of them have heard the calls of the gospel and neglected the great salvation, while all have more or less resisted the light of reason and conscience. They are all, nevertheless, the "prisoners of hope." They form a portion of that family whom Christ came to *redeem* by his blood; for he came to seek and to save the lost; not to call the *righteous* but *sinners* to repentance. The gospel of the grace of God reaches to them all, and is able to meet and to relieve the worst cases which may be found amongst them.

It is only the spiritual knowledge of a crucified Redeemer that can inspire these men with hope, and make them worthy of our confidence, and safe and useful members of the community. "It is in vain," observes a distinguished servant of Christ, "to pluck the leaves off a tree; they will grow again: lay the axe to the root, and the leaves will all fall off, and will

appear no more." Grappling with particular sins and vices merely, cannot warrantably be expected to produce any radical improvement of heart or reformation of life. To deal faithfully and effectually with men, we must begin where God in his word begins with them. We must clearly and impressively set before them their apostasy and depravity; their ignorance and utter helplessness; their need of a Divine and justifying righteousness, and the sprinkling of the blood of atonement. We must urge on their consideration the necessity of a change of heart, and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, to produce in them, through the knowledge of Christ, that godly sorrow for sin which worketh repentance not to be repented of; to lead them into all Divine truth; to subdue their iniquities; and to cause them to love the Lord their God with all their heart, and soul, and strength, and mind, and their neighbor as themselves.

Accordingly, our first and grand object is to set before these men the inspired Scriptures. The voice which they require to hear is the voice of God the Spirit, speaking to their consciences and hearts from his word, convincing them of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come,—causing them to feel their guilt, to apprehend its deservings in the agonies of the worm that never dies; and giving them to perceive and feel the everlasting love of God manifested in the gift of his Son, that "*whosoever* believeth in him might not perish, but have eternal life." The outpouring upon them of that Spirit of promise is to be sought by believing, earnest, and persevering prayer. We must not be contented with moving on the surface. We must not be satisfied with attacking Satan's out-works.—We must boldly, fearlessly, and in the spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus, assault the citadel. Thither must Divine truth be carried and immovably lodged by the Spirit of truth, the Lord of hosts; thence, by his almighty power, must the prince of darkness, with all that is unholy, be driven, and there must the Lord Jesus be enthroned.

Do these prisoners now, like the Jews of old, ask, "What shall we do that we might work the works of God?" To that question the great prophet of the church himself replies, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom he hath sent."—To believe on Christ is "the work of God;" not only because the faith that unites to Him, unto present and everlasting salvation, is the work of the Holy Spirit, but because *it is the beginning of all holy and acceptable obedience.* Until we receive Jesus, we are in a state of rebellion,—dead in trespasses and sins,—living not only in habitual violation of the Divine law, but in the act of rejecting the Son of God, the only Saviour from sin and wrath, resisting the Holy Spirit, and putting away from us that perfect salvation which Jesus accomplished, and is ever, in His word, urging upon our *immediate, thankful and cheerful* reception. Without faith in Christ it is impossible to please God; and it is by faith in Christ Jesus that we become his children, and are enabled to render Him acceptable service. Coercion, and even punishment, may, through the sinful neglect and rejection of the gospel, *become necessary* to restrain the evil passions and arrest the lawless and destructive career of man; but it is not by such means, or by any apparatus of man's construction, physical or moral, that the heart can be brought back to God, or men be qualified for fulfilling the offices of social life.—God has shown us in His written word what is necessary to accomplish these great and paramount objects; and let us beware of presumptuously attempting to accomplish any one of them by other means than those of Divine appointment.

The period allotted to the voyage to the penal colonies, when rightly improved, is most favorable under the Divine blessing, to the reformation of the guilty, and their recovery to God and to happiness; therefore the instruction and discipline of the people, according to the Scriptures, in the exercise of fervent and believing prayer, is to begin with their embarkation, and to be continued during the whole

of the passage. Should I, as the officer intrusted by government with the "entire management" of these men—in opposition to my instructions from the Admiralty, neglect thus to improve this opportunity, with a view to their reformation and happiness, I should prove myself unworthy of the confidence reposed in me, and inflict a great injury on souls, and therefore upon my country.

Twenty-fourth Annual Report of the Boston Seamen's Friend Society.

DEMORALIZING INFLUENCES AMONG SEAMEN.

Where shipwrecks are frequently occurring, the causes are commonly apparent. Winds and waves, rocks and fogs, and the incompetency, carelessness and unskillfulness of men, are potent agencies of the disasters in connection with which so many lives and so much property are lost at sea. And where shipwrecks most abound the *causes* are most numerous. In the low moral condition of seamen, too, there are causes which, with all the certainty of the laws which control the winds and the waves, are producing moral shipwrecks, and preventing seamen from rising in the moral scale.

1. In the first place, *the persons commonly employed as sailors, are for the most part the easy victims of temptation.* The value of virtuous habits, seems not to be appreciated by the employers of seamen. He is considered an able seaman, who has physical strength and skill in his profession; and the habits of profaneness, intemperance, and licentiousness are scarcely recognized as depreciating considerations, in estimating the value of his services. Wayward youth, too, who have left home to escape its restraints, constitute a large proportion of the seafaring class. In the peculiar characteristics of the persons commonly employed as sailors, we meet, to begin with, a downward tendency in morals, as in an unseaworthy ship, which has been wrecked and lost, we find a cause additional to adverse winds and rocks.

2. *Another of these causes is found in the isolated and unorganized condition of seamen.* They are scattered in all climes and in all countries. Like the wind which bears them along on their trackless way, and which goeth "toward the south, and turneth about unto the north, and returneth again according to his circuits," the men of the sea go and come and find no abiding place. By reason of this unorganized condition of seamen they cannot form associations for their mutual benefit. A convention representing the great community of men who go down to the sea in ships, is an impossibility. Unlike every other class of men they are precluded, by the nature of their calling, from the advantages of association for their mutual benefit.

3. *In the destitution of educational and religious institutions, is found another cause of the depressed moral condition of seamen.* At sea, the influences which emanate from the press, the school, and the sanctuary, are hardly felt. Between the genial warmth of the gulf stream, and the cold currents which bear icebergs from the Arctic ocean, the contrast is not greater than between communities with and without religious educational institutions; and the long seasons during which the sun is absent from the polar regions of the earth, is not more fatal to vegetation than the absence of all educational and religious institutions are to moral progress. Without the influence of such institutions every community, whether it be a nation or a neighborhood, goes down in the moral scale, by a process as natural and as sure as the laws which regulate the currents of the ocean.

4. *Seamen are away from the influences of society.* In the order of Providence the natural condition of every man is in society. Home, country, the family, the neighborhood, are terms expressing relations in which God has placed men. By the influence of these natural associations the character of every man is modified. Out of society man is out of his natural and normal condition. "Friendly to thought, to virtue and to peace,

a domestic life," and he whose home is upon the ocean wave, is away from influences indispensable to his best moral development. The sailor poet who sang—

"I am alone—the wide wide world
Holds not a heart for me,"

described unconsciously one of the prominent causes of the degradation of so many of his class. "God hath set the solitary in families," and the young man who is away from home and friends, and the influences of domestic life, is in a condition of great moral danger. The currents are setting to leeward and the chances are in favor of moral shipwreck.

5. *The frequent abuse of the power conferred upon shipmasters, in the government of their crews, is another unfavorable influence upon seamen.* On shipboard the government is necessarily in the hands of one man. This absolute authority is often abused so as to degenerate into tyranny. Where harsh words and the lash are the instrumentalities for securing subordination, the finer sensibilities are blunted, and manhood itself is sometimes crushed out by oppression. Though in this respect there has been great improvement in the government of ship's crews, the degrading influence of oppression at sea has not yet ceased to be felt.

6. *But the most efficient cause of moral degradation among seamen, is found in the temptations which these men encounter upon land.* In all the great seaports of the world there are those who lie in wait for them, ready to devour as soon as opportunity presents. "A stranger in a strange land," the sailor is peculiarly exposed to be overtaken and overpowered by the strong temptations which beset him. Away from home and friends, the young sailor is in a most defenceless condition, and becomes an easy victim of those of whom it may be said—

"They weave the winding-sheet of souls,
And lay them in the urn of everlasting death."

To meet and counteract these influences, and as far as possible to change the character of this class of men, the church began about thirty years since to make

EFFORTS FOR THE MORAL ELEVATION OF SEAMEN.

As an auxiliary to this work, *The Boston Seamen's Friend Society* was organized twenty-seven years ago. Since its formation it has been prosecuting its work principally among the seamen of Boston. During this time it has sustained a chaplain and a place of worship. It has erected and re-erected a home for the sailor where, after the toils of his voyage, he could find a place of rest and security among friends, who cared for his welfare as a being of this world and that which is to come. During this time eighteen thousand four hundred and fifty eight seamen have come under the influence of this useful institution.

Another year of the Society's labors brings it to its *Twenty seventh Annual Report*.

THE MARINER'S CHURCH.

When the present year commenced this church was without a Chaplain. The Board of Managers found it not easy to secure a man to occupy this place. Some peculiar qualifications were required in the man who should be thoroughly furnished for this field of labor. An acquaintance with the habits of seamen, as well as their language and mode of thought, was regarded as important. While the Board were looking for such a man, the name of the Rev. Elijah Kellogg, of Harpswell, Me., was brought before them. He had labored several years among seamen, and was familiar with them as a class of men, having also the advantage of a personal acquaintance with many of them. He has been employed to act as Chaplain, having commenced his labors in September. Under his ministry, the number of seamen attending the chapel has been increasing, and a new impulse has been given to the work. Services are held at the chapel three times each Sabbath, and during the week the Chaplain attends a social religious meeting at the reading room of the Home. Besides this, an important work is performed in the distribution of books and tracts, and visiting on shipboard and at the hospital, where the sick and dying sailor so often needs

the comfort of religion and the sympathy of a friend, who can to some extent, supply the place of loved ones far away, and perhaps communicate to them the dying message which otherwise they would never receive. Several additions have been made to the church and Sabbath school connected with it.

THE SAILOR'S HOME

Continues in a prosperous condition. It is accomplishing a very important work for the men of the sea, and every year confirms the Managers in their estimation of its value. Under the direction of Mr. Chany, whose long acquaintance with seamen has made him familiar with their characteristics, this institution is what it professes to be, a Home for the Sailor. Here the stranger from the sea receives fraternal counsel, and the sailor boy, who has left home and friends for a "life on the ocean wave," is looked after with paternal care. No intoxicating drinks are allowed on the premises, and all profaneness and disorderly conduct are forbidden. Morning and evening worship is attended in the reading-room, and Bibles, books and tracts are distributed among the inmates as there is opportunity. The reading-room is accessible at all times, and a valuable library opens its stores of intellectual treasures.

During the year 2,458 sailors have boarded at the Home; 135 of these were destitute seamen, most of whom, in shipwrecks, had lost all but their lives. For the benefit of these, \$547 82, have been expended, and 240 pieces of clothing, valued at \$200, have been supplied.

The thanks of the Society are due to the proprietors of the following publications for the gratuitous supply of their papers for the reading-room of the Home:—Boston Daily Advertiser, Post, Courier, Journal, Transcript, Puritan Recorder, Christian Witness, Shipping List, Carson League, Salem Register, the New York Independent and the New York Christian Intelligencer.

FINANCES.

The receipts into the treasury for the general cause have been \$5,443

88. Legacies and donations to the Boston Society \$570, making in all \$6,013 88. This is an increase of \$225 94, in the contribution of the churches to the general cause. In the account of last year was included the munificent bequest of the late Hon. Robert G. Shaw, (\$3,000); also \$425 in other legacies, and \$810 in subscriptions of individuals in Boston, for the completion of the Sailors Home, making the amount of legacies and donations to the Boston Society much larger than the present year. The amount sent to the American Seamen's Friend Society, from the Boston Society, is \$2,572 47. The amount sent directly from the churches of Massachusetts, without passing through the treasury of the Boston Society has been \$1,428 30, making in all \$4,000 77. As the amount reported last year included a legacy of \$1,300 and no legacy has been received this year, an increase appears in contributions of the churches to the American Society of \$398 58.

DISTRIBUTION OF BOOKS AND TRACTS.

This department of effort has received more attention than usual this year. Books and tracts have been solicited in connection with efforts for collecting funds, and the result has been the donation of more than 600,000 pages of valuable reading matter, equal to 3,000 volumes of books of two hundred pages. These have been distributed among seamen by the Chaplain at the Home and by other friends of seamen. By this effort numerous seamen have been brought in contact with salutary truth. At sea a useful book is often a powerful agency for good. After the voice of God has spoken in the storm and the tempest, and the soul has been awed into thoughtfulness, the mind is in a favorable condition to receive the truth. The "Call to the Unconverted," is heard in these circumstances with unwonted interest, and thoughts of the "Saint's Everlasting Rest," where no more storms are to be encountered, leave salutary impressions on the soul. Books at sea are almost sure to be read, and three thousand volumes distributed among the crews of numerous ships, cannot fail to be an agency

of great good among those who see the wonders of the Lord in the deep.

The Board of Managers would call attention especially to the following

REASONS FOR PROSECUTING THE WORK.

1. *The increasing number of young men and boys who are engaging in the marine service.* On account of the scarcity of seamen, boys whose characters are not yet formed, and who are peculiarly exposed to corrupting influences, are entering the sea-faring life in greater numbers than ever before. Who shall look after these young men in the great seaports of the world? Amid the powerful temptations which beset them, and when sickness prostrates them to die amongst strangers, who shall care for them if the chaplain is not there with Christian and friendly sympathies.

2. *The increasing number of disasters at sea, occasioned by the unreliable character of seamen.* The causes of shipwreck are not alone in winds and waves and rocks. Unreliable, intemperate and incompetent men "do but help the storm." During the last year it is estimated that no less than four thousand lives have been lost in the disasters which have occurred to American ships; and during the year before last four hundred and eighty-one American ships were wrecked. In view of such facts, does not the voice of humanity as well as the prompting of self-interest urge to efforts for the moral elevation of the men to whose care are committed so much property and so many lives?

3. *The influence, for good or evil, of American commerce upon the world.* These influences will be exerted. Shall it be for or against Christianity? To-day the tonnage of the United States is 5,661,416, equal to one ton for every five inhabitants. Our commerce is less than one hundred years old, while that of England is more than five hundred years old, and far exceeds that of any other nation. Yet ours more than equals it in measurement, and is superior in activity and efficiency. When we reflect upon the rapidly growing

commerce of our land—upon its white sail spread upon every ocean, sea and navigable river; upon its influence in every nation, carrying with it the knowledge of our language and the influence of our civilization, what a responsibility rests on us to make this commerce the harbinger of salvation.

4. *There is encouragement in this work.* In the influences of commerce and the character of seamen there is an improvement. The impression which many have that "seamen are growing worse and worse," is unjust to this class of men. Says one abundantly competent to judge, "I have had daily communication with seamen for thirty years, and I affirm most positively, that in no class of men do I find a more marked change for the better. I claim not for the sailor perfection or a nobler nature than belongs to Adam's race, though the bold and brave among men breast the seas. The sailor is depraved and in great need of medicine for the soul, of its reforming and renovating power, and there is encouragement to afford him help." Go to the Sailor's Home in this city and you will meet a hundred orderly and temperate men whose deportment will compare with the company at any hotel. Is not this an evidence of progress? Twenty years ago no such collection of seamen, in such a place, could be found. Three hundred seamen attend religious worship upon the Sabbath in Boston. Are not such facts evidence of progress? What though many seamen continue in their degradation. So do vast multitudes of every calling in life reject the gospel; but is this a good reason for withholding the gospel from them? The seaman's cause has been signally blessed of God, and many are now rejoicing in a hope of salvation, who, without the effort of this society, would have continued in degradation.

5. *Seamen have claims upon their country.* The sailor serves his country upon the sea. He defends her flag, he wins peaceful victories in the great struggle for the "sovereignty of the seas," he exhibits to the world the power and genius of our country, in managing its ships, as truly as the sol-

dier in fighting our battles. A nation's glory pertains to the sea as much as to the land, and if we provide for soldiers by pensions, and sing of their heroic deeds, we should also provide for seamen, by furnishing homes and bethels and hospitals. Patriotism as well as humanity and Christian obligation, urge to renewed energy in this work. The command of him who "Bade the sun with golden steps sublime advance," is, "Go ye unto all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

Life plants in a Strange Soil;

OR, RELIGION IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

We condense from the *News of the Churches*, an Edinburgh periodical, the following facts relative to the death of two officers in the Crimea:

CAPTAIN CRAIGIE, R. E.

"March 13, killed at the Camp before Sevastopol. A. D. Craigie, of the Royal Engineers."

Anthony D. Craigie, son of Laurence Craigie, Esq., of Glendoeick, Perthshire, was born, with a twin brother, at Edinburgh, on the 10th of May, 1820. From his earliest years he was remarkable for an amiability and evenness of temper which nothing could ruffle, and for a rare forgetfulness of self. Educated partly at home, and partly at the New Academy of Edinburgh, he commenced his military studies at Woolwich, and entered the Royal Engineers at an early age. His first professional employment was in connection with the Trigonometrical Survey. While thus engaged in September, 1840, on the top of one of the remote Highland hills (Schiehallion), and apparently far from the means of grace, he became seriously impressed by divine things. The sudden death of a relative, announced to him in that mountain solitude, was made instrumental to his conversion, and he almost immediately found an abiding-place in Christ. In 1843 he went to Jamaica, where he remained for nearly six years. Returning to Britain he adorned the doctrine of God his

Savior in all things, and became personally known to many who could appreciate his simple and consistent Christian character. In January, 1851, he was sent to Malta where he remained until last summer, when he joined with his company of sappers and miners the British forces at Varna, and embarked with them for the Crimea. He was present at the battle of Alma; and during the whole of the subsequent operations he was never once absent from his post, and oftener in the trenches than any other engineer officer of his rank. "He was conspicuous," writes his commanding officer, "for the readiness and cheerfulness with which he performed every duty, and for the heartiness with which he bore up against every hardship. Such an example, in such trying times, was most beneficial, so beneficial indeed, to the service did I consider it, that for this alone I recommended that he should receive the rank of Major by Brevet."

On Sabbath, March 11, Captain Craigie, with three other officers of kindred spirit, spent the afternoon in religious exercises in the tent of his intimate friend, Captain Vicars, of the 97th, who fell a few days afterwards in repelling a sortie. On the 13th, about six in the afternoon, while returning from duty in the trenches, towards the Engineers' camp, Captain Craigie was killed instantaneously by the fragment of a shell which burst overhead and struck him on the back. He had heard the familiar sound, and remarked, "There goes a shell," without even turning round to look. Next moment he was a corpse. What a wonderful transaction! Anticipating a single night's repose in his tent amid the din and labors and anxieties of a camp, he finds something infinitely more satisfying, being translated by a messenger of fire to the everlasting rest and peace of the glorious sanctuary above.

The following short extract from the letter of a brother-officer, alluding to his death, shows the affectionate esteem in which he was held:

"You can form no idea of the state of the Engineers' camp—all were

melted, as dear Craigie was universally liked. He had no enemies, nor could he have had any had he lived a hundred years. You may fancy my state of mind all night; we had some six hundred men extending our parallels, and the enemy annoyed us a little with round shot and shell, and I might have been as easily cut off as dear Craigie was. His funeral was well attended, and there was hardly a dry eye; all mourned his loss as a brother.

"Captain Craigie, like every other consistent Christian, was an instrument of good to others. Among those who followed him to his grave were some who could feel towards him as a spiritual father, and from whose hearts the memory of his goodness can never be effaced."

CAPTAIN VICARS, 97TH REGIMENT.

"Killed March 22, in the trenches before Sevastapol, whilst gallantly repulsing a sortie of the enemy at the head of his men, H. S. Vicars, Captain 97th regiment, aged 28."

"Captain Vicars, 97th regiment, was son of a widowed mother, who placed a Bible in his hands at parting, when he entered the army at seventeen years of age.

"On his way to the West Indies with his regiment, he mislaid and lost his Bible; and five years passed without an answer to his pious mother's prayers. But one day entering the room of a brother-officer, he opened a bible which lay on the table, and his eye fixed on the words, 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.'

"If this be true for me," he said, 'by the grace of God, I will live henceforth as a man cleansed by the blood of Christ should live.'

The next morning he purchased a Bible for himself and kept it open on his table, as the new colors under which he should fight.

"By some of his companions, as is usual with so sudden a conversion, he was charged with hypocrisy; by others called a Methodist. Amidst considerable opposition for several months, he still maintained his ground. He then began to be much honored, which is also the usual result of con-

stancy. He lived as a man who deeply felt his obligation to his Savior.

"Whilst his regiment was in Greece, last Autumn, cholera and fever raged amongst them for some weeks. 'Brave men,' he wrote, 'who would have marched firmly to the cannon's mouth, quailed before the unseen foe;' and in about thirty days one hundred and twenty died. Captain Vicars spent his days and often his nights, in the hospital reading the Word of Life, and praying with the sick and dying. As funeral after funeral took place, he was by the open graves beseeching the soldiers around to prepare to meet their God; and telling them that 'God was in Christ reconciling the world unto him: self, not imputing their trespasses unto them.' 'Oh! pray for my poor regiment,' he wrote, 'that they may come to Jesus and have life,' and closing that letter with these words: 'Should I never write again, remember my only hope, my only confidence, my only assurance, is the cross of Jesus Christ my Savior; in the certainty that "His blood cleanseth from all sin,"—words as precious to me now as when first made to my soul "the power of God unto salvation."'

"In the month of November last the 97th landed in the Crimea; whence in the midst of fatigue, hardship and privation, his letters were as remarkable for their cheerful tone and manly soldier-like spirit as for their deep and humble piety. Again he found ample opportunities of bidding the dying 'behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.'"

An account of the action in which he fell is given by an officer of the Royal Artillery:

"The action of last night—I might almost dignify it by the name of 'battle,'—has been a glorious and decisive victory.

"It was Inkerman on a small scale—an attack in very great force and on all points; and everywhere they were beaten back with vigor and heavy loss. I saw at least 300 Russian bodies lying on the field. We calculated that their loss must have exceeded 1,200 men."

"The French lost 500, and the English four officers and about 50 men. Captain Vicars, of the 97th, was in the advance parallel of our right attack, with a picket of his regiment. The enemy attacked the French lines close alongside where he lay; a ravine only separated them. They at first drove back the French, and a part of them then turned to their right, crossed the ravine, and took our trench in flank. We were unprepared, and at first thought the advancing body was one of the French. But Vicars found out they were the Russians, and ordered his men to lie down and wait till they came within twenty paces; and they did so. When the enemy was close enough, Vicars shouted: 'Now 97th on your pins and charge!' They poured in a volley, charged and drove the Russians quite out of the trench. Vicars himself struck down two Russians, and was in the act of cutting down a third with his sword, when another man who was quite close (for his coat was singed), and the ball entered his uplifted right arm, close to where it joins the shoulder, and he fell. The arteries were divided and he bled to death in a few minutes.

"Thus his end was as peaceful and painless as a soldier's death could be, and nothing could have been more noble, devoted and glorious than his conduct in this, his first and last engagement.

"He was universally beloved; and none can doubt, who knew him, that he is now in the presence of that great and holy God whom on earth he deeply loved and earnestly and successfully sought to serve.

"Poor fellow! He chose the psalms and lessons for the preceeding day, (the day of humiliation,) and read the service when several of us met together to worship God; all present must have noticed the fervor of his manner; little did we think he was so soon to be numbered with the dead."

It appears from the details given by a brother officer, which corresponds with Lord Raglan's brief notice, that "Captain Vicars himself was the first to discover that the advancing

body on the flank of the trenches was not one of the French, as we supposed, but was in fact the enemy;" and that by his skillful arrangement of the detachment under his command, and cool intrepid courage, he saved the British army an immense loss of life. The French, who were, according to Lord Raglan's dispatch, "momentarily dispossessed of their parallel," lost about 500 men; whilst the English, who were thus enabled to maintain their ground outside of the trench, only lost 60. My beloved young friend, therefore, lost his life in preserving the lives of his countrymen. And I am reminded of his own words shortly before he left us for the East—then spoken in reference to seeking the spiritual life of his fellow-soldiers: "I wish to go to the seat of war, not to destroy men's lives, but to save them."

The Search for Dr. Kane.

The Arctic expedition for the rescue of Dr. Kane's party, sailed from New-York on the 4th June. Henry Grinnell, Esq., presented the officers of the expedition with a set of maps, charts, and notes of the Arctic discoveries up to 1854, which he had received by the last steamer from Capt. Inglefield, and John Barrow, Secretary of the British Admiralty. The following is the note from the Secretary of the Admiralty to Mr. Grinnell:

"I almost fear the expedition will have sailed before this reaches you, but I send the enclosed on the chance. One is the chart on which Capt. Inglefield has made some notes, which may be useful; the other is the Arctic papers, which contain the brief summary of his voyage up to Smith's Sound, which I have not previously sent, I think. I wish I knew in what other way I could be of any service to the expedition. Wishing them all the success they deserve, and that they may return with Dr. Kane and his party in the autumn, I remain yours faithfully,

JOHN BARROW."

At the request of Lady Franklin, who was unable to have a suitable

tablet prepared in England to send out by this expedition, Mr. Grinnell has caused the following inscription to be engraved on a handsome tablet of white marble, two feet three inches by five feet, which will be erected on Beechy Island.

TO THE MEMORY OF
FRANKLIN, CROZIER, FITZJAMES,
And all their gallant brother officers and faithful
companions, who have suffered and perished
in the cause of science, and the ser-
vice of their country.

THIS TABLET
Is erected near the spot where they passed
their first Arctic winter, and whence they
issued forth to conquer difficulties or to die.
It commemorates the grief of their ad-
miring countrymen and friends, and the
anguish, subdued by faith, of her
who has lost in the heroic leader
of the expedition, the most
Devoted and affectionate of Husbands.

*And so He bringeth
them into the haven where they would be.*

1855.

This stone has been entrusted
to be affixed in its place by the off-
icers and crew of the American Expedi-
tion, commanded by Lieutenant H. J. Hart-
stein, in search of Dr. Kane and his companions.

The expedition consists of the ship
Release and the steam propeller Arctic.

Ship Release.—H. J. Hartstein, Lieutenant Commanding the Expedition; William S. Lovell, Acting Master; Joseph P. Fyffe, Passed Midshipman; James Laws, Assistant Surgeon; Charles Lever, Captain's Clerk; V. R. Hall, Boatswain; John Blinn, Boatswain's Mate; William Smith, Boatswain's Mate; Benjamin Moore, Sailmaker; Charles Williams, Carpenter's Mate; William Henry, Cook; John Haley, Andrew Larson, William Carey, David Batay, George Davys, John Smith, William Pinney, Charles Johnson, Thomas Ford, Lewis Lawrence, Francis Taylor, Byron Potter, Thomas Franklin, seamen.

Propeller Arctic.—C. C. Simms, Lieutenant Commanding; Watson Smith, Acting Master; John K. Kane, Assistant Surgeon; Harman Newell, Engineer; William Richardson, Acting Carpenter; Samuel Whiting, Acting Boatswain; Robert Bruce, Boatswain's Mate; John Vandyke, Steward; William Johnson, Assistant Engineer; William Groves, John

Thompson, Abraham Kendall, Walter Wilkinson, George Bidwold, James Bottsford, George Price, John Brown, Joseph Brown, Richard Hartley, Geo. Tyler, John Fox, John Gilbert, sea-
men.

The officers of the expedition were accompanied down the Bay by Mrs. Hartstein and daughter; Mr. Henry Grinnell; Judge Kane, his sons Robert and Thomas, and his daughter; Mr. Ridley Watts, Mr. Cornelius Grinnell, Capt. Lovell, Mr. Joseph Lovell, Mr. Harman Livingston, Mr. Ephraim Moore, and other friends, who afterwards returned to the City on the Staten Island ferry boat.

The propeller Arctic is of about 250 tons register, was built at Philadelphia, and was originally intended for light ship service, but was purchased for this expedition at a cost of \$30,000. The barque Release measures 327 tons, and is almost new, having only made two voyages. She cost \$27,000. Both vessels have been fitted up with every view to substantial service; both of them have been strongly braced to enable them to sustain a large amount of lateral pressure.

The decks are double planked and caulked, and the inner surfaces of the decks and sides are covered with cork, to prevent the condensations from freezing.

The expedition is provisioned with rations for two years, which, with the extras, will last a three years' cruise. The food of officers and men is alike, and consists mainly of concentrated meat, soups, patent meat biscuit, self-raising flour, lime-juice, cabbage, preserved potatoes, pickles, whiskey, &c. The supplies include about 20,000 pounds of dried meats and soups, and 15,000 pounds of preserved vegetables.

A large quantity of clothing suitable to the Arctic climate will also be taken out, among which are about 500 pairs of woollen stockings. Together, the vessels take out 300 tons of coal for the purpose of heating and the use of the propeller, which consumes about five tons daily.

For the navigation of the Northern Sea, many curious implements have

been provided—each vessel carries a full complement of ice anchors, of from fifteen to one hundred pounds weight—India-rubber boats, sledges, dogs, and whale-boats—indeed, everything which ingenuity can invent for the success of the enterprising mariners, has been furnished and effected.

The expedition is well manned and well officered, and there is every reason to hope that it will be successful in discovering and affording relief to the missing party. Two years have elapsed since Dr. Kane, with a crew of sixteen men, set sail from New-York in the little barque *Advance*, for the Arctic Seas, in search of Sir John Franklin. His vessel was provisioned for a three year' cruise, which it was supposed might, by fishing and hunting, be made to last one or two years longer. Since July, 1853, Dr. Kane and his party had not been heard from, and it is supposed that during the summer of that year he entered Smith's Sound, and pushed through to discover the supposed open sea beyond, where he imagined Franklin had gone. The following winter was one of extreme severity, and the conclusion is that the *Advance* was so firmly frozen up that the succeeding summer did not release her from the ice. Dr. Kane intended, before entering Smith's Sound, to leave a supply of provisions at Cape Alexander, and it is probable that he has returned to and is at that place.

Hilo Chaplaincy.

HILO, HAWAII, March 17, 1855.
Sec. of A. S. F. S., N. Y.,

My dear honored Brother,—How time *flies!* and how *I* sleep! Your excellent "Report" read May 1854, startled me. You there regretted that you had received no report from Hilo. Verily, said I, your Hilo brother has written you, but on turning to my memorandum, I find that my last was written May 1, 1854, and this on a mere *fly leaf*—only half a sheet. My last letter to you, was in February 1853—more than two years ago! Had you charged me with such

delinquency I should have stood 'bolt upright' and challenged your proof. But here I am convicted out of my own mouth.

Well, I will confess to you as a beloved brother; but to pope, or priest, or ghostly father I never did and never will confess. Yes, I will not only confess but reform—and to prove it I am now pushing my pen like a racer.

Your good, graphic and racy letter of September 28, 1854, came on the wings of the wind, all glowing like a sunbeam. I need not say that it met a warm welcome. I read and translated it to my native congregation, who all reciprocated its pious sentiments with joyful responses. Your allusions to the origin and history of this mission, and to the varied and conflicting views in it, it was regarded, were apropos and happy. They were cheering to the natives.

What a scene of wrecks and marine disasters, your 26th Report reveals—481 vessels lost in one year! Surely it is still true that "there is sorrow on the sea." Oh that all the sons of the ocean were prepared for a haven of peace, when their frail earthly barks shall have ceased to struggle with the floods and the tempests of time.

Since I last wrote you, we have had many ships and numerous seamen in our port. The number of whale ships entered here in 1854 was 86, besides several merchantmen and some 40 coasters. Ships usually lie here from one to three weeks, and some stop longer. Our port is one of the most quiet, and perhaps the most quiet in the world. It is doubtful whether a equal number of ships do or can enter any other port with as little disturbance as at Hilo. Our laws are so good, our police so effi-

ent, and above all, the moral sentiment of the people so strong, that "land sharks" lose most of their teeth here; and perhaps they would lose all were they not careful not to bite hard.

As for running away, that business don't work well here. Sailors sometimes *run*, but they rarely *run away* in Hilo. They are usually caught in a few hours.

THE SPIRIT RAPPERS EXORCISED.

It is a merciful dispensation that we have "THE MAINE LAW" here—an old statute, enacted and executed before Maine thought on the subject. Evil spirits have long been contraband here, and yet they do now and then, steal in. But they are soon discovered by their "*rappings*." I have no doubt these "foul spirits" would, have long since left us finally, but from the fact that there have ever been a few "*mediums*" here—men of weak nerves—very susceptible—quite passive, &c. Several years ago we had a "haunted house" in Hilo. It belonged to a Portuguese and was a great resort for sailors. Strange noises were heard in this house, sometimes human, sometimes infernal, sometimes heavy, sometimes light. These rappings were not only *heard* but often *seen* and *felt*, now on the floor, then on the table, and anon upon the walls, the doors, the benches, &c. Suddenly the inmates of the house would feel "raps" on the back, the skull, the mouth, eyes, nose and other parts of the body, and often with such force as to produce reeling, staggering and falling even, with vertiginous and cemetore appearances, and perhaps loss of blood.

At length the "rappings" extended to the sea, and became so powerful as to upset a boat and drown a strong "boat steerer." This alarmed mar-

ters, officers, and "all hands" and search was made for the den of the demons, whose abode and movements were the more fearful as they were occult. Soon "*rappings*" were perceived *under the floor*, and a plank having been torn up, "a cage of foul spirits" was found darting their fiery eyes from this dark mundane pit. Suffice it to say, that the whole infernal brood was routed, and driven pell mell, like the swine of the Gadarenes, into the sea. The house fell, the land shark removed, and all was quiet for a season. "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man he walketh through *dry places*," &c., &c. You know the sequel. Thus it was with our hero. "Like a dog" and a "washed sow," he returned to his old mud-hole and his old habits. The locality was a little changed, the devil was a devil still. The "*rappings*" commenced with sevenfold force, as if the spirits of the deep had all come up in wrath to re-conquer their fallen castle. Unearthly noises were heard, pale lights glimmered in the midnight gloom, and misty forms glided to and fro like nocturnal spectres. In the day time all was quiet; but as night stole on, dark orgies were practiced, and doleful voices heard, which made one's hair stand up. Rumor was rife all over the town. The sea was restless, the waves roared—the ships at their anchors were disturbed—the timid were scared—the bold were confounded, and no one could tell where these devils hid themselves by day. There was a haunted house, where at night there were "*rappings*" and ravings, and unholy sights and sounds. Search was made, but all was nocturnal and mysterious. At length it was supposed that some of the sounds were subterranean. In a secluded yard,

behind the haunted house, midnight tapers and dark forms were sometimes seen. A search was made—fresh dirt was discovered—an excavation commenced, when shortly a charnel house was found full of hissing spirits, reminding one of the man “who had his dwelling among the tombs,” and “whose name was legion.” For a long time these spirits had been in the habit of issuing from their mundane cell at night, moving through the gloom, committing their ravages on metallic, cerebral and spiritual substances, and retiring to their subterranean cavern before daylight. This den was also broken up, and now, for many years we have had little trouble from the “rappings.” We hope the evil has evaporated and that its mysterious current will no more tip our tables and our tars. Leaving the figure, let me say that a case of the *ardent* was found under the floor of the former house and a cask of the *furies* buried in the back yard of the latter. The owner, a Portuguese, then gave up, saying “me no sell no more rum. Me believe he be very bad. You give me very good advice. Me do jus you tells me.” This man then left us for several years; but he has returned again, and opened an eating house and bowling alley; but things are much more quiet about him than in other years. The fact is, that all our “mediums” find it hard to get up steam, and the business don’t ensure a good dividend. One Chinaman got fined \$500 for fiddling men on beer. He then shut up shop and retired, saying: “Me losee too muchee—me no sellee no more.”

BETHEL SERVICES.

We keep up our Bethel services during the whole year, having a respectable little congregation of foreign residents and masters’ wives between

shipping season. But whale ships are here during the larger part of the year. I think there has been but one Sabbath without a ship here since last July, and but two months without a whaler during the last year and a half. Usually *all* the masters and many of the officers and seamen attend the Bethel while in port. We have also a little reading-room, to which many resort for amusement and information. But this needs the stimulus of new and interesting books, and a regular supply from the periodical press. Can you not send a duplicate copy of the *Sailor’s Magazine* for this room? I receive one copy which I wish to preserve for family use, and I should be glad of another for seamen. In fact I want a hundred copies of this and many other publications to distribute on board ships. I have received many valuable boxes of tracts out from the American Tract Society, with much excellent matter from the Peace and Temperance Societies. From these and other sources I select and make out as rich a bundle as I can for every ship which enters our waters, besides putting a Bible, Testament, a small volume, or a few tracts into the hands of most of the sailors with whom I converse. I long to do more, say more, feel more and pray more for the children of the sea. I chide them, reprove them, pity them and love them. Often do I meet with generous and noble spirits among them, and often my heart is saddened by exhibitions of waywardness and reckless depravity.

I could speak of masters and officers who would not, for the world, have their wives and friends know of all their conduct here, and of others who are circumspect, and an honor to their kindred. And to speak of sailors

who love to revel in debauchery would be trite ; but we are happy to say that not a few so conduct themselves as to cheer and bless the hearts of their anxious parents. I could never begin to tell you of the hours spent in the most interesting conversations with sailors. Characters and cases of remarkable interest often come up, and histories fraught with striking incidents are often developed. Smothered piety is sometimes revived—"the bruised reed" healed and "the smoking flax" kindled. The thoughtful are often made solemn, the thoughtless are sometimes arrested, prejudices removed and hardness softened into sensibility.

Often I get unexpected letters from the distant man, containing such sentiments of pious gratitude and firm resolve as to chide my unbelief and cheer my heart.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

- Not unfrequently we are called to perform the last rites of humanity to a poor sailor, and to write upon the sod that covers his mortal remains, or on the rude slab which marks his lonely resting place :

" By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy stiffening limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave's adorned,
By strangers buried, and by strangers mourned."

A most painfully affecting scene of sudden and early death occurred here last fall. A young English physician, of highly respectable connections, was called to leave his dust with us. His last hours were hours of great anguish, and I hope of true repentance. I was with him much during his three days struggle with the king of terrors, and received from him his last commands to an aged father, a clergyman, to a reverend brother, and to tender and affectionate sisters. Dear, poor man ! He was himself

designed for the ministry, but in an evil hour he "sold his birthright," and now we wait with throbbing hearts the sad responses of his mourning friends in England.

We already have quite a congregation of "deaf-mutes" in Hilo—sleeping sailors are gathering under our sod—side by side they lie in 'the cold arms of death.

"No marble marks their couch of lonely sleep."
No aged sire, or desolate mother, bends sadly over their cold earth bed ; and no kind brother or gentle sister steals softly at evening twilight to scatter flowers, to shed a silent tear, and breathe a vesper prayer on the urn that holds their ashes.

Far, far from country, kindred, and home they slumber closely and quietly with unknown forms ; while the thunders roll, the winds howl, and the storms beat over them and around and beneath their green islet, the ocean roars and the volcanic fires burn. Would that their thoughtless brethren of the sea heeded the lessons which their silent bed, their clay cold forms, and speechless lips are intended to teach. "O that they were wise, that they understood this—that they would consider their latter end." I long to do more for seamen, but how can I ? On the Sabbath I have four exercises for natives of about one hour and a half each, making six hours ; I, therefore preach but once in English. On week days I am occupied incessantly, and in so many ways that the particular journal of a week would make a book. A curious one of course. Often I have calls at four different doors at the same time. Our house has as many doors as Jerusalem had gates, and sometimes when the bell calls me to a lecture or a funeral, or when I take my staff to visit the sick or to make pastoral calls, I am met at the gate

by a dozen, with as many wants. Groups of sailors sometimes come, and go disappointed, and this saddens my heart." Thus days and years pass on, while some things are done, and more which we long to accomplish are left undone.

What a giddy whirl this world is! How chequered the scenes of life! and how soon ended! Could every cord we touch vibrate everlasting melody in heaven we should not have lived in vain.

With this I send you a draft on the A. B. C. F. M. for 50 dollars, in favor of your Society. It is another mite from the native church at Hilo, and it goes with the prayers and warm hearts of the donors.

We want to send more, but our funds have come hard the past year, and we are struggling to build better meeting houses, to send more missionaries to Micronesia, and to "give a portion to 7 and also to 8."

God bless your soul, your co-workers, your cause, until *oceans roar* in loud acclaim to Zion's King.

Yours fraternally,

TITUS COAN.

[For the Sailor's Magazine.]

Two New Worlds.

BY REV. HENRY M. PARSONS.

Looking from my window early in the morning, I saw Capt. T. approaching, walking rapidly in the middle of the street. I had never seen him avoid the sidewalk before, and never noticed him with his head so bowed. Entering the house, he came directly to my room, and as soon as the door was opened I observed that his face was pale and its expression haggard. Without heeding my salutation, he hurried to a chair, and turning on me a look of the most despairing sadness exclaimed, "I cannot live so. I tell you, sir, I cannot stand this and live." It was evident that an arrow from the

Holy Spirit was quivering in his heart; and after learning the condition of his mind, I endeavored to point him to the Lamb of God. In a little while he was rejoicing in a hope that Christ had found him and numbered him among His people.

The difference between a cold, bleak, cloudy day in March, and a warm, calm and clear one in June, is not more marked than was the change in the skipper's countenance when his soul found peace. Never shall I forget the ardor of his language as he gave utterance to the emotions of his heart. He had found two new worlds, one here, unveiled in grace and Providence, and one above, revealed to faith.

In a subsequent interview, the captain told me he could see in his past life numerous signal instances of God's forbearance and goodness towards him. "At one time on the banks of Brazil," said he, "while master of a whaler, I worked for many days to get the ship into a peculiar latitude, where the whale had been abundant the year preceding. No sooner however did we reach the ground than a gale sprang up and blew us off. While the wind howled and the ship drifted on, league after league, I spent the time in cursing the Almighty. All my hopes of a short voyage were ended, and my heart was full of bitterness towards God, not alone because He had defeated my plans, but because He had *power* to defeat them. At length the gale broke, the sea went down, and on every side of us the waters swarmed with whale. We lowered our boats without delay, and in a few hours started the try-works, and the fires did not go out until the ship was full below, and as many casks as we could carry lashed on deck. We then started for home, and were not gone the whole of a season. Other ships, as I learned afterwards, which were to windward of the ground where I was when the gale began, were driven there by it, but found no whale, and were obliged to remain two years before they could get oil enough to go home. Is it not wonderful that God should have made that gale drive me to the very spot

where I could fill the ship, while I was profaning His name and accusing Him of cruel unkindness. None but God would have done so."

Surely "the mercy of the Lord endureth forever," and special providences confirm the truth of inspiration, that 'He is long-suffering,' 'not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.'

Marseilles Chaplaincy.


MARSEILLES, April 17, '55.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your kind note dated 3d March, came duly to hand, being posted at Paris. Before I proceed to notice one or two points of its contents, I desire to state, what will be as gratifying to yourself and your Society as it is to me, that our "Sailor's Home" answers beyond my expectations. The Home is constantly full, and there is a greater demand for admission than room for accommodation. Lately I had to receive 37 men, the entire crew of an English steamer, "The Petrel," burnt at sea while conveying forage to the Crimea. I had previously sheltered another shipwrecked crew, that of the "North-ern," Capt. Disney, lost on this coast. I need scarcely observe, that additional opportunities are thus afforded for laboring amongst the seamen and to bring them more immediately under the operation of the means of grace. In point of numbers, our inmates comprehend, perhaps, more of British seamen—but in point of permanence of residence, the Americans predominate. Since the opening of the Home, I have constantly had Americans under its roof, and most of them stopped three and four weeks at a time. At this moment, we have three American seamen in the house, one the mate of a ship. You are aware, I suppose, that the French government has chartered a large number of American clippers, of the largest tonnage, for the conveyance of troops and stores to the seat of war; at this moment, there are at least ten such in port, and I cannot tell you with what delight your seamen hail the existence and comfort of such an establishment

as ours, and here I have to mention the instance of a seaman, to whom it pleased the Lord to make me very useful, and whose conversion on his death-bed was a notable instance of Divine Sovereign grace and love. This man, whose name was William Thomas, a native of the city of New York, belonged to the "Ocean's Herald," of that city, one of your largest clippers, still in this port. This man was brought to the hospital, suffering from malignant small-pox. When I first saw him, he acknowledged (being of Presbyterian origin,) that he was a perfect heathen—to use his own words, "knowing nothing and believing nothing." The Lord gradually opened his heart—after a few days, the fountain of his feelings was opened—he had great fears of death—at first declaring, "that he was beyond the reach of redemption." At last, as he approached his end, Jesus was revealed to his soul as a full and sufficient Saviour, even for the chief of sinners, and he died penitent and in peace. I never witnessed in any one such fervency of prayer, calling upon the Lord Jesus to have mercy upon him a sinner, and to receive his soul. I introduced his case to the notice of my people from the pulpit and it produced a powerful effect. Capt. M. was, I believe, in church at the time. That good man, and his wife (of the "Texas," now on his voyage to your city,) attended my ministry regularly for two months and upwards, also the Lord's Supper, and they, as well as Capt. Mitchell and his wife, of the Florence, also on her way to New York, can testify to the weight and responsibility of my ministerial charge and labors here. I wanted to give particulars of some other American seamen, especially one named Pierce, of Fall River, an inmate of the Home for a considerable time, but time and space fail me.

Yours, ever faithfully,

M. JOHN MAYERS.

 Give Instruction to a wise man, and he will be yet wiser; teach a just man, and he will increase in learning.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

Notices to Mariners.

Official information has been received at this office that the Spanish government has given notice, that on the 1st May, (1855,) a fixed light will be exhibited on the Church tower of the town Chipiona, on the southern point of the entrance of the river Guadalquivir, in the province of Cadiz, on the west coast of Spain.

The Church tower stands near the centre of the town, in lat. $36^{\circ} 44' 15''$ N.; long $6^{\circ} 25' 46''$ W. of Greenwich.

The light is fixed, of the natural color; its focus is at an elevation of 70 feet above the mean level of the sea, and it may be seen at a distance of 8 miles in clear weather.

This light, besides marking the position of that part of the coast of Spain, serves also as a mark for the Salmedina shoal, from the northwest point of which the light bears E. by S. $\frac{1}{2}$ S., distant $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

All bearings are magnetic.

By order of the Light-house Board,
THORNTON A. JENKINS,
Secretary.

Treasury Department Office Light-House Board. April 21, 1855

A Spar Buoy, 26 feet long, painted black, has been planted to mark a sunken wreck near the entrance of Hooper's Straits, Chesapeake Bay.

The wreck lies N. W. and S. E. about 80 yards in-shore of the buoy, in 2 fathoms water.

The bearings of the buoy are as follows:

Two pine trees on Hooper's

Island E. N. E. 1-2 E. Buoy on upper wreck near the straits, S. E. North end of Hooper's Island, N. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. The Buoy must be left on the port hand going in.

By order of the Light-House Board,
A. M. PENNOCK,
L. H. Inspector. 5th Dist.
Norfolk, Va., May 12, 1855.
NEWBURYPORT HARBOR,
MASS.

A nun buoy, of the third class, painted black and white perpendicular stripes, has been placed in five fathoms water at low tide, off Newburyport Bar, the west light bearing W. by S., distant 2,267 yards. Vessels bound in over the bar should bring this buoy in range with the west light and run for it. This course will carry them over in seven feet at low water.

Running in on that range, a small bug light will be seen just touching the south side of the west light.

When over the bar, and half way to the shore, there will be found a spar buoy, painted black, to be left on the port hand. Then the course is N. W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. up past a buoy in mid-channel, painted black and white perpendicular stripes, to the red buoy on Black Rocks, when it is W. $3^{\circ} 48'$ S.; passing a buoy off Joppa Flats, painted black, (to be left on the port-hand,) and a red buoy on Joe Noyce's Point, (to be left on the starboard hand,) to the upper mid-channel buoy, painted black and white perpendicular stripes: thence between the two piers up to the anchorage. These piers are near the city.

By order of the Light-House Board,
A. A. HOLCOMB,
Light-House Inspector 2nd Dist.
Boston, June 15, 1855.

Official information has been received at this office that the Provincial government of Bahia has given notice that on the 8d day of May (1855) a Revolving Light will be exhibited on the Morro de San Paolo, Brazil.

The Light-house stands on the summit of the Morro, or hill, at the entrance of the harbor of San Paolo. in lat. 13° 21' 40" south, long. 38 54 48 west of Greenwich. The tower is 80 feet high, and painted white.

The light is *revolving*, completing a revolution in one minute, and showing a bright light for 15 seconds, followed by an eclipse of 45 seconds. It is dioptric or refracting, and of the first order of Fresnel. It is placed at an elevation of 276 feet above the mean level of the sea, and is visible 20 miles in clear weather. At a less distance than 12 miles the eclipse is not total, but a faint light is seen,

This light must not be mistaken for the Revolving Light of San Antonio at the bar of Bahia, which lies 30 miles to the north east, and revolves once in four minutes, showing a red, a faint, and a bright light in succession.

Vessels approaching this part of the coast of Brazil are cautioned not to stand-in to a less depth than 11 fathoms, without a pilot.

By order of the Light-House Board
THORNTON A. JENKINS,
Secretary.

AT CADIZ.

Official information has been received at this office, through the Department of State, that the Spanish government have given notice that on the 1st June [1855,] the present revolving light on the castle of San Sebastian, at Cadiz, will be changed to a fixed bright light, with red flashes at intervals of two minutes.

The new illuminating apparatus is catadioptric, of the second order of Fresnel. The light will be elevated

143 feet above the level of the sea; and be visible 18 miles, in clear weather, from the deck of a ship.

There has been no change in the position of the light.

By order of the Light-House Board, THORNTON A. JENKINS,
Secretary.

Treasury Department,
Office Light-House Board,
May 22, 1855.

CHESAPEAKE BAY.—Notice is hereby given, that the present fixed light at Cove Point will be changed, on or about the 15th of June next, to a FIXED LIGHT, VARIED BY FLASHES.

The light will be produced by a 5th order catadioptric apparatus; will be of the natural color, fixed, with a bright flash at intervals of one and a half minute.

By order of the Light-House Board,
A. M. PENNOCK,
L. H. Inspector, 5th Dist.
Norfolk, Va., May 10, 1855.

Boston, June 6th, 1855.

Sec. A. S. F. Society,

MY DEAR SIR:—Our ship Washington Allston, is to sail for Honolulu, next month, touching at Valparaiso on her way. If you should think proper to avail yourself of the customary one ton privilege for the benefit of the Seamen's Chaplain at Honolulu, we shall be pleased to take charge of it.

In February last I mentioned that some efforts were making to aid the funds of the "Sailor's Home Society," for building their new Sailor's Home, at Honolulu, and that I had written to the friends of seamen at New Bedford, and at Nantucket, advising those that had no money to contribute materials for the building or furniture, and report to you, to Mr. Damon or myself. I have not since heard whether they are making any progress in the work. Hope that you or Mr. Damon have heard a good report from them. I have on my paper about \$650 for the Home, and hope before long to be able to report \$1,000.

I remain,

Very respectfully yours,
JAMES HUNNAWELL.

New York, August, 1855.

A Good Example.

We publish the following interesting letter with great pleasure; though evidently not intended by the writer for publication. We hope the time will come, when every American ship shall be so furnished for the intellectual and moral man; and so officered as is the "Comet." We hope the suggestions of the letter will meet the eye and co-operation of many an officer and owner of our noble ships. We will attend to the writer's request for the Comet.—ED.

THE SHIP'S LIBRARY.

CLIPPER SHIP COMET, North Sea, off Bremen, May 15, 1855.

REV. JOHN SPAULDING, Dear Sir,—

On the 11th of last December I took passage in the Comet at Hong Kong in China, and went to Batavia. There she was delayed two months taking in cargo, and then sailed for Bremen in Germany, where we expect to arrive to-day or to-morrow.—When I came on board the Comet, Capt. Gardner put into my hands a quantity of Bibles, Testaments and tracts, requesting me to distribute them for the benefit of the crew according to the best of my judgment. We had a crew of 39 men and seven officers. There was also a ship's library of 80 or 90 volumes, which he

entrusted to my care. I have disposed of all the tracts, and most of the Bibles and Testaments, which were in several languages. The library has been duly regarded by 200 loans of books from it. Our crew was made up of men from 12 different countries, and the library being deficient in Danish, Portuguese, Italian and Swedish books, seamen from these countries were not well supplied.

I write now to request that you will see that an addition of books of the American Tract Society, with a selection of books in the German, French, Portuguese, Swedish, Danish and Spanish languages is made to the Comet's library when she arrives in New York. She will be several weeks in Bremen discharging cargo, so that I shall take passage in another vessel to the United States. Messrs. Bull & Carrington are the owners of the Comet, and would gladly allow these books to be added. Perhaps they would also give \$10 to purchase histories, Travels, Memoirs, &c., that have been published since 1851, the year in which the Comet was built. Every clipper ship should not only have a well selected library, but a *Library Catalogue Book* and *Library Account Book*. In the Account Book should be entered each book drawn, by whom, at what time, and when returned. It would be the appropriate business of one of the Mates to keep the Library Account,

when there was no passenger to whom the Captain would entrust the business.

I presume the Tract Society will furnish the accompanying list of books gratis. Mr. Champion, now fourth Mate, will take charge of this letter, if he returns by the Comet to New York. If not, I will send it by steamer, that the Comet may be attended to when she arrives. My fellow passengers are R. C. Morse, Esq., of the *New York Observer*, and Rev. Mr. Happer, wife and 3 children, of the Presbyterian Mission at Canton. We are all well and have had a comfortable passage. There has been religious service with the crew in their large and convenient house on deck nearly every Sabbath since we left Batavia. This is our 80th day from Batavia, with a run of 11,550 miles. No disaster has happened until yesterday. An Italian sailor who had been delirious for some days past jumped overboard and was drowned. The ship was hoisted, buoy thrown out, and a boat sent in search of him, but without success. The ship went on her way, but I fear his shipmates in love with evil will not heed the warning and rightly improve it. He left a wife and children in Philadelphia. When "the sea shall give up the dead which are in it," what thousands of poor and neglected sailors will come forth to judgment.

Yours, very respectfully,
SAMUEL W. BONNEY,
of the A. B. C. F. M.

Danish Mission.

QUARTERLY REPORT.

RÖNNE ON BORNHOLM, April 3, 1855.

DEAR BROTHER,—The Lord our God grant you abundance of comfort and joy in the Holy Ghost; when he appears may you enter in with him to his glory, Amen.

I shall now furnish you with an account of my missionary labors during the first quarter of the year 1855.

Jan. 7th this year I left Copenhagen for Ronne on Bornholm, where I arrived the following day. I stayed two days at Ronne, conversed with several people about the things that

make for the salvation of our souls, and distributed some tracts.

On the 11th I left Ronne and arrived at a place called Snogebek, where most of the inhabitants are either seamen or fishers.

On the 14th, the Lord's day, I held three meetings at the house of a seaman. There were about 50 persons present at each meeting. On the 15th I held another meeting at the same place, and it appears that the Gospel of peace made a deep impression on the hearts of several seamen who were grown hard in the service on the sea. An English vessel coming from Germany on its way to England had run aground near Snogebek. The captain, by the name of Hull, came to all our meetings.

On the 16th I was called upon to visit a widow who wished to speak to me about the things belonging to the Kingdom of God and the salvation of our souls. As I was about complying with the invitation an aged fisherman who had attended the meetings, (he was father to the man at whose house the meetings were held,) called on me. He was in a furious passion, and after having given vent to his rage by words and gestures, he seized upon me and shook me well, but the Lord did not permit him to strike me. When I got out of his hands, I started on my way, but had not come over the yard, when he came running after me, and it being night and dark, I did not perceive him till he had nearly seized upon me; but at the very moment he fell down on his back on the ground. I stood still to see if he had hurt himself and if he required my assistance, but when he got up his rage seemed greater than before, and again he began to run after me. When his rage seemed to be at the very highest, the Lord appeared to frighten him, for all at once he turned round and ran in the opposite direction as fast as he could, as if some one pursued him. When I saw that the Lord had put him to flight, I gave thanks to his holy name, and proceeded unmolested on my road to visit the family of the forementioned widow. With them I spent some happy hours in contem-

plating the word of the Lord, and with them praising and adoring the Lord for his great mercy to the children of men.

On the 17th I left this place and arrived at a town called Ivanike.— Here I distributed some religious tracts and conversed with the young woman who was awakened to a sense of her sinfulness when I was here last year, of which I have informed you in a former letter. Her sorrow was now converted into joy; she has now become an humble and penitent sinner, relying upon the merits of the Lord Jesus, at whose feet she had taken her seat. The Lord, I believe, has also looked in mercy upon her sister, who is living with her; at present, however, she has not received confidence through believing, but I doubt not that her bark is directed to the Redeemer, and that her prayers ascend to the Throne of Grace. We spent several hours in contemplating the word of God, and in adoring our dear Redeemer. We poured out our hearts in gratitude to him who loved us and gave himself for us, who has bought us with his blood, and made us kings and priests unto God.

The 20th I returned to Ronne, where I hired a room in that quarter of the town where the seamen and fishers are living: it is in the neighborhood of the haven. I have since then held three meetings every Lord's day, and about 80 persons on an average attended each meeting. I have had opportunity of circulating about 1,500 religious tracts besides a number of New Testaments. I have also had several tracts bound up together for loan tracts. Several straying seamen have given evidence that the word of God has pierced their hearts. May the Spirit of God quicken many poor sinners to the honor of his name.

The 25th March, during the evening service, a seaman entered the room. My text was Luke 23: 39-44. I endeavored to give a description of the condition of the unregenerate heart, and of the Grace of God, displayed in the conversion of the thief on the cross. This seaman had been loitering about in the streets, in-

tending to go to some dancing room. But hearing the singing of hymns, he stood still and felt an inclination to go in and see what that might be. He posted himself at the door, and nobody noticed him. But a few days afterwards, he happened to speak to a man who had constantly attended the meetings. He told him he felt much interested in what was said, "but," said he, "I cannot understand how it is, but as soon as I entered the room, the preacher began to speak about me, and throughout his discourse he spoke about nobody but myself." This was afterwards told me. It is comforting to know that the spirit of the Lord operates with his word, and that we on the day of the revelation of the Lord shall see the glorious effects of the word of God.

From the 20th January, throughout February and March, I have held three meetings every Lord's day in Ronne, in the forenoon at 9, and in the afternoon at 2 and 6 o'clock. In the week days I have travelled about in the country, visited about in the houses or on board ships, distributing tracts and bearing testimony to the grace of God wherever opportunity has afforded itself. Several of the meetings I have held in the country have been well attended. Some people have visited me in my lodgings with penitent hearts, others have requested me to visit them in their houses that they might be instructed in the ways of the Lord. May the Lord graciously vouchsafe his blessings to accompany my feeble labors.

Dear Brother, forget me not in your prayers, in order that I may be more fit to labor and suffer for my Lord. With affectionate regards I subscribe myself your humble brother in the Lord,

P. E. RYDING.

Lahaina Chaplaincy.

In a letter dated March 16th, the Chaplain says:

"Our ships are not numerous this season. The weather has been exceedingly unfavourable, which has prevented some from anchoring at L., while many have gone westward to

Guan and Hong Kong for spring recruits, feeling too poor to meet expenses at these ports.

While I write, a man enters my study who often called last fall. Since then his ship has been over to the coast and returned. He is the man who took courage to commence and sustain a prayer meeting in spite of the violent opposition of a portion of his shipmates. He tells me that a while after leaving port, the opposition was renewed, and having received a pair of boots against his head, while engaged in prayer, they gave up their meetings. He brings still, favorable accounts of the spiritual state of some of his shipmates. One of them has from the first been a consistent, but not very active christian. Two others previously converted as they supposed, but fallen back into sin, have been revived by the Holy Spirit, and are showing faith and love to the Lord. This man himself appears particularly well—a resolute, hearty character, who can and will do many things that most would shrink from—not very intelligent, but possessed of considerable rude sense, and a sort of southern courage. His shipmates abuse him frequently; yet he appears rather to rule them, after all. Such a man may do much good, and will, if he keeps under the guidance of God. Such men are to be prayed for by the brethren.

Cape of Good Hope.

SAILORS' HOME.

A communication has recently been received from Captain G. S. Homes at Cape Town, informing us that a Seaman's Friend Society has been formed there, to open and sustain a Sailors' Home, and also to sustain the preaching of the Gospel and Tract and Bible distribution among seamen in that port. About £700 had been raised for these objects. Pecuniary aid from the American Society is asked for, and also from the British Society. The communication says, "The number of seamen visiting this port increases annually, and although principally English, yet we have several American ships here in the course of the year."

We hail with gladness these co-laborers in our work. Will our patrons enable us to aid them?

Account of Monneys,

From June 15th, to July 15th, 1855.

Directors for Life by the payment of Fifty Dollars.

Rev. James A. Smith, by
Congl. Soc'y., Glastenbury,
Ct. \$60 26

Rev. Mr. Kendall, by La-
dies Seam. Fr'd. Soc'y. of
Concord, N. H., (am't. ack.
below.)

Rev. Asa P. Tenney, do., do.

Members for Life by the payment of Twenty Dollars.

Rev. Joseph Vinton, by Sea-
men Fr'd. Soc'y., West-
brook, Ct., (in part.) 13 05

Thos. A. Lathop, Brooklyn,
N. Y., by his Grand father,
(am't. ack. below.)

Rev. Alfred E. Ives, by
Friends in Castine, Me., 20 00

Dr., Joseph L. Stevens, do. 20 00

Edward Henry Pattison,
by First Congl. Soc'y.,
Great Barrington, Mass., 32 42

Col. Josiah Stevens, by La-
dies S. Fr'd. Society, Con-
cord, N. H., (am't. ack.
below.)

Mrs. Sam'l. Coffin, do., do., do.

Mrs. G. B. Chandler, do., do.

Miss Charlotte Porter, do., do.

Miss Kate French, do., do.

Mrs. Epaphras Goodman,
Chicago, by West Hartford
Ct., Sunday School, 23 06

Jacob Bill, by First Congl.
Soc'y., Haverhill, N. H. 20 00

Solon Baker, do., do., do.,
(in part.) 4 00

Deacon Joseph P. Thomas,
by Congl. Soc'y., Blue Hill,
Me. 23 00

Hon. Neal Dow, by George
Shirley, Portland, Me. 20 00

Donations.

From Friends at East Wind-
sor Hill, Ct., \$34 00

" Presb. Church, Wil-
liamsburgh, N. Y., 85 50

" Congl. Soc'y., Fitzwilliam, N. H., (bal.)	2 00
" Brick Church, N. Y.,	87 56
" Congl. Church, Mystic Bridge, Ct.,	43 50
" Geo. Greenman, & Co., Mystic Bridge, Ct.,	5 00
" Mariners' Church, do.,	1 65
" Individuals, do., do.,	3 50
" Fourteenth street Pres. Church, N. Y.,	229 03
" Dexter Beals, Goshen, Ct.,	10 00
" Female Benev. Soc'y., Edward's Church, Northampton, Mass.	23 30
" Members of 8 th Congl. Ch Hartford, Ct.,	85 00
" A Friend, do., do.,	1 00
" Dea. James Jarvis, Castine, Me.,	25 00
" John H. Jarvis, do., do.,	20 00
" William Witherle, do.,	10 00
" Fred'k. A. Jarvis, do.,	10 00
" Charles A. Cate, do.,	3 00
" Seth K. Devereaux, do.,	3 00
" Dea. Mark P. Hatch, do.,	3 00
" Sam'l. Adams, do.,	3 00
" John Dresser, do.,	2 00
" Chas. K. Tilden, do.,	2 00
" Thos. E. Hale, do.,	2 00
" Alfred F. Adams, do.,	1 50
" John B. Wilson, do.,	1 00
" Rich McCluskey, do.,	1 00
" Jas. C. Collins, do.,	50
" Wm. H. Witherle, do.,	3 00
" Pres. Church, Green Port, N. Y.,	11 00
" Pres. Church, Kingsboro', N. Y.,	16 00
" Com. C. K. Stribling, U. S. N.,	15 00
" Congl. Church, Ellington, Ct.,	10 00
" Friends at New Rochelle, N. Y., by Miss Sophia Brewster,	6 00
" Second Pres. Church, Newark, N. J.	50 36
" Ladies' Seam. Fr'd. Soc'y., Concord, N. H. The avails of a Levee,	185 00
" Central Pres. Ch., N. Y.	136 43
" Congl. Soc'y., Searsport, Me.,	17 00
" Congl. Soc., Prospect, Me.,	8 00

" Captain, at Searsport,	19 00
" Young Ladies Seam. Aid Soc'y., Rockland, Me.,	18 00
" Baptist Church, Blue Hill, Me.,	2 85
" Congl. Soc., Lewiston, Me.,	17 06
" A Friend in Bucksport, Me.,	10 00
	<u>\$1,450 53</u>

Legacies.

From the late Mrs. R. H. Emerson, of Bradford, Mass., A. Emerson executor, \$500 00

Receipts of the Boston Seamen's Friend Society.

Andover, West Parish, to make Mrs. Hannah V. Abbott, Mrs. Doreas Ames, and Mr. Stephen P. Holt, L. M. (A.)	60 00
Harwich Port, Con. Society,	6 44
North Chelmsford, Con. Soc.,	19 50
Ashland, Orthodox Con. Soc.,	20 50
Southbridge Con. Soc., ad'l,	2 71
Lancaster, Con. Soc., ad'l,	7 50
Templeton Trinitarian Soc.	20 00
Augusta South Church,	21 83
Worcester Union Soc.	25 69
Newburyport 1st Presbyterian Society,	27 00
Southbridge, Globe Village, in part, to make a L. M.,	15 00
<i>For Building Mariner's Church, at Aspinwall, N. G.</i>	
COLLECTED IN ASPINWALL.	
From Col. G. M. Totten,	150 00
" C. S. Kidder,	50 00
" William Marean,	50 00
" C. H. Green,	75 00
" W. Field,	100 00
" J. W. Smith,	25 00
" D. England,	50 00
" Mr. Baldwin,	10 00
" W. E. Cowan,	20 00
" John Wilson,	10 00
" Mr. Fletcher,	12 00
" Dr. Fish,	10 00
" Samuels & Wiseman,	20 00
" J. Morris,	10 00
" Small Collections,	104 40
" Mr. Carle,	5 00
" Mr. Morean,	4 00
COLLECTED IN INDIANAPOLIS.	
" C. Fletcher,	5 00
" James Blake,	5 00

CHAPLAINS FOR SEAMEN IN FOREIGN PORTS.

OAHU, Honolulu, Rev. S. C. Damon.
 HAWAII—HILO, Missionaries.
 LAHAINA, Rev. S. E. Bishop.
 HAVRE, France, Rev. E. N. Sawtell.
 MARSEILLES, Rev. M. John Mayers.
 BORDEAUX, Rev. J. L. Schiepp.
 ASPINWALL—Rev. D. H. Wheeler.
 SINGAPORE, Missionaries.
 CANTON,
 VALPARAISO, Rev. D. Trumbull.
 ASCENSION ISLAND, Missionaries.

CALLAO,
 ST. HELENA, Rev. J. M. Bertram.
 ST. THOMAS Rev. Elisha Whittlesey.
 RIO DE JANEIRO
 PANAMA, Rev. J. Rowell.
 St. Johns (N. B.)—Rev. E. N. Harris.
 MISSIONARY SAILORS.
 COPENHAGEN, Peter E. Ryding.
 STOCKHOLM,
 GOTTENBURG, E. Erikson.
 GOTTLAND, J. Lindalius.

GENERAL AGENT FOR THE MAGAZINE, SAMUEL BROWN,

No. 80 Wall-street, New-York, to whom Communications may be addressed.

AGENTS.

MAINE.

Portland—Wm. Hyde.
 Eastport—Capt. John Bickford.
 Kennebunkport—Oliver Bourne, P.M.
 Bangor—W. Lewis & Co.
 Wells—Capt. S. L. Bragdon.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

Dover—E. J. Lane.
 Portsmouth—James Ladd.
 Nashua—Capt. J. F. Stevens.

VERMONT.

Manchester—Rev. J. Anderson.
 Castleton—Rev. J. Steele.
 Vergennes—Rev. H. F. Leavitt.
 Johnson—Rev. J. Dougherty
 Rutland—Luther Daniels.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston—T. A. Erving, 99 Purchase st.
 Beverly Mss.—Rev. B. Knight.
 Buckland Mss.—Rev. P. P. Sanderson.
 Lowell—Abel Whitney.
 Salem—Henry Whipple.
 Newburyport—Moses H. Sargent.
 ————J. G. Tilton.
 Nantucket—Josiah B. Fitch.
 New Bedford—Rev. Moses Howe.
 Springfield—O. W. Wilcox.

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence—O. Wilmarth, 177 Westminster st.
 Newport—H. Barber, 153 Thames st.
 Bristol—B. Wyatt.

CONNECTICUT.

New-Haven, F. T. Jarman.
 Hartford—F. A. Brown.
 Middletown—Mr. Putnam.
 Mystic Bridge—Capt. J. Holmes.
 New London—S. Smith, & Co.
 Norwich—Gen. W. Williams.
 ————L. & E. Edwards.
 Stonington—Franklin Williams.
 Milford—Rev. J. Brace.
 Warren—Rev. H. Goodwin.
 New Preston—Rev. H. Reed.
 Greenwich—Jonas Mead.
 Bridgeport—Isaac M. Conklin.

NEW-YORK.

Sag Harbor—Russell S. Wickham.

Greenport—L. Moore.
 Albany—E. H. Pease.
 Troy—Wm. H. Young.
 Poughkeepsie—George Hannah.
 Newburg—Benjamin Tyler.
 Hudson—P. P. Wynkoop.
 Catskill—Chas. Austin.
 Syracuse—Dr. E. T. Richardson.
 Buffalo—E. P. Dorr.
 Binghamton—H. Pratt

CANADA.

Montreal—Robert W. Lay.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

St. Johns—Rev. E. N. Harris.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia—Joseph H. Gardner, 144
 Chesnut street, Bible House.

MARYLAND.

Baltimore—James Paul.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington—Rev. J. L. Elliot.
 Georgetown—Capt. Thomas Brown
 Alexandria—Rev. E. Harrison.

VIRGINIA.

Norfolk—Wm. H. Broughton.
 Richmond—

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Charleston—Rev. W. B. Yates.

GEORGIA.

Savannah—J. George, Exchange.

ALABAMA.

—Rev. A. McGlashan.
 Tuscaloosa—Rev. N. P. Knapp.

LOUISIANA.

New-Orleans—A. McLane.
 Franklin—F. G. Birdsall.

OHIO.

Cleveland—Rev. William Day.

ILLINOIS

Chicago—Tuthill King.
 Alton—J. A. Williard.

MICHIGAN.

Detroit—Rev. N. N. Wells.

WISCONSIN.

Milwaukie—Rev. W. L. Parsons.
 Kenosha—Simeon King.

American Seamen's Friend Society.

OFFICE, 80 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

COMMUNICATIONS

May be addressed to

CHARLES N. TALBOT, Esq., *Treasurer.*
 SAMUEL BROWN, *Assistant Treas. and Agent for Magazine.*
 REV. JOHN SPAULDING, } *Corresponding Secretaries.*
 REV. HARMON LOOMIS, }
 REV. S. W. HANKS, *Secretary of American and Boston Seamen's Friend Society for Massachusetts, No. 15 Cornhill, Boston, Mss.*

SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Miscellaneous Libraries for ships furnished at our office 80 Wall Street, for considerably less than the cost price. These books are selected, and libraries costing from five to twenty dollars furnished at the shortest notice.

FORM OF A BEQUEST TO THE SOCIETY.

I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$——, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society.

NEW YORK AND MARINE BIBLE SOCIETY.

Seamen and others can obtain the Scriptures in more than twenty different languages, by calling at the office of the Society, No. 80 Wall street, or at the Sailor's Home, No. 190 Cherry street.

J. S. PIERSON, *General Agent.*

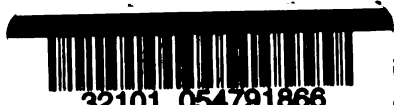
SAVINGS BANKS FOR SEAMEN.

New York.—No. 78 Wall street.—
 Open every day, (Sundays excepted)
 between 10 and 2 o'clock.

Boston.—Tremont street. Open daily,
 from 10 to 2 o'clock.
New Haven.—Orange Street, near
 New Haven Bank.

MARINERS' CHURCHES.

New York—Mariner's Church, cor. of Monroe and Market Streets; Rev. Chas. J. Jones Minister, Sailor's Home.
Episcopal Floating Chapel, foot of Pike st. Rev. B. C. C. Parker, 114 East Broadway.
Episcopal Floating Chapel, foot of Dey street; Rev. D. V. M. Johnson.
Methodist Mariners' Church, Cherry street, near Clinton; Rev. J. B. Law, in the Basement.
Baptist Mariners' Church, 234 Cherry street, Rev. I. R. Steward, Minister, 177 Cherry st Swedish and English Bethel Ship, Pier No. 10, N. R. Rev. O. G. Hedstrom, Pastor.
 Rev. Mr. Remington, Minister at large.
Brooklyn—39 Main street; Rev. Mr. Burnett.
Albany—Bethel, Montgomery, near Columbia; Rev. A. A. Farr.
Portland—Mariner's Church, Fore Street, Rev. J. R. French.
Boston—Mariner's Church, cor. of Sea and Summer Sts, Rev. G. W. Bourne; Bethel Church, North-square; E. T. Taylor.
 "Boston Baptist Society, Bethel." Rev. Mr. Kellogg Commercial street, corner Lewis.
Episcopal Chapel, Rev. Mr. Robinson, Ann st.
Salem—Chapel, Herbert st. Rev. Mr. Carlton.
New Bedford—Rev. Moses Howe.
Providence—South Main st.
Milwaukee—Rev. W. L. Parsons.
Newark (N. J.)—
Philadelphia—Rev. J. B. Ripley, Water St., above Walnut.
Philadelphia—Meth. Ep. Ch. corner Shippen and Penn sts.; Rev. Joshua Humphries.
Baltimore—Fell's Point, cor. Alice and Anna streets, Rev. H. Best.
Baltimore—Sailors City Bethel, cor. Light and Lee Sts., Rev. Geo. G. Brooks, Pastor.
Alexandria, D. C.—Resident Clergy.
Richmond, Va.—Rev. H. Dunning.
Norfolk
Charleston—Church's., near Water; Rev. W. B. Yates.
Savannah—Rev. T. Hutchins.
Mobile—Water, between Theatre and Munroe sts; Rev. Mr. McGlashan.
Mobile Bay—Rev. J. Gridley.
New Orleans—Front Levee, near Suzette st, 2d Municipality; Chaplain.
 Methodist Bethel, Levee Buildings, 3d Municipality, Rev. Mr. Trippet.
 Episcopal Bethel, Conde street, opposite U. S. Mint, 1st Municipality, Rev. C. W. Whittall.
Buffalo—Rev. P. Griffin.
Detroit—N. M. Wells.
Cleveland—Rev. William Day.
Chicago—
Troy—Rev. J. Kvis
St. Louis—Rev. J. Penman.



32101 054791866

Digitized by Google

